Liberty
DEC. 16, 1944 10c

FOR DECISION
By SUMNER WELLES

MEN NEEDED TO DEVELOP AMERICA
By Harold L. Ickes

Feather your nest . . .
with more War Bonds
. . . and speed Total Victory
A Christmas Suggestion from
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
First among fine whiskies

Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York, N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% grain neutral spirits.

FOR A TRUE appraisal of what synthetic rubber tire is best, the most dependable jury is those drivers who are giving it a real workout.

Today that means war workers, doctors, police and firemen, taxi drivers, contractors, farmers and other essential car users who are still driving close to prewar mileages.

From such folks we are receiving, here at Goodyear, numerous letters that again and again echo praises like these:

"All doubts about synthetic tires dispelled by performance of Goodyears during past year." "Goodyears delivering mileage comparable to prewar tires." "Goodyear has made tremendous strides in perfecting synthetic tires." "As you say in Goodyear ads, it must be know-how!"

Such enthusiasm is justified, we think you'll agree, by the typical mileage reports quoted at the right. These figures speak louder than words in saying: *it is not so much the materials but how they are put together that counts most in building synthetic rubber tires.*

Our skill in building such standout tires from man-made rubber is deep-rooted in the Goodyear Research Laboratory's twenty years of experience in developing and fabricating synthetics, combined with knowledge gained in building far more tires than any other manufacturer.

If your dealer cannot supply you at the moment with these stalwart new Goodyears, it is because the demand for Goodyear quality is greater than ever today. It will pay you to wait a day or two until he is restocked -- *if you want the world's first-choice tire.*

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30,800 MILES — still in use — *Taxi Driver, South Carolina*
17,000 MILES — still in use — *War Worker, North Carolina*
15,000 MILES — still in use — *Newspaperman, Indiana*
22,569 MILES — still in use — *Fire Chief, Tennessee*
25,000 MILES — still in use — *Grocer, Tennessee*
19,262 MILES — still in use — *Oil Worker, Oklahoma*
18,700 MILES — still in use — *News Distributor, Texas*
29,000 MILES — still in use — *Police Chief, Iowa*
18,000 MILES — still in use — *Aircraft Worker, Ohio*
20,427 MILES — still in use — *Police Chief, New York*
15,000 MILES — still in use — *Contractor, Minnesota*
26,677 MILES — before recapping — *Taxi Company, Wisconsin*
23,000 MILES — before recapping — *Shipbuilder, Maine*
20,000 MILES — still in use — *Poultry Supplier, Virginia*
21,692 MILES — still in use — *Oil Well Supplier, California*
18,000 MILES — still in use — *Rancher, Colorado*
35,000 MILES — still in use — *Expressman, Iowa*
15,000 MILES — still in use — *Tax Collector, Louisiana*
16,000 MILES — still in use — *Farmer, Mississippi*
30,000 MILES — before recapping — *Baggage Delivery, Montana*
35,247 MILES — still in use — *Serviceman, New York*
33,000 MILES — before recapping — *Taxi Company, Ohio*
24,473 MILES — still in use — *Aircraft Worker, Oklahoma*
31,800 MILES — still in use — *Mail Carrier, Texas*
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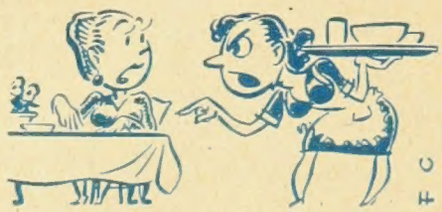
★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

MIND YOUR MANNERS, HANNAH!

TACOMA, WASH.—Author Darby St. John should study up on her Emily Post. In her story Furlough for Hannah (October 7) she has poor Hannah getting a few instructions from her mistress on how to serve. "Mrs. Humphreys said, 'Waiting table, Hannah,



be sure to serve from the right, take from the left. Last night you took Mr. Humphreys' dinner plate from the right.'" I have been a waitress for several years and it has always been the rule every place I worked to do as Hannah had been doing—to serve from the left and take from the right. And I haven't worked in hash houses all my life either! I have worked in quite a few high falutin places.

So let's check up on this, Darby St. John. Am I right or not, Vox Pop?—*Mrs. P. V. M.*

General opinion says Mrs. P. V. M. is right. But maybe Mrs. Humphreys was a southpaw.—VOX POP EDITOR.

WAYNE PARRISH: THE WINNAH!

We are happy to report that Wayne Parrish has won first prize in the magazine division of the seventh annual TWA aviation writers' contest. Mr. Parrish won first place for his weekly column in Liberty (On the Beam). The veteran aviation editor will receive $250 and a commemorative plaque. The annual rotating TWA trophy will be presented to Liberty Magazine. The contest was open to all regular writers for aviation magazines or feature writers who specialize in aviation. Congratulations.—*Leo Baron, Manager TWA News Bureau.*

OPEN LETTER TO G. I. JOES

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.—I have just read the letter by Cpl. Henry Josten (October 21 Vox Pop) in which he is somewhat perturbed at the proposed VE Day celebrations. It is unfortunate for all the servicemen that they do not realize that the noisy celebration which will undoubtedly take place on that day will be almost entirely conducted by the thoughtless people who do not realize that the war is not yet over. I believe that the great majority of citizens will heartily agree with his sentiments. —*T. R. Benjamin.*

SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The article Latin Americans Don't Like Us (November 4) is the first outstanding contribution to this South American situation I have ever read. It tells the truth. It debunks this endless idea that everything is rosy south of the Rio Grande. It explains how the South American feels toward the endless missions that have been sent to their various countries. It is the only "Stop, look, and listen" article that I have seen. The country owes you a great debt.

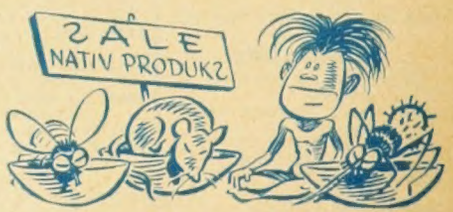
I can speak from experience. I lived one year in Peru—as a private citizen—with no ax to grind. I met the most prominent men in the country. They all thought exactly what your article describes. In fact, on my return from Peru, three years ago, I stressed this very same point to the powers in control. A prophet is always without honor in his own country. I was—and gave up carrying the torch.—*Monroe Douglas Robinson.*

NAZI CLOSE-UP

LA CROSSE, WIS.—From Ralph Parker's on-the-scene article Murder for Profit (October 28), we can truly see the barbarous German enemy we face and also why there must be no soft peace for him. More of the same kind of close-up articles would be appreciated and helpful to us in understanding better what has been going on in the Nazi-dominated countries during the war. —*A. R.*

A LONG WAY FROM THE CORNER STORE!

DUTCH EAST INDIES—My first impulse after reading G. I. General Store (August 26) was to rush out and buy some of those "home-town brands" you so glowingly describe. One thing held me back—I haven't seen anything remotely resembling a PX for over two months.



About the only mention I can find in your article about this part of the world is that item about the engineer in New Guinea being able to thumb through the catalogue and pick out the gift he wants. I am just such an engineer and I wish you would send me that catalogue, not that I have any PX to order through, but so I would have something to read.

I am a comparative newcomer to the Southwest Pacific theater, having only been over here for six months, but in that time I have only seen American candy and cookies four times and then they were strictly rationed. Such items as home-brand soft drinks, ice cream, hamburgers, hot dogs, and the many merchandise items you describe are memories out of the dim past. The only native products in the single PX I've seen are flies, rats, and bugs.

(Continued on page 8)

"I changed it, 'cause
Arrow Blackberry Flavored Brandy was Grandpop's favorite, too"

ASK FOR *Arrow* WHEN YOU WANT QUALITY LIQUEURS

Arrow

BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY

Smooth, Delicious Fruity Flavor

Fine Flavor derived from Macerated True Fruit
Arrow
BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY
PREPARED & BOTTLED BY ARROW LIQUEURS CORP. DETROIT, MICHIGAN

70 PROOF

ARROW LIQUEURS CORP.
DETROIT 7, MICHIGAN

To keep the home fires burning—and factory wheels turning—and war goods moving by train and ship—tens of thousands of motor trucks are busy day and night, hauling vital coal. AC Spark Plugs, chosen for utmost reliability, play an important part in this work, keeping truck power up and fuel costs down. A convincing majority of truck owners save gasoline and lengthen spark plug life by having plugs cleaned and adjusted every 3000 miles. To save money for yourself and vital materials for the fighting forces, have your plugs cleaned regularly, and replace worn plugs promptly with new AC's.

CLEAN SPARK PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

AC SPARK PLUGS

BUY WAR BONDS AND BRING VICTORY QUICKER

(Continued from page 6)

Don't think this is the cry of the forgotten man in some remote outpost, or the hungry wail of a disappointed chow hound. We are fairly well established and are getting in supplies of canned and dehydrated foods regularly. Also, we accept present conditions as necessary and unavoidable.

I would suggest you discontinue sending such articles to this theater and convert the paper thus saved into candy wrappers for PXs back in the States.—*Pfc. N. G. H.*

WHAT BIG WORDS YOU KNOW, CHARLIE!

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—The extreme effort of Messrs. Korzybski and Rodell to educate the voters in A Word to the Wise (November 4) by assuming that the voters are always incapable of sifting the paradoxical conjectures of political eloquence on the supposition of their lack of sagacity is amusing to the point of absurdity.—*Charles F. Greene, Jr.*

NEW CANAAN, CONN.—If every high-school boy and girl could read and understand the significance of Liberty's article A Word to the Wise, a tremendous amount of misunderstanding and misinformation would be prevented in their future lives. I cannot praise nor stress this article too much, for it makes clear the facts that *should be* obvious.

Semantics is a new field; but, I think, a vital one in the future education of American youth.—*William H. Tailer.*

"FOR" POSTWAR PRIVATES

FORT DEVENS, MASS.—I just read a letter titled Postwar Privates (October 28 Vox Pop), written by L. M. Hawkins. I don't know whether L. M. is male or female, but the letter sounds as if it was written by a woman who is afraid of her little boy becoming a soldier. I returned from Italy about a month ago and since I have been home I have seen nothing but fifteen- to seventeen-year-old boys doing everything but what they should be doing. A year in the service would mature them a great deal.

It certainly matured me. I am all in favor of giving the "young squirts" a year's training.—*Private C. F. M.*

NEW LONDON, CONN.—I have just finished reading a letter by L. M. Hawkins in Vox Pop, October 28. It leaves me cold with fear that others, too, are going to assume the attitude L. M. Hawkins has.

It seems to me if L. M. Hawkins had done any reading of prewar conditions, he (or she) would arrive at the conclusion that being ready for trouble is the only way of not getting into trouble.

As for "disrupting their education and lives," that's a lot of bosh! The service teaches young men how to take and give orders, the value of personal cleanliness, and also how to make true friends and keep them.

All in all, to me, it would be a distinct advantage for a youngster in his teens to be taught all this "for free," and at the same time have "pin money" for his own private needs.—*Mrs. Eleanor M. Taylor.*

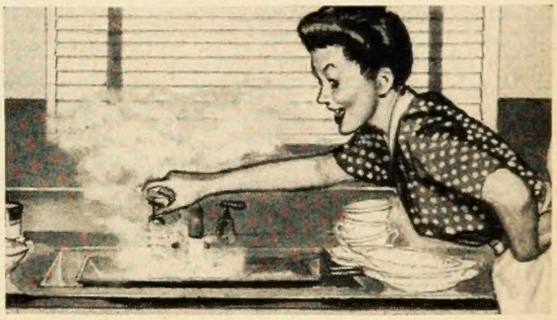
NEW YORK, N. Y.—As a teen-age student I'd like to put myself on record as being in favor of a year of Army training for American boys. Most boys in my neighborhood feel the same way.—*F. M.*

YOU CAN GET IT NOW

IF YOUR NEED FOR IT IS ESSENTIAL

WHO-O-OSH! Just turn a tap and out it comes! *Hot water* —all you need of it—whenever you want it. *That's* what you get when you get a Duo-Therm Automatic Fuel Oil Water Heater. And you get it at the *lowest possible cost!*

Less than 4 cents a day for an average-size family! That's how little you'll pay to have *plenty* of hot water *automatically*—the work-less Duo-Therm way!



No gas or electric connections! Duo-Therms burn cheap fuel oil—enable you to enjoy the luxury of automatic hot water *inex-pensively* wherever you live, city or country!

Coming soon—new Duo-Therm Fuel Oil *Space* Heaters! Same quality as famous pre-war Duo-Therms now delivering *more heat from less fuel* in more than half a million homes!

Find out if you can qualify to buy one now! New models are same pre-war quality that made Duo-Therm *America's leading fuel oil water heater*. SEND THE COUPON!

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DIVISION OF MOTOR WHEEL CORPORATION LANSING 3, MICH.

America's Largest Manufacturer of Fuel Oil Heating Appliances

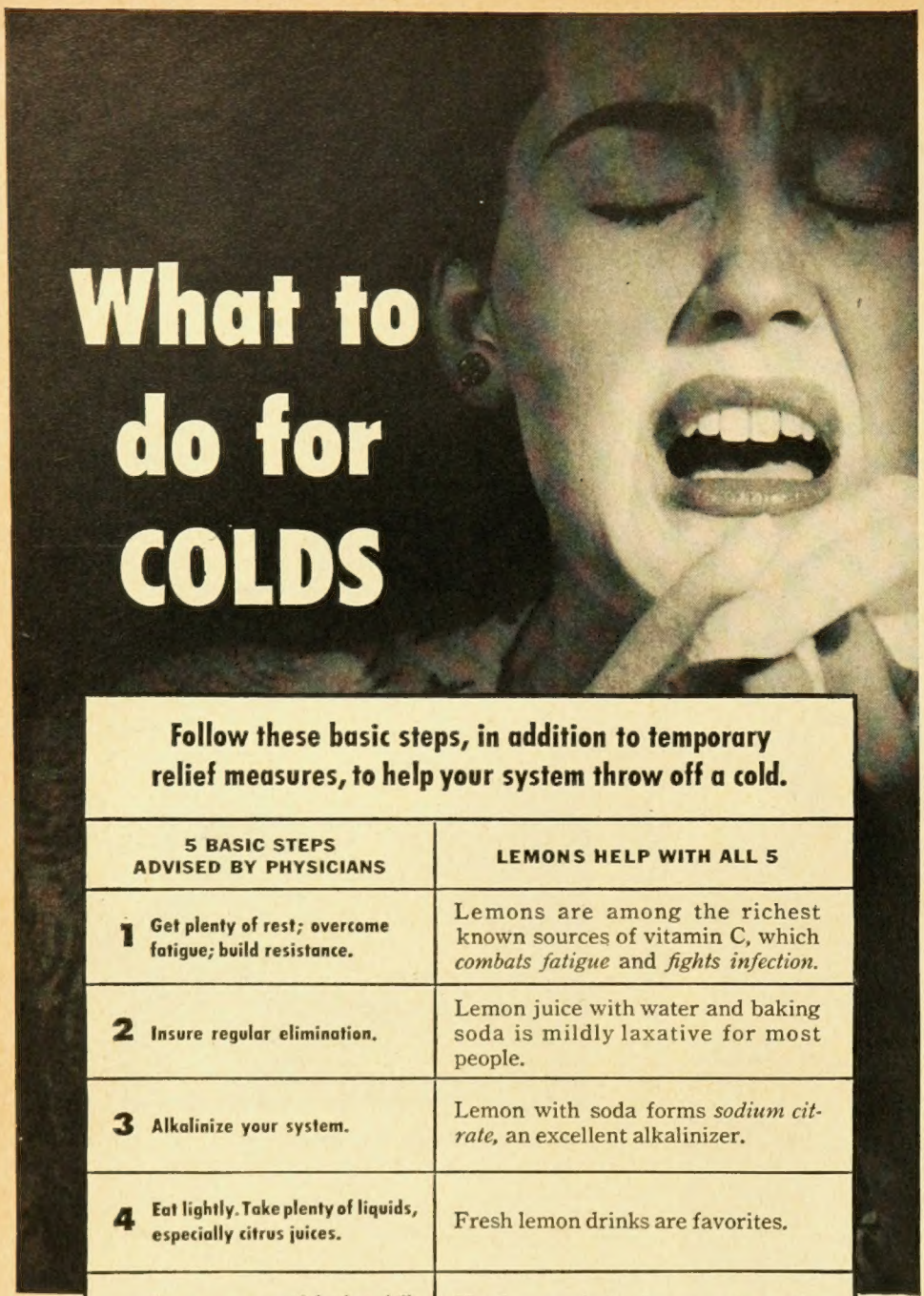
DUO-THERM Division of Motor Wheel Corp.
Department B-3, Lansing 3, Michigan

Please help me find out, *without obligation*, whether I am eligible to buy a new ☐ DUO-THERM AUTOMATIC FUEL OIL WATER HEATER or a new ☐ DUO-THERM FUEL OIL SPACE HEATER or ☐ both.

..... NAME

..... ADDRESS

..... CITY P. O. ZONE COUNTY STATE



What to do for COLDS

Follow these basic steps, in addition to temporary relief measures, to help your system throw off a cold.

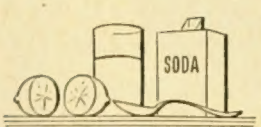
5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1 Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2 Insure regular elimination.	Lemon juice with water and baking soda is mildly laxative for most people.
3 Alkalinize your system.	Lemon with soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
4 Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5 Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TRY THIS NEW COLD ROUTINE WITH LEMON AND SODA

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add – slowly – half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS!

California Sunkist Lemons

NEXT WEEK

LEBANON

By Caroline Miller

Liberty's Book Condensation

In this story of a woman's heroic fight to build a home in the wilderness, Caroline Miller has woven a colorful and warmly human panorama of frontier life. It's a worthy successor to Lamb in His Bosom, for which Miss Miller won the Pulitzer Prize.

IS THE HUMAN RACE WORTH SAVING?

By Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

Here, in women's words and thoughts, is the issue of our age! The First Lady has brought the world problems of today down to warm, human, understandable terms.

T-DAY

By Brigadier General D. N. Hauseman, Director of Readjustment, Army Service Forces, as told to Doug Disbrow

The Army's plans for swift handling of contract termination and reconversion will help ease the shock to employment when war work ends.

THE BLUEPRINT FOR FRENCH RECONSTRUCTION

By Frances V. Bishop

France can come back, but it will take energetic effort plus help from us. The help will be paid for in cash. Here's a report on the French situation and plans.

THE FINAL MISSION—READJUSTMENT

By Francis Vivian Drake

Here's what happens to fliers who complete their combat duty and how the deep gap between the fury of battle and the tranquillity of the home front is bridged.

WARRIORS WITHOUT WEAPONS

By Larry Barretto

Neil Gilliam of the American Field Service was there to save, not fight—but at Imphal, under Jap fire, his courage inspired the Gurkhas to stand and win.

THE ROSE IN BLOOM

By Ted Shane

Billy Rose, Imp Impresario, has been big stuff ever since he hit Broadway. Now he's got his own theater and a new supershow: The Seven Lively Arts.

Buy it on convenient terms

from the

Penn Mutual Underwriter

You can buy this package from your Penn Mutual Underwriter *now*. It's your future, all wrapped up and waiting. It's a magic package, like Aladdin's lamp, and in it is anything you care to have.

There's a fishing boat in it, or a golf course, and a lot of sunny days. Or a home, a garden, a new car, a college education for your youngsters.

What is this enchanted parcel? It's a Penn Mutual Retirement Policy, delivered to your doorstep by any Penn Mutual representative. There's nothing vague about it. It's *real!* It's the things that make life worth living . . . an estate, protection, and a retirement income. Expensive? No, you can buy it on convenient terms.

For too many years, people have looked at insurance as something intangible . . . but a Penn Mutual Underwriter thinks otherwise. He makes it possible for you to buy things you want *now*—and at the same time get yourself an immediate estate. He arranges your insurance so that you can spend money on needed articles, without sacrificing future security.

Insurance is so flexible that it can fit itself to any changing need in this fast-changing world. It gives you comfort and protection today. It assures you the future you've always dreamed you'd have. Why not see a Penn Mutual representative . . . now . . . and change your dreams into a practical plan?

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FOUNDED AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1847

YOUR LIFE PLAN DESERVES THE EXPERT GUIDANCE OF A PENN MUTUAL UNDERWRITER

Blatz Beer
GOOD TASTE
Is Always
Welcome
Fast Becoming
AMERICA'S NEW FAVORITE
Season's Greetings
Blatz
LET'S FINISH THE JOB!
Buy an Extra War Bond during

Pan American World Airways' new Douglas DC-7 Clipper for postwar travel will carry 108 passengers, a crew of thirteen, and has a range of 5,000 miles.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Guide to Community Postwar Aviation

Is your community planning ahead for postwar aviation? Does it have an airport or a landing field, and, if so, is it adequate to keep your community on the air map?

Most popular booklet of the year—What Your Town Needs for the Coming Air Age—is being distributed on request by the Piper Aircraft Corporation, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania. To date, more than 36,000 copies have been dispatched to help communities solve the perplexing problems of what landing facilities will be needed.

Every community in the country knows that it must have at least one landing field if it remains on the air map, but few communities know what to build. Is a small landing strip sufficient, or should there be an airport with paved runways, terminal building, control tower, and lighting for night operations? The Piper booklet does an excellent job of rationalizing these problems.

A simple landing strip at least 1,800 feet long and 100 feet wide is ideal for a small town or for residential areas of large towns for use by personally-owned airplanes, the booklet points out. A level sod field is satisfactory. An L-shaped landing strip is even better, in order to take into account shifting wind conditions. If the town's requirements are such that it may be served by feeder air line or cargo service, then a slightly larger airport is needed.

The Piper booklet discusses each type of landing facility and gives each community the reasons why it should provide landing fields.

A New Sting Added

The enemy had better look out if he gets in front of a B-25 Mitchell bomber with its new armament. There has been a new sting added to the world's most heavily armed plane. It now has an octagonal nose cluster of eight guns.

Resembling spines in a porcupine, these nose guns are in addition to ten other guns. The new eight-gun nose gives the B-25 fourteen forward-firing machine guns, including the pair in the upper power turret. There are four guns in "blisters" on either side of the fuselage. All twelve of the fixed guns are fired by the pilot.

The Mitchell also has four more .50-caliber machine guns, two in the power tail turret and two in the waist.

This new and more deadly version of the Mitchell is being built at the Kansas City plant of North American Aviation, Incorporated, which is producing two versions of the same bomber from the same production line.

One is the eight-gun nose-attack model, while the other is the conventional bomber model with transparent enclosure for the bombardier.

The B-29 Twin

The huge Boeing B-29 Superfortress has a twin. It's a super-cargo or passenger airplane being built around the same basic designs as the bomber, with a double deck connected by stairways. It is expected to fly in a short time.

When it starts its flight tests, it will be a sensation, for it will be the biggest vehicle of its kind to roam the skies. Although the wing spread will be approximately the same as that of the B-29, the fuselage, or cabin, will be larger. Hence, on an airport, the cargo plane will be even more impressive as to size than the bomber.

Boeing expects the cargo plane to have big possibilities after the war for long-range service. Since its performance will be similar to that of the B-29, one can concur that this new plane will be in the top running for transoceanic routes. Passengers can be carried on both levels, or they could be carried on the top level, with cargo filling the lower level.

As a de luxe transport, the passenger seats could be on the upper level, with lounges and dining service below. As to the number of passengers that can be carried, frankly, we don't know. But you can be sure it can carry more than any airplane to be test-flown in 1944.

(Continued on page 15)

GIVE THE GIFT OF UNFAILING ACCURACY

17 Jewel PIERCE Parashock

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WATERPROOFED
SHOCKPROOFED
ANTI-MAGNETIC

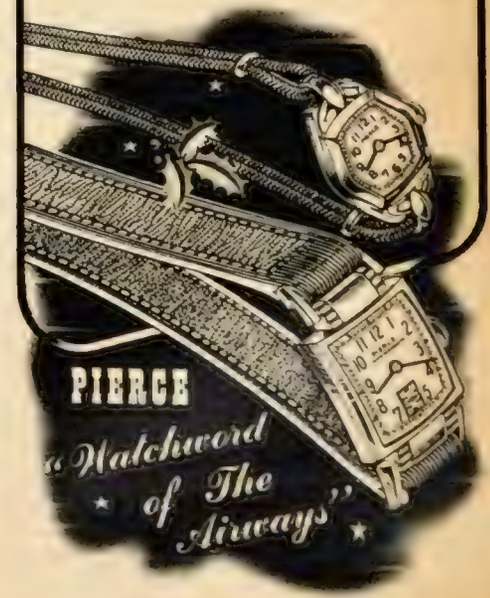
$49.75

To be sure your gift will serve and satisfy for years to come . . . give the PIERCE PARASHOCK . . . the watch that has proved its superiority in ACTION! The ability to withstand strain and remain dependable is what makes ALL PIERCE watches, in all distinctively smart styles for men and women, the preferred Christmas gift. Ask your jeweler for PIERCE . . . known and serviced the world over. The Pierce Watch Company, 22 W. 48th Street, New York.

Prices indicated are suggested retail prices and include Federal Tax

ADRIENNE 7 Jewels $24.75

LAWRENCE 7 Jewels $39.75



GET IN THE SEASON'S MOOD...

"Fresh up"!

There's a light and merry twinkle to 7-Up that's exactly suited to the season's mood.

Like Cupid and Comet, it dances and sparkles. And the flavor is as fresh and as clean as the new-fallen snow. The smile that is in it goes right to your lips and sends your spirits rising.

In millions of homes, this "fresh up" drink is a holiday tradition. Everyone likes it and it likes everyone. Get your family's supply at the nearest neighborhood store displaying the 7-Up signs.

Copyright 1944 by The Seven-Up Company

"fresh up" with Seven-Up

7UP

You like it . . .
it likes you

★ Be a "Fighter-Backer": Invite some service man to your home

Order a case from your dealer

(Continued from page 13)

Calcium Playing Vital Part in Air Power

Calcium is playing a vital part in military air power. Minute amounts of impurities left in steel by the normal steelmaking process can cause the metal to become "fatigued" and break under strain. Steel used in making aircraft must be as strong and as pure as possible. A bar of calcium, costing $1.25 a pound, is put into a batch of steel and it reacts with and eliminates or "ties up" all free oxygen or other impurities.

Before the war all calcium material used in the United States came from France or Germany at the rate of about 40,000 pounds a year. This amount is peanuts compared with the production in this country now by the Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation, sole American producer.

The metal is made by passing an electric current through dry calcium-chloride salt. The metal collects at one end of the cell and chlorine comes off at the other end.

Shoe Repair by Air

Such is the way of war and transoceanic flying that even shoe repairing has taken to wing. Employees of Pan American Airways stationed on the west coast of Africa send their shoes on a 3,200-mile flight by Clipper to Brazil, and in five days the "good as new" shoes are back again in service.

It seems that American and Brazilian shoes don't stand up too well in tropical climate, making frequent repairs necessary.

The five-day round-trip crossing is a much faster repair job than one can get in many places in the United States.

On the Beam via Song

Much of the monotony of night flying by Army pilots winging their way back over the Hump from China to India has been eliminated by the substitution of popular songs for the dot-dash of the radio-beam guide.

Instead of hearing the drone of the radio signal, the U. S. Army Tenth Air Force and Air Transport Command fliers now listen to popular music. As long as they hear the songs broadcast they know they are on the beam. During the day the pilots use the conventional radio signal.

The programs have been popular also with ground troops and Air Force personnel for hundreds of miles. Previously the only radio entertainment available in Assam was the Japanese propaganda broadcast announced by Tokyo Rose.

The new station has modern equipment with the studio in a screened-in bamboo hut located near the runway.

No Eat-and-Run Here

In the heart of a vast factory, dining facilities for 550 persons at a single sitting are offered at the new $100,000 cafeteria building inside the huge Douglas Aircraft Company parent plant at Santa Monica, California.

Four long counters speed the serving of hot meals to employees, adding an estimated seven minutes to relaxation time in each thirty-minute lunch period.

The cafeteria building has 15,000 square feet of floor space. From its kitchen three sub-cafeterias and two dozen lunch wagons are serviced. Three lunch periods are provided on each shift to accommodate the 30,000 employees without long waiting lines or crowding.

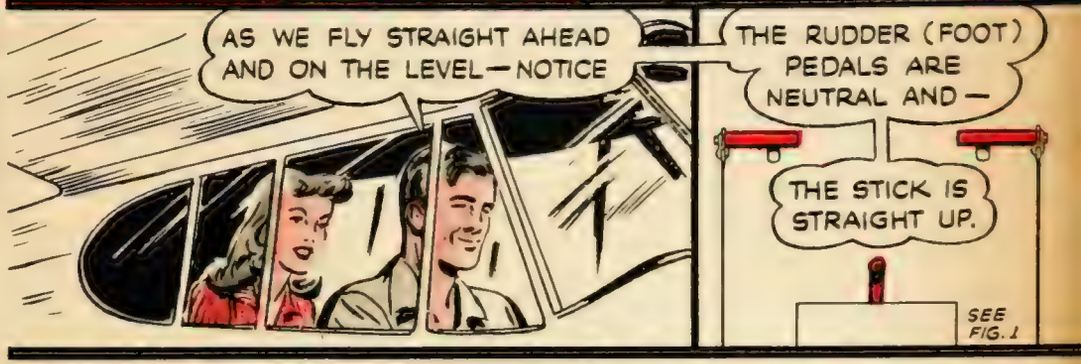


FIG. 1

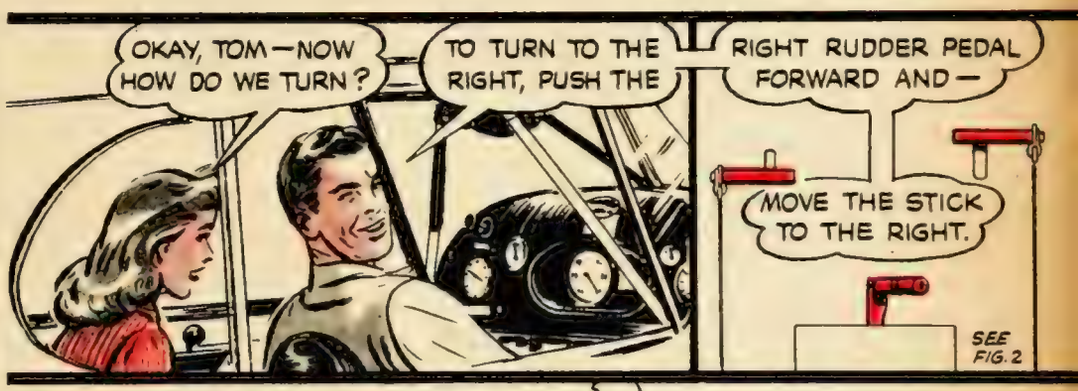
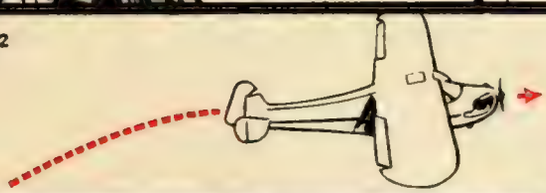
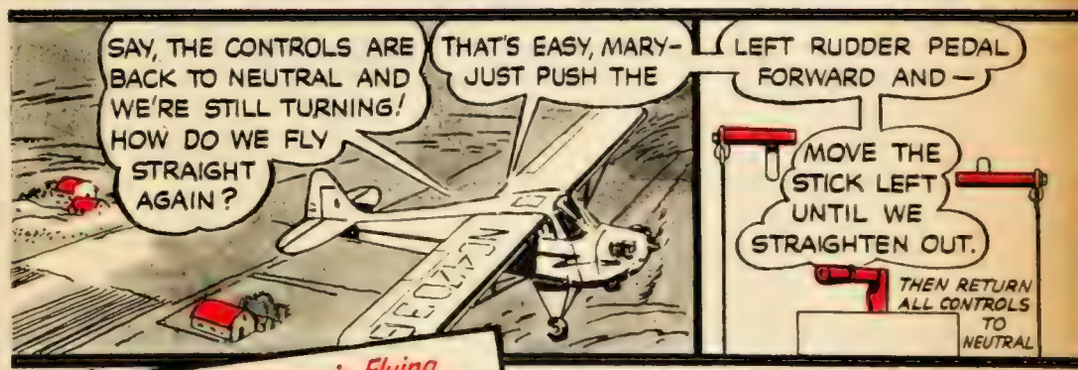


FIG. 2




SAY, THE CONTROLS ARE BACK TO NEUTRAL AND WE'RE STILL TURNING! HOW DO WE FLY STRAIGHT AGAIN?
THAT'S EASY, MARY—JUST PUSH THE
LEFT RUDDER PEDAL FORWARD AND—
MOVE THE STICK LEFT UNTIL WE STRAIGHTEN OUT.
THEN RETURN ALL CONTROLS TO NEUTRAL

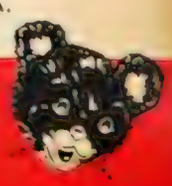
All the Basic Steps in Flying Are Pictured and Described in This Booklet!

Over 50 step-by-step photos and descriptions. Many other facts and full-color pictures of Piper Cubs. Write Dept. LB124, enclosing 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling.

This lesson explains only the fundamentals. Keep it with others that follow. See your Piper Cub dealer for actual flying instruction.

16mm. SOUND FILM—"The Construction of a Light Airplane." For distribution points write: Supervisor, Audio-Visual Aids, Extension Services, Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pennsylvania

PIPER AIRCRAFT CORPORATION—
LOCK HAVEN, PENNA.



PIPER CUB

Points the Way to Wings for ALL Americans

He's gone about as far as he can go . . .

Thousands of cars go off the road daily. Is your car next?

Could be . . . but it needn't!

A car is as old as it *feels*. Neglect it and it shows its age, complains, soon gives up the ghost altogether. *Do* something about those warnings, and you keep the old fellow full of young ideas.

If *your* car is beginning to complain – if it's starting to groan and squeak–take it to your Texaco dealer *while there's still time.*

He knows the points of danger for aging cars. He'll check the battery, radiator, tires, spark plugs. He'll drain the crankcase and refill with Insulated Havoline or Insulated Texaco Motor Oil. He'll give the tired old chassis a soothing Marfak Lubrication.

Get this Texaco check-up *regularly*. It'll keep your old car feeling fit as a fiddle. And that means it'll keep *you* on wheels till that new car comes.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

You're welcome at

TEXACO DEALERS

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night, starring James Melton. Complete broadcasts of great operas every Saturday afternoon. See newspapers for time and stations.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

MEN NEEDED TO DEVELOP AMERICA

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

WHEN Demobilization Day comes and our fighting men begin to return in numbers, they will find that this time the government has been making preparations so that they may enjoy their share of the fruits of victory. In a word, Uncle Sam has taken long steps to help supply them with jobs.

More than a year ago the President requested the various federal departments and agencies to begin explorations to determine how the welfare of the returning veterans might best be promoted, so that the Congress might have concrete proposals upon which to act as soon as hostilities ceased.

My Department—that of the Interior—has been at work for months on plans designed to offer opportunities to veterans and to those who have been working in war industries. These plans have reached the stage where action could be begun on them almost as soon as the firing ceases—provided, of course, Congress approves them. Construction work on them alone would provide the equivalent of a year's work for 1,500,000 men, and that does not take into consideration the work of the thousands of men in the factories, quarries, mines, and forests which would supply the construction material.

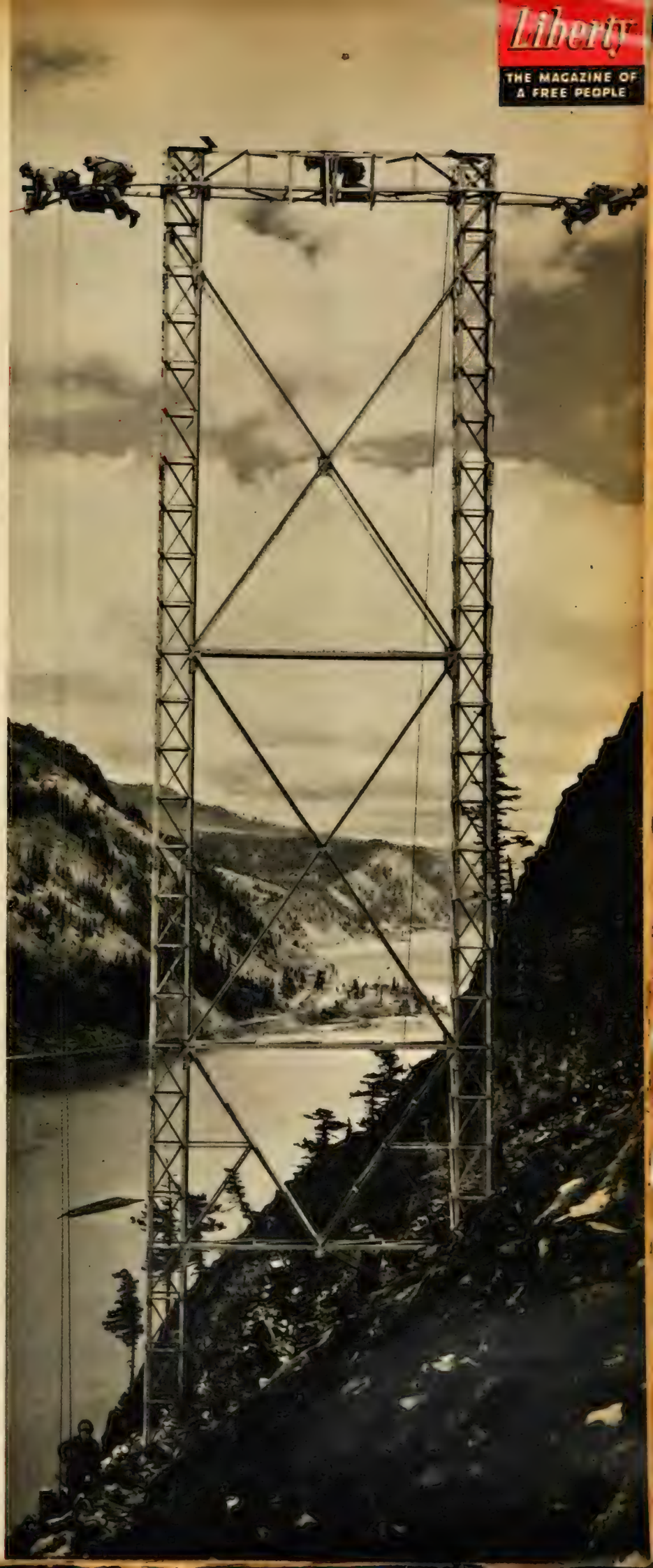
The Department's plans embrace irrigation, power development, flood control, forest building, new mining techniques, fish and wild-life conservation, and many other economically desirable projects.

The biggest of these is the broad reclamation program planned by the Department's Bureau of Reclamation for the region west of the 100th meridian, which runs down through North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. In that western region, which covers parts of seventeen states, lies one third of the nation's land area. The rainfall, except in the high mountains and on the narrow strip of the Pacific coast, is inadequate for normal agricultural activities, so the conservation of water resources is absolutely essential. Yet only 20,000,000 of the 900,000,000 acres in this area are irrigated. Department engineers say that water can be made available to transform approximately another 20,000,000 acres of arid land into prosperous farms.

The plan is for the government to invest three billion dollars in the program during the three years following the war. It would directly benefit everyone living west of the 100th meridian and indirectly provide jobs and opportunities for people throughout the country. By far the major part of the investment would be returned to the federal treasury directly by irrigation and power revenues.

The reclamation and irrigation of desert and sagebrush lands would go hand in hand with the development of water power. Electric energy, in addition to helping to pay for the irrigation, would prove a priceless asset in the processing of ores and minerals.

The possibilities of this program are great. On newly irrigated land alone, it is estimated that a good living would be possible for at least (*Continued on page 66*)



Men will be needed to create sources of electric power, as at Bonneville; and the power will open vast new areas to farming.

There'll be important, exciting jobs for many in making the most of our natural resources. They'll grow out of these plans of the Department of the Interior

TROUBLE FOR THE CHAMP

BY CHARLES LONGSTRETH McNICHOLS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

THE chill rains of winter were due any day now, so Ambrose "Six Shirt" Shinehammer was, as usual, comfortably domiciled in the old county jail, his hands busy assembling ninety-eight pieces of oak and redwood into a new cage for his two pet pack rats, his mind enthusiastically occupied in postwar planning.

He saw himself again sitting with his back against the picturesque ruins of the old Wells Fargo station down on the highway. Over his head was his sign:

AMBROSE SHINEHAMMER
Checker Champeen of Sonora County
Pitchers Four Bits a Shot

Once again there were cars parked along both sides of the road. Once again tourists buzzed around him, asking the usual silly questions, to be ignored or answered according to whether or not the questioner had a camera and had tossed a fifty-cent piece into the tomato can between Six Shirt's feet for one click of the shutter. He thought the reason people paid to take his picture was because he was the checker champion. He never once imagined that even a tourist would be fool enough to part with hard money to take a man's picture just because he looked like the last surviving Neanderthaler in mismated shoes, multi-patched overalls cinched over the hips with a piece of sash cord, and a half-dozen shirts of various colors and designs, each somewhere visible through holes in the succeeding layers.

For the past two summers gas rationing had reduced traffic to less than a trickle. It hadn't been worth his time to go down to the old station at all. Of course Six Shirt had other occupations, but he didn't like to engage in most of them in summer because he enjoyed staying out of jail while the weather was fine.

Now he'd heard that folks could get gas again next summer and would be swarming the roads in unprecedented numbers. So he was making a nice new cage for his

rats, infinitely more photogenic than the battered, littered old wire contraption they now inhabited. The old cage had been a fairly good crowd bait and provocative of questions, but few people had paid an extra four bits to take its picture. Six Shirt didn't consider that the cause might be the fact that the rats refused to come out of their trash-hidden nest in the daytime. He thought it was because the cage was old and rusty.

So happy was Six Shirt with his dream of the return of prosperity that he hardly paid any heed when Lem Helker, the sheriff, unlocked the cell door and admitted a young Indian. He just glanced up and said, "Hello, Charley," and inserted the last of the ninety-six handmade dowels

You don't think checkers exciting? That's because you've never played an Indian with death in his heart and his eye on a pink tombstone

into the periphery of a round thirty-inch slab of redwood that was to be the bottom of the new cage.

A question did cross his mind, Why is a hard-working young feller like Charley Chemaway in jail? But he rejected it as inconsequential. Half of his thoughts were still projected into the future, and half were occupied with the most intriguing operation of the whole construction job—the placing of the second circular piece of redwood that was to be the top of the cage. It, too, had ninety-six holes, and they had to fit on the dowels already set in the bottom piece.

He groaned softly as he got down on his knees. His thick body bent and his thick neck twisted as he watched from the underside the slow descent of the top. An agony of suspense—his big hand slapped down from above—and every dowel went properly home!

"Perfect!" he gasped, and slowly hoisted himself upright. A dirty hand passed over his damp face and left a pinkish trail of sandpaper dust across a brick-red flush of satisfaction, as he eased himself down on the reinforced nail keg with the spring-cushioned seat he had made for himself the winter before.

"Charley," he said, "I done that the smart way. Lem, he says I should have laid the top and bottom together and bored clean through. Then I'd knowed the holes would jibe. But I saved half that labor by measuring and—"

He broke off sharply, aware that Charley was not reacting normally. The Indian didn't nod his approval. He didn't even grin. He just sat there cross-legged on the lower bunk like a slim brown Buddha with a round glum face, and stared at Six Shirt.

Six Shirt blinked. "What's biting you?"

"Nothing. Let's play checkers."

Like many another champion, Six Shirt knew any number of dodges to avoid dangerous competition; but Charley never had been a B-class opponent at best. So without any qualms whatever he said, "Sure. The board's behind the bunk."

Charley dived for the board. His head went down, his moccasined feet went up. Six Shirt recognized the moccasins as

They were cunning little creatures, unlike the gangster rats of cities.

machine-made curios that had long lain in the local store. Even tourists wouldn't buy them. They looked incongruous on Charley, who was a civilized citizen and the owner of a piece of placer property. He always wore miner's boots.

"Whatcha wearing them things for?"

"Because now I'm a hundred-per-cent Indian," said Charley, his eyes flickering at Six Shirt like two fireflies on a hot night. He set the board on a cracker box and began placing the checkers with swift, dexterous fingers.

Vaguely Six Shirt was aware of the unusual speed and precision with which Charley moved, but his mind was still on his rats. He looked lovingly at his new creation, then shifted his gaze to the old wire cage, half filled with that untidy conglomeration of sticks, old papers, poker chips, tobacco sacks, and dirty playing cards under which the rats lived.

"A mess!" he muttered. "Believe me, I won't let 'em make a nest in the new cage out of junk they pick up around a jail. Just as soon as I get out in the spring I'll go back in the mountains and let 'em make a nice nest in the new cage out of pine cones and clean sticks."

"Move!" demanded Charley.

Six Shirt sighed, hunched his keg over closer to the board, and in conformity with an ancient Sonora County rule, he, the champion, made the first move.

Charley's finger flicked like a striking snake.

"Hey!" squawked Six Shirt. "How come you got so abrupt all of a sudden?"

"Move!" said Charley.

Thereafter Six Shirt followed Charley's pistonlike moves with increasing alarm, amazed at the change that had come over the erstwhile easygoing Indian. He wasn't even aware that Lem Helker, the string-bean sheriff-jailer, had pulled his old swivel chair over close to the cell bars until he heard Lem saying incredulously, "Ambrose, I think the boy's going to beat you!"

"I already got him beat," Charley corrected. "Any way he goes now, in seven moves I take him."

A swift survey assured Six Shirt that Charley was absolutely right. His reaction was immediate. He grabbed himself around his thick middle and gasped, "Boys, I'm sick!"

"Oh, no, you don't!" chorused Lem and Charley, recognizing one of the champion's standard maneuvers to get out of a dangerous contest. Charley said, "Lem, Doc Moore said if Six Shirt pulled that stunt you should call him and he'd give him something for it."

"What?" asked Six Shirt.

"Ipecac," said Charley.

So Six Shirt began recovering slowly.

"I bet Doc is back of this," cried Six Shirt bitterly. Dr. Moore was the county's second-ranking player, and the champion had avoided playing him by one skillful device or another for years. As he was the only physician serving two or three thousand people scattered all over several hundred square miles of mountain country, he was too busy to actually pin Six Shirt down to a contest. "Doc's been teaching you, so you could come over here and trick me into a game. You're in this jail under false pretenses!"

"Wait a minute," said Lem. "Charley's got a right to be here. He's a legal prisoner, charged with murder."

Six Shirt's mouth gaped. "Murder!"

"Move!" said Charley.

Then from outside the jail came a banshee wail that raised Six Shirt right up off the nail keg. A woman was yelling and pounding on the old wrought-iron door.

"Annie Grubbs!" gasped Six Shirt.

"The widow," said Lem.

Outside Annie wailed. "Lemme at him! Lemme at that murdering redskin!"

"Sit down," said Charley crisply, "and move. You're holding up the game."

Six Shirt complied, moving a man with trembling fingers. "Well, glory be. Could she be telling the truth?"

Charley said nothing, so Lem answered. "Annie found Ben's arm chopped off at the elbow—the one Doc mended with silver wire twenty years ago . . ."

"Why—"

"Charley claims Ben robbed his sluice."

Six Shirt's little pig eyes stared in round consternation at the Indian.

"Annie says Charley chopped Ben up into pieces and fed him to the coyotes."

"Oh, my gosh!" said Six Shirt. All at once he was remembering that last summer Ben Grubbs had asked him for a little expert advice on how to "skin" a sluice. Six Shirt had given him the information free, as from one no-good to another, without any idea of how it was to be applied. But now he knew that for some reason Charley believed he had been responsible for the robbery. That was the reason for the glittering eyes. "Injun hate," whispered Six Shirt as another man might say "homicidal mania."

So Charley was out to get Six Shirt's championship. The thought of it made Six Shirt's hands sweat. "Charley," he begged. "Honest, I never had no part—"

"Quit squawking and play!" said Charley. "You planned the whole thing. It was a smart job and Ben was a dim wit. You're the only smart crook around here."

OUTSIDE Annie went on howling. Inside there was deadly silence. Neither Charley nor Lem paid any attention to her. As for Six Shirt, he moved his men like a stupefied robot, trying to think of some way of staving off inevitable defeat. For the Indian was beating him game after game. Six Shirt couldn't even hold Charley to a draw. He told himself that such a thing was impossible—he could do better than that against the checker champion of the world!

But it was happening, and soon it was happening before a number of witnesses. Somebody led Annie away and Lem opened the jail door to admit several solid citizens of Sonoraville. They all recognized Six Shirt's value as a tourist attraction, but they were taxpayers, and now that there were no tourists they resented his annual hibernation in jail at their expense. Besides, all of them had at one time or

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He heard Lem saying, "Ambrose, I think the boy's going to beat you!"

PIN-UPS BY THE MILLION

BY AB JACKSON, Jr.

A quarter of Hollywood fan mail today sounds like this: "Please send a picture —you know the kind soldiers like—to brighten our lonely tent on Island X"

NO one knows who first coined the phrase Pin-Up Girl, but the Marine corporal on New Caledonia who wrote, "I don't know how pin-ups originated, but they sure are swell," speaks for all G. I.s everywhere. The dugout, the Nissen hut, or the jungle tent that doesn't boast a picture of a curvaceous movie star just isn't regulation.

Today, requests from Army and Navy men for photographs of stars constitute at least twenty-five per cent of all Hollywood fan mail. The average studio mails about 50,000 photographs a month, and it takes a corps of ten or twelve girls at each studio to keep the pictures going out.

The expense isn't inconsiderable. Stars now send snapshot sizes instead of the big eight-by-ten glossies in answer to the average request, because of wartime shortages. Even so, Twentieth Century-Fox reports that costs for photographs alone run to some $1,000 a week, and Paramount figures that each pin-up represents seven cents in material and handling.

But no one begrudges the money or effort. G. I. fan mail gets priority—especially the V mail from the men with APO or FPO addresses.

Which stars get the bulk of the Army and Navy mail? Naturally musical-comedy and oomph girls like Betty Grable, Dorothy Lamour, Ann Sheridan, and Lana Turner get a lot of it. But so do the starlets—the newcomers who have only minor roles in films. The reason: G. I. Joe and Seaman Smith are primarily interested in leg art and sweater girls, and the established dramatic actresses don't go in for cheesecake.

Maybe you aren't too familiar with the names of Gail Russell, Marilyn Maxwell, June Haver, Noel Neill, Gale Robbins, or Yvonne de Carlo—the starlets to whom the boys write. But that's because you don't see the service magazines, like Yank and Leatherneck, which carry weekly pin-up pictures of these shapely newcomers. In fact, many a man who writes his idol for a photograph has never seen her on the screen and will ask for "a picture of Linda Darnell like the one in Yank on June 4. WOW!"

To be truthful, G. I. Joe doesn't much care whose picture he gets. Thousands of letters are general requests to the studios themselves for "some photos of your stars, preferably in bathing suits," or for "pictures of Betty Grable, Anne Baxter, Ginger Rogers, Veronica Lake, or any others you happen to have around."

Starlets like parasol-toting Vivian Blaine and Jeanne Crain, Twentieth Century-Fox beginners, make the most popular pin-ups.

Sheer homesickness prompts most of the letters that come from overseas. An Air Force captain sums it up when he says, "Loneliness is a more formidable foe than the Jap." Through most of the letters runs the same refrain: "This Godforsaken place," "I've almost forgot what American girls look like," "Nothing but coral and water to look at," "A long way from home." The letters may be signed, "Just a lonesome sailor," "Six Lonesome Seabees," "The Lonesome Platoon."

The majority of the mail from the armed forces is all of a pattern: "Dear Miss Starlet, the boys of the Umpty-Umph Bombardment Group have chosen me to write and tell you that we have selected you as our favorite pin-up girl. Will you please send us an autographed picture of you—you know the kind soldiers like—to brighten up the walls of our lonely tent out here on Island X? Don't let us down!" The letter is usually signed by all the men in the outfit.

There are few out-and-out love letters, although many G. I.s send hopeful personal descriptions (one Navy man claims to look like Frank Sinatra) or snapshots of themselves. Object: matrimony, mail, or a meeting with a favorite. Occasionally a crewman of a submarine will write and announce his intention of wooing a certain starlet and making her his, or a PT sailor will say he counts the moonlight wasted without his pin-up girl in his arms. But usually a man writes: "You remind me of my girl," or "I want to marry a girl like you some day."

In some places the pin-up craze gets out of hand. The soldiers hold contests to see who can get the most pictures. They're quite frank about it. "I'm collecting pictures of stars. The guy who has the most by the end of the month will win a prize. Help me to beat my buddy." A radio group in India is trying to wallpaper its barracks with pin-ups. There's a coastguardsman in Greenland who has asked for photographs of practically every star from every studio. An enterprising yeoman in North Africa tops them all by sending mimeographed requests addressed "To My Favorite Actress"!

There are many letters that interest the fan-mail girls enough for them to make personal notations to the star on the envelope: "Read this," or "This letter is cute; send him the five 8x10's."

There's the Marine sergeant in New Guinea who says that the nearest pin-up is a country mile away through the jungle, and that it would certainly save his squadron a lot of wear and tear on shoe leather if it had a pin-up of its own. One outfit promises a guard of honor for the photograph it wants, and a soldier says he'll shoot a Jap in return for Ann Rutherford's pin-up. A paratrooper sends a photograph of himself jumping from a plane, eating an apple, and looking at his favorite pin-up girl. Don't ask us how that picture was taken!

You may be sure that another picture was sent air mail to the two soldiers at Anzio who wrote Gene Tierney that "Due to enemy action the photograph we had of you was destroyed." The fickle ship's cook in North Africa who said, "I have a picture of Betty Grable but I'm getting tired of it. I hope I won't get tired of yours!" probably didn't get such prompt treatment. An artilleryman in Italy wanted the sort of picture that would "rock my C. O. back on his heels and make him leave talking to himself."

STRANGE requests come in, too. One soldier wants Linda Darnell's gloves. A sailor wants a lip print on his pin-up. An ambitious merchant seaman asks for a "life-size" picture, and a disillusioned lad in the South Pacific demands a photo of his favorite in a grass skirt.

Credit for the most unusual letter goes to the boys at a New Guinea base post office. They sent June Haver a copy of The Midget, a Dehydrated Journal—a newspaper published on V mail. The last page bore a V-mail reproduction of a June Haver pin-up captioned: "The V Mail Female of the Southwest Pacific!"

One letter—from Hungary—smacks of a Hollywood spy thriller. The writer is a Polish soldier who escaped from Warsaw when Hitler marched in. Unable to contact his family in Poland, the soldier, in almost incomprehensible English, asks that Gary Cooper send them a fan picture with an inscription saying that their son is alive and well. Cooper sent the photograph as requested, but he's never known whether it was received.

Pin-ups aren't all pinned up, by the way. The boys in tents use chewing gum to affix portraits to the roof of a shelter. The position over a cot is a favorite place. An ack-ack crewman in England explains that he likes to see something gorgeous before he goes to sleep.

G. I. Joe doesn't like to come right out and say that he wants his females as undraped as possible. He'd never ask—as a Filipino soldier did—for a "half-naked picture of Dorothy Lamour." Joe asks for a picture in a bathing suit, in a sarong, in a sweater, or for cheesecake, or for a shot

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NO JOB FOR

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS WALTER TRASK had successfully avoided German bullets, mines, and bombs, but there was nothing he could do about the Italian landscape. He covered it on foot but not as a tourist, and some twelve miles south of Pisa the cartilage in his left knee hoisted the white flag.

Walter was honorably discharged and sent back home. He looked up three old girl friends. Two of them were married, toddling babes upon their laps. The third, he was informed, was in Italy with the Red Cross.

Army life had made Walter philosophical. He savored hot dogs, ice cream, various other American institutions; and Monday morning, bright and early, he returned to his old desk at Bessemer & Sons, paint and varnish manufacturers.

Home, he discovered, was not quite the same. Sales was now a horrid word. Walter was not sales manager now, he was the director of technical service. Government had moved in with the war and Walter, seeing red tape before his eyes, plunged into the intricacies of WPB Chemical Division directives.

Near the top of the docket was reconversion, peacetime products around the corner. Walter made a dot opposite the name of Jarrett, Inc., and called in his assistant.

"We were trying to get in there before I left," said Walter. "Any luck?"

Jorgenson shook his head. "The engineers have tested our finishes and approved them. But nothing doing in purchasing."

"I'd cultivated Raines like a tender orchid," Walter protested.

"Raines isn't purchasing agent now. He's had a government job for two years. The new p. a. is Frances Wright. We can't get into her office."

"I'll see this guy myself," said Walter; then stared at Jorgenson. "You said *her*. You mean we're up against a female purchasing agent? Is this the kind of thing they're doing while the boys are overseas?"

A week later Walter was admitted through the Jarrett gates, and inside the plant at ten of ten he gave his name to the receptionist.

At ten thirty Walter went over and tapped politely on the window. "Just in case," he murmured, "you thought I was waiting for the springtime, let me remind you I am here to see Mrs. Wright."

"Miss Wright is still in conference."

"I might know she'd be single," said Walter to himself.

He returned to his chair and thought dreamily of peacetime Jarrett business. They were makers of metal cabinets, shifted to Navy work now, but they were still using a lot of paint and they would use more when reconversion came.

His chair was more comfortable than a foxhole, but Walter, a man of action, began to squirm. At eleven twenty a slim mustached man came in. Without noticeable enthusiasm Walter shook hands with Bessemer's competing representative who had all of Jarrett's finishing business.

They sat side by side, exchanging mild insults about each other's products. At ten of twelve the receptionist slid back a panel in the window. Walter stood up briskly and started for the door.

"Miss Wright will see you now, Mr.

Her arms were about him and he knew that she did have a heart after all.

A GIRL

BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

Arnold," said the receptionist, smiling.

While his rival went by, grinning, Walter momentarily regretted the Queensberry rules that apply to civilians. He would have enjoyed tossing a hand grenade through the door and following it with his rifle at the ready.

He went out to get something to eat, brooded darkly over a veal cutlet in a near-by diner, and returned to Jarrett full of vim and vigor.

The receptionist said, "Miss Wright is out to lunch, Mr.—ah—"

"Trask," said Walter. "T as in tireless."

At two thirty Miss Wright was back in her office. The receptionist said sympathetically, "I'm sorry, she's in conference."

"Who with?" said Walter. "Her hairdresser?" He thought belligerently that this was peacetime stuff, it didn't go these days.

"How's Miss Snooty Nose get home?" he demanded.

The receptionist giggled. "She's in a car pool. I'm with her and driving this week."

"She often keep you waiting?"

"Usually," admitted the girl. She obviously thought Walter tall, dark, and full of possibility, but Walter had business on his mind.

"Tonight, unfortunately, you won't be able to wait for her," he said.

It took some persuading, but Walter had not been made sales manager for nothing. Arrangements were made and throughout the afternoon Walter sat there thinking of things he would like to say but would not say to Miss Wright.

AT five the plant began to empty. Walter remembered suddenly he had neglected to get a description of this Wright horror. But he had a picture in his mind.

At five twenty a tall dark-haired girl with clear blue eyes came outside and Walter looked her over with approval. He might have been more cautious but the day of idleness had frayed his temper.

He went up to the vision. "Pardon me," he said, "but I'm waiting for Miss Wright, and I don't know what she looks like. A hay bag, I have no doubt—but could you give me particulars?"

The dark-haired girl said coolly, "About five six, rather slim."

Walter nodded with grim satisfaction. "All the graceful curves of a clothes pole."

"Dark hair," went on the girl. "Blue eyes."

"Crossed?" said Walter.

"Are they?" said the girl, looking straight at him.

A slight chill went through Walter. The chill became the blizzard of '88 and imaginary hailstones rattled down his spine. His mind working with the speed of light, Walter knew he'd have to get Jorgenson to handle this account.

"Miss Wright," he said engagingly, "my name is Ganzenmuller and I represent the East End Chowder and Marching Society. We're selling tickets to a clambake for half a buck a throw—"

"I think not," said Miss Wright precisely. "I think your name is Trask and you're from Bessemer & Sons."

Walter momentarily wished he were back in Italy, but he was not a man to run away from his pitch.

"I remember you," Miss Wright went on. "You were here years ago. We gave you an order for three hundred gallons of paint. May, 1936."

Walter stared in horror. This girl belonged on the stage. She could play all three witches in Macbeth.

In a clear and dulcet voice she proclaimed Walter's shame. "We gave you your chance. You know the rest."

He did indeed. He'd been a fledgling in those days, a bright young salesman doing missionary work. Landing Jarrett had been the first feather in his cap. Three hundred gallons, his foot in the door forever more, he'd thought. He'd gone back to the office driving on pink clouds. A hurry call was awaiting him; one of his

Trask was a two-fisted salesman all right, but during his Army hitch things changed. How can you sell paint to a lady purchasing agent who thinks you're a wolf?

smaller clients was having trouble with his baking ovens. Walter went over, rolled up his sleeves, and showed him where the trouble lay.

A week later there had been a phone call from Jarrett. "Where is our paint?"

Walter was highly indignant, enraged when he discovered the paint had never been made up by production. The order department professed to know nothing about it.

"A fine thing," said Walter to the assembled staff. "If the rest of the company loses orders, if they don't back up the sales force, we may as well go out of business."

The then sales manager, Mr. Carraway, now executive vice-president, said suddenly, "We haven't been able to locate either the order or the file copy. In your enthusiasm, Trask, you didn't forget to write up the order, did you?"

"Why, certainly not," said Walter, then suddenly turned white. "Why—why—good grief!"

It had been Walter Trask's hour of trial. Jarrett canceled the order, warning Bessemer & Sons never to darken their door again. Walter, singed and shrunken, had survived. After a time he was once again able to look his associates in the eye.

He opened up new business, brought in orders resulting in an addition to the Bessemer & Sons' factory being built. But whenever he felt thereafter that he was growing cocky, he turned around and looked at the sign he had designed and hung up on his office wall: REMEMBER JARRETT.

Richard the Lion-hearted had his Crusade. Walter had one, too, a resolve that some day he would again land Jarrett. The months and years went by and finally he reached the point where Mr. Raines, Jarrett's purchasing agent, could look at Walter without turning green. At that point Walter's number came up in the draft.

"I was in the follow-up department then," Miss Wright went on now. "When Mr. Raines went to Washington we were shorthanded, and I knew the business. I took over."

"With the handicap of your sex," Walter said gallantly, "you must have shown remarkable ability to be trusted with the position."

"Thank you." Miss Wright remained composed. "One of my inflexible rules is that our suppliers must keep their promises. You had your chance, Mr. Trask, and failed."

Walter tried to maintain the light touch. "The ruthless-tycoon type," he said.

"Business is hardly a kindergarten," said Miss Wright, then looking around her added, "What's happened to my rider group?"

"Odd," said Walter. "May I drive you home?"

EN ROUTE he told of the many virtues of Bessemer & Sons, giving up when Miss Wright yawned. Savagely he stole side-long glances at her, telling himself her nose was too long, her complexion bilious. He knew he was wrong, her nose was up to rigid specification, her complexion flawless. She was a beautiful girl wasted on the world because she had a heart of stone and the emotional outlook of the Sphinx.

Walter reported initial failure to Jorgenson the next morning. "In a case such as this," said Walter, "we go subtle. We use approach B-5."

A diplomatic man was Walter, a man with many friends, and presently he discovered some who knew Miss Wright socially. Shortly thereafter they began to meet at the same parties. Walter was polite but formal and never mentioned paint.

Then finally at a USO benefit he said, when they were alone at a table, "I'd like to ask you to dance, but I have a knee that tends to go in and out like an accordion."

"Rheumatism?" said Miss Wright.

"Past history," said Walter. "Long years ago a Harvard lad who was no gentleman sat on it during a football game."

It was true. The knee had first been injured then; the Italian campaign had been too much for it. But Walter sought no sympathy as a war casualty.

Later, however, another member of the party brought up the subject. He told how Walter had been decorated for bravery above and beyond the call of duty, that Walter had fought valiantly in Sicily, had landed on the Anzio beachhead, and had battled the tortuous length of the Italian peninsula. Throughout the recital Miss Wright sat wide-eyed, while the usually voluble Walter stared unhappily down at the table cover.

Later he escorted Miss Wright home. She said, "I didn't know you'd been in the war. You never mentioned it."

"Modest as well as brave," said Walter.

Miss Wright's large dark blue eyes regarded him gravely. "I just want you to know," she said, "that I think it's fine."

For an instant her hand rested lightly on his sleeve and Walter narrowly missed reducing the number of pedestrians by one.

On her porch Miss Wright showed no tendency to be in a rush. They chatted pleasantly but not of business, and her lips were not too distant. Following the line of least resistance Walter kissed her. Her arms were about him and he discovered that she had a heart after all. He could feel it go ticktock against his chest. He released her and her eyes were large and shining.

(*Continued on page 56*)

ROADBLOCK

BY LT. JAMES N. ALSOP

Here's what a communiqué means when it says, "Our troops have established roadblocks." It's a bitter private war—and the fortunes of armies may depend on it

It's kill or be killed as this infantryman heaves a grenade at Bougainville Japs.

With the American Infantry Division, somewhere in the Southwest Pacific.

IN the semidarkness a Jap soldier made a misstep. The warning drifted up the fog-shrouded hillside just before Private James Pinkston was to be relieved. The Missouri boy slid down a slope to Sergeant Lorry Rotvold's foxhole and whispered:

"They're coming, sergeant!"

The noncom, a blond North Dakota-bred veteran of Guadalcanal and Bougainville, went into action. He sent Pinkston to warn other members of the small hilltop garrison. The sergeant whispered to the men near him to get ready.

On another hill, about a hundred yards away (but fully a thousand yards for a man walking down and up), a Jap observer watched the American soldier sliding from position to position. A Nip knee mortar coughed into action. An explosion kicked dirt on Sergeant Rotvold.

Pinkston crawled on. One leg dragged now, but he finished the trip and tumbled into a flank machine-gun position. The Nips opened fire in earnest. Mortar shells ripped and small-arms fire raked the area. The Japs drifted into sight, but it was hard to see them clearly in the half-light.

The narrow ridgetop became a bedlam of explosions, screams, and rifle and machine-gun fire. Voices yelled in both Japanese and English. "All Americans withdraw!" was one often-repeated command. Some sharp-eared Nip had picked up Sergeant Rotvold's name and kept screaming "Lorry!" at the top of his voice, mispronouncing the "L."

From a slight depression near a foxhole manned by Privates Anthony Veltre of Webster, Pennsylvania, and Frank McDougal of Saginaw, Michigan, leaped a Japanese officer. The Nip lunged into their trench, aiming with the tip of his sword at the pit of Veltre's stomach. The doughboy wrapped his hands around the razor-sharp blade, ripping his fingers but twisting the weapon from the samurai warrior's grasp. McDougal pumped two shots into the invader, then turned his fire forward.

On the flank, one of our machine guns was hit by a rifle bullet. It stopped chattering. The Nips edged up through the grass. Private Melvin Rodgers, Oklahoma City automatic rifleman, began pumping magazine after magazine of .30-caliber bullets into the advance. His buddy, Garvin Plumley of Taylor, South Carolina, refilled the clips as fast as they were emptied.

The Nips found slight cover behind a little rise. Rodgers moved into the open, cradling his automatic rifle as he knelt —grinning all the while as though it were some range exercise—and swept them from the spot they had believed safe.

When the machine gun was put out of action, Pinkston dragged himself back across the area to his sergeant's foxhole. He took over phone duties while the unwounded men continued the desperate fight. Their only contact with friendly forces was by that thin strand of wire. But over that link went messages that brought help and broke the enemy assault.

Sergeant Fred John, squad leader of a machine-gun crew, called on former mortar training to pull them through the emergency. He crawled to a spot where he could watch all activities. His messages were relayed by the wounded phone operator to batteries of American mortars—small 60-mm., heavy 81-mm., and the artillery-like 4.2-inch chemicals firing high explosives. His almost uncanny judgment brought their full power to bear on the enemy assault. And the mortar crews responded with a curtain of shells.

For hours the bitter infighting went on. The Japs had a stomachful of wild charges, but the remnants dug in a few yards from the American lines. Death was the penalty for carelessness. Snipers and machine-gun fire kept help from breaking through.

The phone line went out, but the mortars had the range and continued to pound the enemy positions. All day the fight ground on, with both sides refusing to give an inch. The main body of American troops was hit, but beat off the attack.

A patrol under Lieutenant George Frantz of Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, was returning after several days behind enemy lines. As the men moved to within a few yards of friendly troops they found themselves joining a Jap assault wave on their own positions.

A fight developed between them and the Nips. The patrol found an opening and disappeared into the jungle again. After spending a day moving cautiously in a circle, the wearied men rejoined their own forces from another direction.

This wasn't a great battle. The enemy didn't retire in confusion. No major victory was won. The Japs sullenly withdrew to another hill, there to lick their wounds and prepare for more action. Our doughboys just dug in a little deeper and waited grimly for the next outburst.

This was a roadblock—one of those small actions that don't make the headlines. It's a mean, deadly type of warfare and, to the men involved, grim and tough. It's the infantryman's specialty, the type of fighting where men and guns tear the heart out of an enemy.

The word roadblock is a misleading name. It implies a large obstruction designed to halt vehicles. Actually, it is a force of men—from a few riflemen to large units—placed at a trail, road, or route of

For the Japs they kill, Lt. Raymond Ross pays his men a dime a dozen.

A roadblock is a force of men whose job is to prevent enemy use of a trail, road, or supply route. It's an infantryman's specialty.

supply to prevent enemy use of that artery. The defense may be in one spot one day, move to another position the next. Like any other defenders, they conduct patrols so that the enemy won't catch them napping. Sometimes they even take the complete offensive and drive the enemy farther away.

The beginning of all this fighting had come about when higher commanders decided a certain jungle trail might be used by the Japs to mass troops for a large-scale attack. The Nips at that time held an important hill overlooking the only possible supply route. A battalion was dispatched to seize and hold the hill. It did. Mortars and artillery moved into position to rain shells on the densely jungled mountain. But the Jap in his hole cannot be destroyed by shelling alone.

So the doughboys moved in. They plowed up the nearly perpendicular slope, heading doggedly into the fire of the defending Japs. They didn't go relentlessly forward. It was move a few yards and pause to clean out the Nips just ahead, then crawl another two or three feet. As men fell, crude litters were made of jackets and the casualties sent down.

AN idea of the hill can be gained when it is realized that, after it had been secured, parties carrying no packs or arms required two hours to reach the top, walking up steps carved in the slimy dirt. Anyone going up that mountainside had to pause every five minutes to regain breath and strength. It took only fifteen minutes to come down, but the knees were like jelly from the beating they received.

The hilltop was bare. Artillery, mortars, and small-arms fire had raked a clean area in dense jungle. There the battered, exhausted infantrymen began digging positions for their guns and themselves, while the retreating Japs swept their newly won home with machine guns and mortars.

You can't rest around the Jap. He's alert for every small chance. So patrols went out to find him and see what he was going to do about retaking the hill.

A commander has to know something about the enemy facing him. The only way to learn, if the enemy doesn't tell and the Air Force can't see through the jungle trees, is to send men on foot to feel through the underbrush until contact is made. Those patrols are to the jungle commander what the left hand is to a good boxer. They keep the enemy off balance, keep him ducking and not quite sure what is coming next.

They watch the enemy, to be sure. But, more than that, they hit him time and again. The first patrol to gain contact was led by Lieutenant Milton Shedd of Hollywood, California. It was a completely successful mission.

The small group of nine American soldiers, one officer, an Australian sergeant, and three native soldiers moved in a wide swing through the mountains. One morning they came out on a little ridge. There below them was a Japanese outpost.

The Nips sat about some huts, preparing a meal and playing cards. Carefully the patrol moved into position, taking about fifteen minutes to get automatic weapons ready. A Jap carrying a large enameled dish came walking across the compound. Lieutenant Shedd stood erect, threw several hand grenades as fast as he could.

The Japs were so engrossed in their work—felt so safe—that they didn't turn when the fuses popped on the grenades. As the first one exploded, the Americans opened fire in earnest. They knocked out all the enemy in sight, then faded back into the jungle, leaving the Nips to bury their dead.

A few days later Lieutenant Donald Bouey of Brownsville, Oregon, was leading a patrol along a jungle trail. He, too, was on the watch for enemy movement. As the scouts came to a stream, they saw Japs on the far side. The patrol took cover in the roots of a large tree. For the balance of the day they observed the actions of the unsuspecting enemy, obtaining all the information possible. An officer and several men seemed to be the entire force. The Americans slept that night a few hundred yards from the enemy.

The next morning Lieutenant Bouey ordered his patrol to open fire. They killed all the Nips in sight, but within a few moments a hail of automatic-weapon fire answered from along the stream bank. A heavy mortar barked from the Jap position, sending a shell into the treetops near by. Another explosion followed.

That patrol moved out fast, having gained proof that the enemy was in fairly sizable force. It had also discovered a communications line along the stream. The Nips were moving in.

Back in the Intelligence section this information was added to a map. But more details had to be obtained. The enemy had to be kept guessing.

Out went a locally famous group, the Dime a Dozen Club, a deadly efficient team of jungle veterans led by Lieutenant Raymond Ross of Medford, Oregon. For every dozen Japs they help die for the emperor, Lieutenant Ross pays each man one dime. On that trip it cost Lieutenant Ross $1.20, his six-man group disposing of exactly twenty-six Nips counted, besides an unknown number not seen.

They located an enemy concentration

(*Continued on page 65*)

Our jungle fighters don't follow trails; that's why they come back.

FOR SERVICES RENDERED

A country doctor sacrifices many things, but learns much too, including the impossibility of putting a price on a child's life

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY ALLEN RANKIN

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

DR. CLAY was going to write Lubeck, when the knock came at the door. He was always going to write Lubeck. But now, after ten years, he definitely had made up his mind to accept the offer of his old college roommate to come to Hursten General Hospital and become a part of its sterilized whiteness, its progress.

"Why waste your life in a broken-down rural district," Lubeck kept writing, "when the need is so great up here?"

It was not that Clay didn't halfway agree with him; it was just the interruptions which had kept him from making up his mind. The first time he had almost made the decision old Mrs. Curry had strained her back lifting a sackful of potatoes, and he had stayed on until she was well. Then the Ghent boy had fallen from his horse, and he had stayed. Then Lilly Moore had had pneumonia, and after that . . . He had stayed on through the years.

But now, as he opened the door to let in the backwoods farmer and the little girl, he was ready to pack his grip. Joining Lubeck at the General Hospital was one thing; joining the Army and going with him to combat was quite another.

"Come in, Mr. Gibbens— Hello, Jen." Clay's voice was cool. He was irritated as he laid aside his dime writing pad. Vaguely he knew it was because he was afraid—afraid he would change his mind.

"I come to pay you," said Gibbens. His teeth were snaggled and his upper lip turned back so that he seemed always to be smiling. "I come to pay for what you done for Jen and me."

"Sit down," said Clay. He wondered if Lubeck had ever seen a man like this, so ragged and so destitute.

Clay looked out the window at the massed gold of the dead corn, dust colored and rusting, at a falling shanty and a buzzard wheeling over it, before he turned back to the farmer. This man had come not only to pay him but to understand. He groped for some simple way of explaining the difficulty of the operation he had performed on Gibbens' child.

"Mr. Gibbens," he said, "Jen there was in very bad shape."

"Like to ha' been a goner?" Gibbens was sucking his cob pipe hard, his eyes squinting. Not even the perpetual smile hid his nervousness. "You mighta been a goner if it warn't for the doctor heah," he said to the little girl at his feet.

Overawed by attention, Jen scrambled under the slump-bottomed chair, where she sat sprattle-legged, alternately munching the pink store cooky and knocking her head on the floor.

Clay glanced at the neat bandage growing narrower and smaller each day around the child's throat.

"I can't call you a patient much longer," he smiled. "Soon you'll be good as new."

"The incision," he told Gibbens, "isn't even going to leave a scar." He said it to himself as much as to the farmer. That the child was alive was a miracle; that she would not have a lasting scar was a miracle which could not have been better performed even in the fine city hospital.

Gibbens squinted over his pipestem and spoke with an effort. "I live down Dry Branch way," he said, "and I reckon when a man makes a debt he's bound to pay it." He paused, groping for words. "I ain't a doctor, the Lord knows, but if I'd harrowed so much land or shingled so much barn roof, then I'd count the time and name my price for fair. If you just tell me . . ."

CLAY smiled to himself. That was a hot one. What would Dr. Lubeck think of that one? Patiently he explained to the backwoods share cropper: "In medicine, Mr. Gibbens, in doctoring, it's not exactly a matter of pay by the hour."

So many times out here in the woods edging the cotton fields, the values, the long strings of words he had used to define things so precisely in medical school and in his own mind were useless, without meaning. Before the deep sincerity of this man he felt embarrassed that he was not able to explain how he had spent eight years of his life to be able to remove, as if by magic, some infinitesimal particle from a baby's throat.

"You see," he told Gibbens, "in this case the button blocking Jen's windpipe was well-lodged—stuck."

"Uh-huh?" Gibbens nodded but seemed not to hear. He was a practical man of the fields, and though he was thankful with all his heart for what he had seen the doctor do, the operation was over. The cost of it wasn't. Mr. Gibbens was interested in the price.

He said soberly with some misgivings, "How much?"

Clay looked at the man, studying him quietly as he had studied many others who asked that question. How much? How much did experience cost? How much did you pay for something rare which just by accident had happened to be perfection?

He explained how the curve of Jen's throat was delicate and abnormal. There had been no fitting instruments—none of the complicated devices of the General Hospital—to get at the trouble. As an artist never forgets the heat of inspiration in painting his masterpiece, Clay knew he never would forget the flashes of ingenuity, the intuition which had led him to perform this, his own work of art.

He called up the days and nights he had watched over the child gasping for life through the small tube which he had inserted; the operation itself, when the nerves of his hands had been steel-wired and his tense fingers balanced on panels of air to hold the forceps. He felt again the relief of seeing the small head, purple and flushed like a plum too heavy on the stem, grow pale and easy with the normal flow of breath.

He might have explained also to Gibbens the tissuelike delicacy of the child's trachea and epiglottis, but that was too complicated. He might have told him that the operation had been the most painstaking, most amazingly successful of his life.

But he awoke to the man's red simple face waiting quiet as stone in the still room, waiting to be told in plain simple words the price of something utterly foreign, mysteriously accomplished.

Clay sighed and let his slight weight relax in the deep chair. "If you were a rich man, Gibbens, I'd charge you . . . No telling how much I wouldn't charge you! . . . But since you're not . . . Well . . ."

Clay flashed the thing over in his mind quickly as Mr. Gibbens shuffled his feet on the floor. Fifty dollars would be a lot of money to the man, of course, but then the operation and three days of his time were worth something. Gibbens could pay like a lot of his other patients did, in chickens, eggs, anything—and over a period of time. He bought things, didn't he? Wagons, tangible things he knew the value of?

"Well," said Clay, making the decision, "I know you're in no position . . . We'll let it go at fifty."

"Fifty?"

"Yes. It's as little as I could ask under the circumstances. But if you'd like to stretch it over a period of time, or if you'd like to pay it in produce—anything that's agreeable . . ."

Mr. Gibbens said, "Yes, sir." And then he said musingly, "But you come when Jen and I needed you. We'll pay you now."

SURPRISED, Clay went over and lighted the lamp while Gibbens fumbled for his tobacco-sack purse. The farmer handed over the money quietly, and Clay, standing so close to him, caught the smell of sweat and harness leather and pipe tobacco, and felt the warmth of the child in his arms.

And for the doctor it seemed that this moment, in which he could stand in the yellow lamplight and quietly, silently bridge such a chasm of ignorance and misunderstanding, was compensation for his life spent in a desolate country place. If he was angry with himself it was just because he knew once again that he would never finish the letter to Lubeck. "Because I think the need is greater for me elsewhere . . ." it had begun.

Well, he had asked for fifty and he had got it. Unblinkingly, he crumpled the dollar bill in his pocket. His hand trembled a little as he handed Mr. Gibbens fifty cents in change.

THE END

Not even Gibbens' perpetual smile hid his nervousness. "You mighta been a goner if it warn't for the doctor," he said to the girl.

This is just one corner of the Office of Censorship, where all foreign mail is fine-combed for strategic information.

THE SENSE IN CENSORSHIP

By Bess Furman

OUT in the states these days the ways of Washington may seem madhouse. Maybe they are. Maybe, again, it is merely a case for fuller explanation.

Perhaps no phase of warfare falls more completely within the "tell-me-more" category than commercial censorship. Even the newspaper editor, who himself voluntarily subscribes to a censorship code, has hardly known that the business man engaged in any phase of world trade is exercising similar self-restraint.

One editorial writer, probably believing that he was battling in behalf of business, protested against governmental use of information obtained by censorship of business messages crossing our borders. He said censorship should limit its powers to the stoppage of militarily harmful material and the extraction of information bearing on sabotage or espionage.

"I do not know the author of that editorial, but I am certain he would follow no such policy if he were a responsible censorship official," countered Byron Price, Director of the U. S. Office of Censorship on war leave from the Associated Press. "If he did, he would find himself aiding the enemy in many ways."

Byron Price, Director of Censorship.

Suppose the editorial writer, reading the mails for what he thought ought not to get by, should run across a letter offering to sell to a man in Ecuador 3,600 field phones left over from the last war and lying in a New York warehouse. Suppose he knew that our own Army desperately needed telephone equipment. What would he do?

Undoubtedly, he would do just what Byron Price did. Price notified the Army. The War Department, which at one time had sold the field phones as surplus property, bought them back. They are now being used in our own battles, instead of finding their way to Germany or Japan.

Letters showed up in Miami and New York telling about a large quinine transfer from a firm in Ecuador to a firm in Europe. Our Pacific war was then new. We needed quinine desperately to control malaria among our troops, and this government had negotiated an agreement to buy all Ecuador would sell abroad. Investigation showed that the purchasing firm was

One letter says "dolls" but means warships. Another reveals hidden diamonds. Here's how and why the Office of Censorship reads foreign mail—and what happens when code messages are intercepted

smuggling quinine to a black market for cold tablets. A U. S. Navy destroyer left a convoy and seized the cargo on the high seas.

Like any wartime intelligence operation, commercial censorship has gone about its business so quietly that few have grasped its scope and military value.

Outgoing mail and cables are scanned at all points of departure from our coasts and insular possessions and from all British ports everywhere. Taken together, this censorship covers no small part of the warring world so far as mail bound for neutral nations is concerned. Long-distance calls, of the type a business man in New York might make to a business man in Buenos Aires, are monitored. The chitchat that goes across the border, say between Texas and Mexico, is checked. The air or train traveler submits his briefcase for censorship.

Censorship disclosed to war production officials that 2,300 long tons of copra, the dried coconut kernel from which oil is extracted, was aboard a ship in New York harbor, on its way to several consignees in Colombia and Venezuela. The oil has many military uses. Later, censorship also revealed that this copra was bought at $90 a ton instead of the $196 its owners were claiming from the Compensation Board. In this one case, the Office of Censorship kept for this country a large amount of a needed product and saved the government $243,800.

Into the censorship mill of about a million letters a day came ordinary business mail which revealed that several hundred thousand board feet of the best oak had been shipped by two Southern lumber companies to Argentina as dunnage, the waste material that is used to protect cargo. Our generals could ill afford to lose that lumber. The oak shipped out couldn't be got back, but the loophole in the shipping regulations under which prime lumber could go out as dunnage was promptly plugged.

INCOMING communications are equally well monitored. What comes to the United States is of course censored at all our posts. Some Latin-American countries conduct censorship operations which tie in with Allied censorship. Merchant ships carrying mail which ply between neutral European ports and ports in South America must put in at Port-of-Spain for censorship. Still to be reckoned with are the ships which do not carry mail. Messages may be smuggled in goods shipped under navicert, that piece of official paper which must be obtained in order to ship at all. Tips on such smuggled messages are caught in the commercial mails, and if the evidence is strong enough a search is made by the Navy.

The catch may well be worth searching a whole ship for a bit of contraband commercial mail. One September day in 1943, the Spanish S. S. Monte Albertina, bound from Buenos Aires to Bilbao, Spain, was called into Gibraltar by the British Admiralty. The master of the ship had given his word he carried no mail, and truly believed it. But searchers found in the cargo several tins labeled "Peptona de Carne," a meat peptone. The tins had false bottoms and concealed a large amount of correspondence addressed to I. G. Farbenindustrie in Germany. It was, in fact, a report on a whole year's operations of the giant German chemical trust in the Western Hemisphere.

Merchants consistently seeking to help the enemy are black-listed. Their names are printed in one or both of two booklets, the British Statutory List and the U. S. Proclaimed List. That means they are announced enemies and cannot trade with us. Censorship intercepts—the name given to the odds and ends of information picked up in mails, cables, and other communications—have often been the original tip on enemy traders.

LATE last year the Office of Censorship sent to the proper government authorities the text of a cable from Dr. Heinrich Dörge of Buenos Aires to the Deutsche Industrie Bank, Berlin. It was cryptic in wording and it was felt that it covered big financial deals. Dr. Dörge, it developed, was an expert sent from Germany to Chile "to study the economic and political situation." Later he went to Argentina to continue his studies, delivering his reports to the German Embassy. But since he supposedly was not engaged in any commercial activities, it was decided not to put him on the Proclaimed List.

Censorship then happened across a letter which he wrote to his mother in Germany. It told about his "really fine, remunerative and big job" and said that she could get the details from the Industrie Bank. The upshot was that while he didn't make the Proclaimed List last year, he did this year, as a result of "studies of the economic and political situation" made by our own government.

Count Karl Frederick von Zedlitz of Buenos Aires, Argentina representative of Herman Göring's Metals Syndicate, the man with whom Miss Vivien Kellems, Connecticut war-plant executive, chose to correspond, ranked high on both the British black list and our own Proclaimed List. It is hardly to be wondered at that she eventually found out his mail was being read. Any mail going to the count would be regarded with as much interest as though it were addressed to Göring or Goebbels.

Censorship has from time to time prepared reports on Argentine conditions based on hundreds of intercepts and passed them on to our Intelligence agencies, to the State and Treasury Departments, to the Foreign Economic Administration, and the War Production Board. Thousands of facts of the type that Censorship picks up add up to the reasons why this country has turned a cool diplomatic shoulder to the present regime in Argentina. One instance will illustrate. A censorship report brought first word of the flow of gold being sent by Nazi leaders from Africa to Argentina. Through official channels we requested that business interests of Argentina should not take part in the movement of such funds. The request was disregarded. The Treasury Department, through its wartime control of foreign funds, then blocked all accounts here of the two biggest banks in the Argentine. Subsequently the Argentine Foreign Office announced that war criminals will be barred from Argentina and prohibited from depositing funds.

"It is only by reporting foreign trade information to the operating agencies of the government that a proper evaluation can be placed on proposed international

(*Continued on page 73*)

Velvalee Dickinson leaves court. Her letters brought her ten years in prison.

Improving Your Air Diet

BY CHARLES SCARLOTT

Better heating, cooling, cleaning, and humidifying of air you breathe can make life healthier and happier. Here's the outlook for air conditioning your home

MAN uses in one day about three and a half pounds of food, four pounds of water, and about thirty-five pounds of air. He is greatly concerned with the quality of food, its vitamin content and caloric value. He takes for granted the purity of his drinking water. But he still gives little consideration to the largest part of his diet—air.

It will be different after the war. As the result of an accumulation of new ideas and improvements on the already successful prewar air-conditioning equipment, the air in the new postwar house will be not only cooled and dehumidified but also cleansed of dust and smoke, rid of bacteria and freed of odors. It may even have that elusive quality of "freshness." And we are speaking about the average middle-class house—not just the mansions of the wealthy.

Since the days when the movie houses made it "twenty degrees cooler inside," we have thought of air conditioning as meaning air cooling, but, broadly speaking, it has to do with anything that makes air more suitable for man's use, including air heating and humidifying.

Air cooling without moisture removal is worse than no air conditioning at all. If the temperature of air is lowered without "squeezing" out some of the moisture, the rise in relative humidity causes that oppressive, muggy feeling which leads you to lament, "It ain't the heat; it's the humidity." Just for example, on an average hot summer day nearly three quarts of water must be removed hourly from a six-room house of about 15,000 cubic feet. This is important, because some so-called "complete air conditioners" do not remove moisture.

When the manufacture of civilian goods is resumed, two basic types of home air conditioners which had reached a high level of excellence before the war will return. They are the window-type unit for a single room, and the central, or basement, unit for air conditioning the entire house.

The window unit resembles a large table-model radio and fits on a window sill. Its electric motor, compressor, and evaporator mechanism is almost identical with that of the standard electrical refrigerator, and it works the same way. The cooling unit in an electric refrigerator pumps heat out of the food-storage compartment into the kitchen. The window-type air conditioner pumps heat from the bedroom or living room through the window to the outdoors.

Window coolers also did a fair job of air filtering. Fresh, cooled air was brought into the room through a mechanical filter, such as a mesh or pad of spun glass or other fiber, which strained out the dirt particles.

Room coolers built before the war needed only to be set in place and plugged into an electrical outlet. They were built in several sizes, ranging in cooling capacity from one third to three quarters of a ton. (The rating of air-conditioning apparatus is based on the number of tons of ice which, melted in a day, would give the same cooling effect.) The better units also removed moisture from the cooled air and expelled it along with the hot air.

How much will they cost after the war? In 1940, the window or floor models sold, installed, for from $150 to $375, a reduction of about one third from the initial prices of the early '30s. In the postwar period, labor costs probably will be higher than before; yet a steady decline in air-conditioner price is probable. The determining factor will be quantity production. If they can be sold by the hundred thousands, air conditioners capable of cooling, dehumidifying, and filtering the air of the average-size room should be available in a few years for as little as $90 or $100.

Room units cannot do much toward conditioning the air in an entire house. It would be impractical and expensive to install several of them. But central home air-conditioning units were beginning to make some headway before the war. They were driven by electric motors, had capacities of from one to three tons, and were installed in the basement. They could be connected to discharge cooled, dried, filtered air into the same duct system which in winter carries hot air from the furnace. If the house already had an air-duct system, the cost, installed, ranged from $500 to $1,000, depending upon size.

Manufacturers are now planning new designs of these central air conditioners, and with quantity production, manufacturer's cost should decline steadily for several years.

This unit heats, humidifies, cleans, and cools the air of a home, giving complete year-around air conditioning.

On the horizon are other air-conditioning devices, and one of the most interesting, although limited in usefulness, is a unit that either cools the air or heats it by the mere flip of a switch. The greater part of the heat produced by this amazing device is free because the "fuel" is the cold air outside!

The principle involved is called reversed-cycle refrigeration. On a chilly day the air outdoors, although it feels cool, actually contains a good deal of heat. Obviously, air that has a temperature of 40 degrees is warmer than air at zero. The air-conditioning mechanism, working in reverse, picks up some of this heat and delivers it along with the heat developed by the mechanism itself. All you actually pay for is the electric power to run the motor. The power, of course, is turned into heat by the motor and compressor, but from one and a half to nearly three times as much is taken from outdoors.

This mechanism is essentially no different from one which merely cools. It requires only a small factory change to enable the refrigeration cycle to run in reverse, and that costs only a few dollars. At least one manufacturer put out a reverse-cycle unit before the war. It was a medium-sized window-type model, selling for about $240, installed. It could deliver either 6,000 units of cooling effect an hour, or—by a turn of the switch—4,500 to 7,650 units of heat, depending on the outside air temperature.

But wait. There's a catch. The reverse-cycle unit is all right for those who live in climates where the temperature seldom drops below 40 degrees Fahrenheit—say in California, Arizona, Florida, and along the Gulf coast. But in cold climates it has a fatal defect: The colder the day, the less heat the unit can extract from the outside air. In other words, when heat is needed most it has the least to give. In short, it is not considered practical for home use when the temperature drops below 40 degrees Fahrenheit.

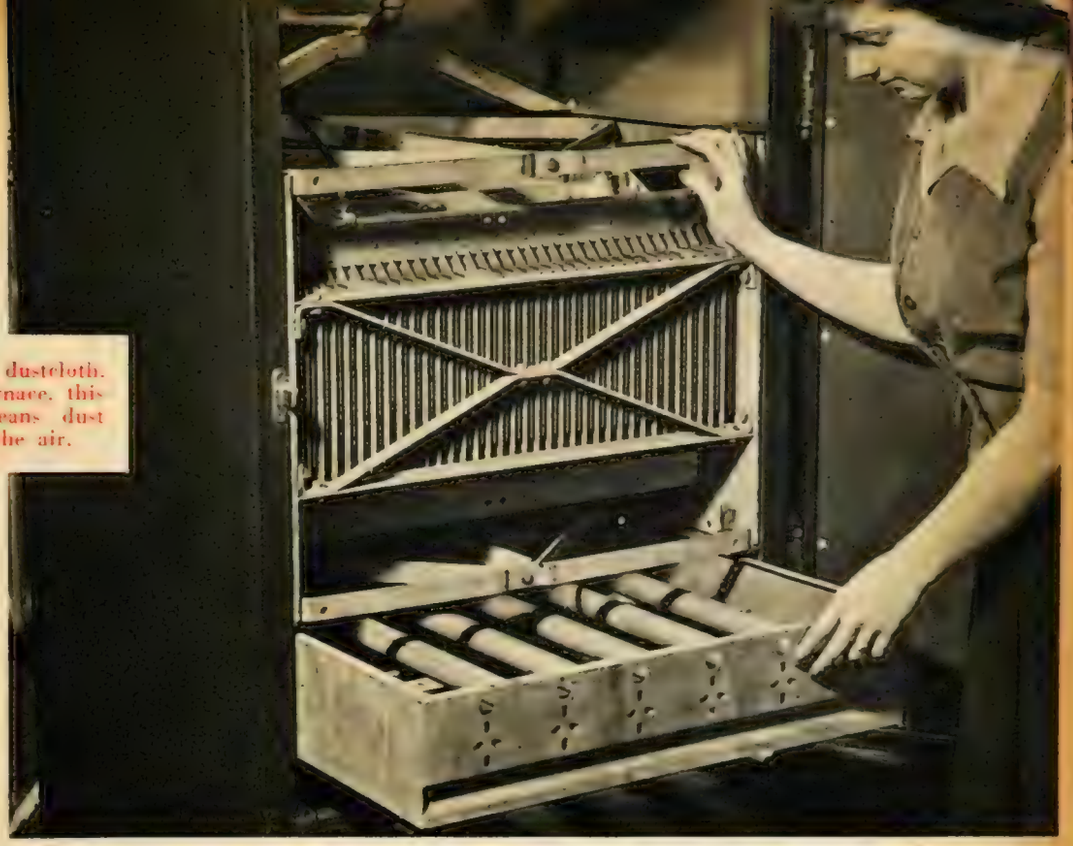
However, we will hear more about reverse-cycle refrigeration. It probably will be available in central-type units, as well as the window type, and those who live in the milder climates can have a heating and cooling unit for almost no more than the price of an ordinary air conditioner.

The electric motor has always been the source of power for air-conditioning mechanisms. But it need not be so. Many an American kitchen is equipped with a gas refrigerator, so the making of cold with a gas flame is no novelty. The same engineering principles can be extended to air-cooling systems. Several companies are planning to build a combination gas-fired furnace for winter and air cooler and dehumidifier for summer—all in one compact unit.

One well-known manufacturer of gas refrigerators installed an experimental unit in a new home in New Jersey in the summer of 1942. The house was much larger than average—nine rooms and four baths. Hence, a large unit—five tons—was required. It cost $1,924. In a season of 102 days, the total cost of operation was $95, or about $28 a month. The gas and

electricity rates in that area are higher than the national average, and the unit was operated every day, even when it was not necessary. Hence these figures are high, but they give a rough idea of operation costs. When the units are built in quantity, the installed cost will be substantially less.

It is impossible to say which type of summer and winter air-conditioning system—gas or electric—will be the more economical to install and to operate. The answer in any particular community will depend on the comparative rates of electric power, natural or artificial gas, and water. The combination gas furnace and air conditioner may cost less to install but slightly more to run than a conventional furnace and electric-driven air conditioner.



Throw away your dustcloth. Attached to your furnace, this electronic device cleans dust and pollen from the air.

In connection with cooling and heating, it's important to remember this: It is wrong to assume that a room should be kept at any certain temperature, winter or summer. Several factors must be considered, such as the outside temperature, the humidity, the type of activity, etc. For example, the temperature of an air-conditioned room shouldn't be held at, say, 75 degrees when the outside air is 95 degrees. A temperature of 80 to 85 is much better and will feel quite comfortable, although air equally warm and humid in winter would be stifling.

Physiological factors are involved. The human system has a marvelous automatic "air-conditioning" system of its own, but it can't readily adapt itself to sudden sharp changes in temperature. Consider what happens when a person steps into a low-temperature room from the street on a hot day. The sweat glands get their orders to stop producing sweat; the skin blood vessels, busily bringing heat to the surface, seek to contract. But these mechanisms can't act instantly, and too much heat is lost from the body before the adjustments are made. Consequently, the body is chilled and a cold may result.

Rays from the ultraviolet lamp on the wall destroy micro-organisms in the air, help prevent the spread of disease.

When one steps from a cool room to the hot outdoors, the skin channels suddenly draw blood from the stomach and other vital organs to get the heat radiation system going. The sweat glands can't start instantly, so for a brief time heat is not given off by evaporation rapidly enough and the body temperature rises slightly. Small wonder people feel nauseated and dizzy when they leave an overly-cool building in the summer. Such temperature shocks are unhealthy.

Years ago the Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers conducted elaborate experiments to determine what air conditions are most comfortable. They found, for example, that in the summer most people feel most comfortable at a temperature of 82 degrees with 10-per-cent humidity. But if the humidity is raised to 90 per cent, to achieve the same feeling of comfort the temperature must be lowered to 72 degrees. In winter, maximum comfort is reached at a temperature of 75 degrees with 10-per-cent humidity, or 68 degrees with 70-per-cent humidity.

This floor-type summer air-conditioning unit cools, dehumidifies, and cleans the air in individual rooms and offices.

But there is more to our air diet than its temperature and moisture content. Its burden of dust, bacteria, and odors—now almost uncontrolled—has an important bearing on our health, comfort, and living costs. These relatively untouched aspects of complete air conditioning will get much more at-

(*Continued on page 72*)

Belle's monotonous sobbing filled mom's parlor with horrible sound. I patted her shoulder gently, muttering, "The cops will catch them, sis."

BATTLING

THE cops kept asking Belle about various workmen at the plant. Some of the names sounded familiar; others were new to me. But they kept driving at one question: What workmen hung around the war bond office? Finally they folded up their notebooks and cleared out, and then there was nothing more we could do for Belle except to listen patiently to her weeping.

The Old Man soon got a bellyful of that. "Now, then, lass," he said, "who stands the loss of it? They could never squeeze twenty thousand dollars out of your salary betwixt now and doomsday."

Belle went right on bawling so I answered for her: "She must be bonded, pa. I'll find out about it. Where's my cap?"

Anything to get away from Belle's creepy sobbing. My cap was in the magazine basket, and as I put it on, mom protested, "Eddie, you'll not work nor worry about Belle's troubles tonight. You take it easy. Go on over to Dancemore, like you planned, boy."

Belle was lying on the sofa, her heavily bandaged head on a heap of pillows, her monotonous sobbing filling mom's parlor with horrible sound. I patted her shoulder gently, muttering, "The cops will catch them, sis."

I kissed mom's piled-up white hair, saying lamely, "I do need a little air. I'll check on the bonding in the morning."

In front of our house Lieutenant Callahan and another officer were standing on the sidewalk, comparing notes.

"Don't let it spoil your furlough, Eddie," the lieutenant said to me. "I hope Big Artie and your mom ain't mad at us because we questioned Belle so much. We had to. It looks like an inside job."

"It sure does!" I said. "When the paymaster gets shot dead and Belle gets clubbed silly. A nice smooth inside job."

"Don't be sore, boy," Mr. Callahan mumbled. "Somebody fingered that job. Somebody hung around Belle's office enough to know when the cash was on hand. We'll get them."

Says you, I thought, hiking away in the dusk. I went down to the Dancemore and stood out under the marquee, listening to the jive blowing down the steps. But I just wasn't equal to stomping.

I moseyed around the corner to Emil's place, and a couple guys made room for me at the bar. I looked up at my civilian hat on its peg with forty other guys' hats, wondering if I'd ever wear it again. Some

WATER BOY

Eddie knew his brother died ten years ago—but he didn't know why. He knew his sister had been slugged and robbed of $20,000 that wasn't hers—but he didn't know who did it. And then he found out

BY TOM MARVIN

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER JAMES

of the other hats were never going to be worn again—Donlin's and Eddlestein's and both Baxter kids'.

Everybody at the bar was talking about the hold-up. Most of Emil's customers work at Krannold's anyway. Mike Charbat came in with a newspaper extra telling about the heist and we read it together.

PAYMASTER SLAIN IN $20,000 ROBBERY

Two desperadoes wearing white handkerchief masks held up the Krannold Mfg. Company's war bond office today, shot the paymaster dead, slugged his assistant, and fled with $20,000. The money had been paid in by Krannold employees for war bonds.

Shot dead was Paymaster James O. Houston, 67, when he attempted to sound an electric burglar alarm. His assistant, Miss Belle Tansey, 23, was beaten insensible by the robbers when she struggled with them. . . .

"An inside job!" I said to Mike Charbat. "Maybe the cops think Old Man Houston planned it just so he could get dead. Or maybe Belle cooked it up for the privilege of getting slapped around."

Mike Charbat grunted, still reading the extra. "This is the same type of stick-up that they had at the Busch plant last Halloween. Two guys knocked over the war bond office. It it wasn't the same two heist guys, I'll eat me hat."

It was a snazzy hat—civilian, with a Kelly green feather. Best skimmer Mike Charbat ever owned. He could afford it these days, what with Krannold's going full blast and him a bearcat on a milling machine.

"You look like hell, Eddie," said Mike.

I didn't answer him. I didn't like his hat. Or his pink shirt. Finally he tucked the extra under his arm and roamed away, picking his teeth.

Guys kept coming into Emil's, all jabbering about the big downtown stick-up, and pretty soon one of them stopped and whammed me on the back.

"Gee, Eddie Tansey!" he said.

I turned around and almost said, "Hello, water boy." I remembered him, sort of, from when we were kids. But I didn't place his name, probably because he didn't have a water bucket in his hand.

"Remember me, Eddie?" he asked. "Remember me from the old teams? I'm Slats."

It came back to me. Slats the water boy. Lanky joe, thin as a lath, his last name some long German handle like Kuchenmeister or Paffenbush. And I did remember him from the old neighborhood kid teams. He had carried the water buckets for us. He was the kind of kid just born to carry water buckets.

"Gee, Eddie, you look aces," Slats said.

He didn't mean me, because I'd lost forty pounds, what from wounds and the dengue; he meant the uniform. I had worn my blues because I had figured on giving the bobby socks a thrill at Dancemore, and Slats felt the texture of a sleeve with his thin fingers.

"Tarawa must'a' been bad, eh, Eddie?"

"It was like no place human," I said. "We lost a guy for every yard we took. Be glad you missed it."

Slats' face got brick red and he said, real fast, "I got spots on both lungs."

Emil shoved a couple beers at us and I shifted the conversation around and we started gassing about the old kid teams. Slats remembered things that I had forgotten long ago. A twelve-inning game that I had busted up with a homer; a touchdown pass that Little Artie, my twin brother, had fired to me against Sacred Heart; punch for punch my scrap with Jerry Hogan for the parish title. He remembered all my kid moments of glory as if they were his own. Fleeting seconds out of the dim past that didn't mean anything to me any more, but they still rated high in the water boy's memories.

AS for Slats himself, he had been such a lousy athlete it was remarkable. In basketball he almost got away with it, because of his height. But a hurdle race convinced him. Somehow Slats got into a track meet against I. C. We used the cinder path around the park lagoon and naturally, the hurdles were set around a curve. Slats came around the bend, running last but stepping high. His coltish and almost strengthless body got off balance on the curve. He bent sideways at the waist, his pipe-stem arms waving wildly; he tottered, fought for his balance, and sidestepped like an awkward adagio dancer, kerplunk into the lagoon, while everybody roared. After that, he just carried the water buckets.

"Eddie," Slats said, setting down his beer, "how's Belle?"

"She'll be O. K. after some rest. The cops bothered her a lot; asked questions about every workman in the plant."

Slats inspected his skinny hands. "Did the cops mention me? Slats Reichenbach. I work at Krannold's, too."

"They mentioned you," I said.

I hadn't placed it at the time, but Reichenbach was one of the names which Lieutenant Callahan had mentioned particularly. I hadn't connected it up with Slats, the grinning anonymous water boy whose long moniker nobody remembered.

"What did Belle say about me?"

"She said you dropped in the war bond office a lot, you were her best customer from the drill-press department."

"I am, too," Slats said.

He had scrubbed his oddly delicate hands, but some of the Krannold grime remained in the creases..

"Eddie," he said, "that ain't the only reason I hang around the war bond office. I—I'm nuts about Belle."

He looked at me sort of tough and at the same time scared, and I had to choke off a grin. My dynamite sister and the neighborhood water boy!

"You got any objections, Eddie?" he said finally.

"Has Belle Tansey objected?"

"She don't even know. She just fills out my bonds and says, 'Come in again, Slats.' So I do. I'm scared to really talk to her."

When I finished my beer I was going to take a slow walk home in the dusk and see if Belle had finished bawling; maybe tell her about Slats' silent love, to give her a laugh.

"Eddie," said Slats, "you got your strength back yet?"

"Most of it," I said. "Why?"

"I been thinking. I been wondering if you want to see something interesting."

"Where is it?"

"Over at the grain elevator," Slats said. "Up on top of it."

I didn't say anything right away. I didn't know what Slats wanted to show me. But sure as sin I didn't want to climb that grain elevator ladder either. Not in the dark of a windy night. Not even in broad daylight. I hadn't climbed that ladder since a certain Saturday afternoon when Little Artie, my twin brother, and I were fourteen years old.

"I already saw something interesting there once," I said. "Ten years ago."

My eyes met Slats' gaze in the backbar mirror. "You mean Little Artie," he said. And then he added, "Little Artie didn't fall off that ladder by no accident."

When I reached for my glass my hand wasn't what you might call firm as a rock. I finished the beer and pulled down my cap and looked at Slats.

WE went outside together and climbed into his muddy coupé. We wheeled around past Dancemore and cut across the car tracks. Neither of us talked. Slats drove over to Farrel Street and pushed into the dirt road that ran parallel to the railroad spur. The darkness swallowed his coupé and we could smell the dirty water in the ferry slip. I remembered that Slats knew this neighborhood well. When we were kids he had spent a lot of time out on the ferry slip, sculling around alone in his homemade dinghy.

The coupé rumbled over some ties and stopped at the foot of the grain elevator. We got out and looked at the ladder running up the side.

Man, I didn't want to climb that ladder! I didn't want to set foot on it. I was shaking. And it was from fear. I thought of telling Slats that I was still too weak. He couldn't say anything about it. I already owned a ribbon to prove I had guts. The trouble is, after you once prove it, you have to go on proving it.

Without a word, Slats put one of his skinny hands on the ladder and started

(*Continued on page 60*)

G. I. SANTA and the HEAD-HUNTERS

If you think you've seen inflation, take a look at what's happened to New Guinea natives who used to think a rusty razor blade was wealth. G. I. Joe has torpedoed all that and the Cannibal Islands will never be the same again

BY OSMAR WHITE

Inflation in the bush: A Guadalcanal native peddles curios to marines at wartime prices.

HIGH up in the mountains of central New Guinea lives a tribe of nomadic head-hunters called Kukukukus. They are a dwarfish small-brained people with a reputation for outsize villainy. Until this war, the casualty rate among white men who poached their tribal lands looking either for gold to dig or for heathen souls to save was high indeed. They even enjoyed the distinction of being the only tribe in the east end of the island to twist the head off a government patrol officer and get away with it. Punitive expeditions were unable to find them, because it was their habit to keep perpetually on the move through hundreds of thousands of miles of the wildest mountains in the world.

The Kukukuku warriors are about four feet nine inches tall, and the women two or three inches shorter. Their skins are blue black, their hair coarse and lank, their foreheads two inches high, and their calf muscles enormous from running up and down precipitous hillsides. They live by cultivating chains of yam and banana gardens in little forest clearings, moving from one to another as the fancy takes them, and by shooting wild pigs, cassowaries, and small marsupials with miniature bows and poison-tipped arrows.

Once upon a time I met five Kukukukus

In June, 1942, Damien Parer, an Australian war photographer, and I walked across New Guinea to visit a force of guerrilla riflemen who were waging a hit-and-run war against the Jap garrisons at Lae and Salamaua. The route lay through the fringes of the Kukukuku country 200 miles northwest of Port Moresby. When we were three days out from an Army outpost on the headwaters of the Lakekamu River, the Kukukukus came to visit.

They came into camp just before sun-[illegible]. The carriers were eating their evening meal when there was a commotion, and we stepped out of the tent to see what the trouble was. Gibson Duluvina, a seventeen-year-old Samarai native whom I had for a personal servant, came running over with his eyes bulging and confided in a hoarse and urgent whisper that five Kuku boys were in camp wanting to trade for rice.

We were a small party, and the Kukus must be dealt with in conciliatory fashion. They were standing warily at the edge of the little clearing making ferocious faces at the goggle-eyed carriers. They carried short hunting bows, sheaves of arrows, and string bags full of sweet potatoes which they had brought to trade for the anticipated rice. Four of them had only bark-cloth aprons slung over their protuberant little bellies on girdles of plaited grass, but the fifth was magnificently arrayed in an Australian Army issue shirt! It was stained to a dingy gray-brown with smoke, sweat, and grease, and its tail was missing—but unmistakably it was an Army shirt.

The beady eyes of the five would-be traders watched distrustfully. I told Gibson to bring the box of trade goods and to get one of the carriers to interpret. I told the interpreter to say I had no rice but I still wanted to trade for the potatoes

The Kukus listened expressionlessly. I took up the string bags, made believe to weigh them carefully and examine the potatoes to see that they were sound. Then I signed each Kuku to stand forward, took a package of coarse damp salt from the box and doled out a generous handful.

The traders' eyes suddenly sparkled. They drooled; licked up the salt to the last grain, like monkeys licking sugar out of creased black paws. The hill tribes of central New Guinea suffer greatly from salt deficiency. Salt is the greatest dietary luxury they know.

When they had finished, I told the interpreter to say the salt was payment for the potatoes, but now I would give them a present.

They looked incredulous. I gave each of them a rusty double-edged safety-razor blade and a stick of trade tobacco, value five cents. For perhaps ten seconds they stared speechlessly at the treasure in their hands—then bolted madly into the brush before the crazy white man could think better of such unheard-of prodigality!

As night came down we heard, far up on the forest-clad mountainside, the eerie

Boys of Dutch New Guinea have taken all too well to "civilized" ways.

As with the Kukukukus of the mountains, the economy of these New Guinea natives has been delightfully upset by openhanded G. I.s.

hooting cry from which their name derives —Kukukuku-kukukuku-kukukuku!

That was two years ago. With fifteen dollars' worth of stick tobacco, salt, and rusty razor blades, Parer and I bought guides, servants, carriers, shelter, food, and a reputation for generosity clear across New Guinea and back.

But it couldn't happen today. Such a journey might cost anything up to 5,000 cigarettes, a gross of cigarette lighters, and a crate of patent potato peelers, for that tailless Army shirt on the back of the fifth Kukukuku was the shape of things to come.

For all I know, the five traders now own a change of underclothing and have a taste for hard candy. G. I. Joe, the most openhanded warrior fighting in the most openhanded war in history, came south and dynamited head-hunter standards of living.

The economic revolution war brought to the more remote parts of the South Seas is an incalculable thing. It is funny. But, for those people who earned a living there, it is also serious.

THE island territories in which the Japanese are being fought today were never particularly rich or productive, whatever their potentialities might be. The production of copra—dried coconut kernels from which oil, soap, and edible fats are derived —was the staple industry. The only people who made any considerable profit from that part of the world were big combines and large trading houses—the universal storekeepers, money-lenders, and transport monopoly of the Southwest Pacific. The individual planter had a rough, tough life and he based his budget on the cost of native labor.

In the old days native labor was a commodity ruthlessly recruited and ruthlessly exploited. About the time of the 1914-18 war, colonial administrations in the Pacific islands developed a conscience and a sense of responsibility toward native peoples. Labor remained cheap, but it was humanely treated and a considerable proportion of the profit derived from it was put back into improving the lot of the islander.

Still, up to the time of Pearl Harbor, the planter or miner in Australian New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, and adjacent territories could obtain natives to work in his household or on his holdings on the following terms:

1. The native signed indentures for any term up to three years, agreed not to leave the service of the planter under pain of imprisonment, unless the indentures should be canceled by a magistrate on grounds of harsh or unjust treatment.

2. The employer agreed to provide for the native: (*a*) Wages not less than ten shillings ($1.60) a month; (*b*) adequate, clean housing; (c) food, tobacco, and soap, costing approximately $30 a year; (*d*) fares, clothing, taxes, and medicine, costing approximately $20 a year.

These terms were attractive to natives. Licensed recruiters visited the native villages even in "uncontrolled" areas, and they rarely had much difficulty getting batches of young men to agree to work on the plantations for such generous pay and allowances. Many of these tribesmen liked the life so well they renewed their indentures two or three times and eventually retired on their savings to a life of ease, the pleasure of several wives, and a reputation of being men of the big wide world.

This system was, as a matter of fact, a very potent civilizer of regions where the missionary or patrol officer had never carried much weight. Natives who worked on plantations were, by and large, better fed, housed, clothed, and medically attended than they could ever have hoped to be if they had remained in the village. When they went back to tribal life, they brought a taste for hygiene, a balanced diet, and a doubt about bad old taboo customs which proved infectious.

THEN to this happy world came the war. Almost overnight the old order fell apart. White civilians fled the approaching Japanese, leaving indentured laborers without rations, pay, or leadership. Many natives made a way back to their villages as best they could, spreading the word to the most remote regions that "Guv'ment 'e altogether finish up." Many more were gathered up by the military administration and employed on tasks of military urgency. Thousands of native laborers, working alongside Australian militiamen, built the first military airfield at Port Moresby early in 1942. They put through the foundation of the strategic road from the same base to Eoribaiwa village, where the Japanese were halted and whence they were pushed back when they thrust over the Owen Stanleys. I used to watch the road builders clawing boulders out of the cliff face of Rouna Pass with their bare hands. When the fighting was fiercest, they toiled over the passes carrying food and ammunition to American and Australian soldiers and carrying badly wounded men back—eighty miles over heartbreaking razor-back ridges in the never-ending deluge of the wet season.

The Army paid the same rates as the plantation owners had done; but, perforce, the Army method was rough and ready. Natives were conscripted for labor for the first time in half a century, assigned arbitrarily to classes of work, and driven. The crisis was so acute that old standards

(*Continued on page 85*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

ROYAL CHRISTENING—Three generations of Britain's ruling family sat for this unusual portrait at the christening of Prince Richard of Gloucester. That's young Richard, suitably bedecked, on the lap of his mother, the Duchess of Gloucester, fifth from the left in the front row. The Duke, looking mildly fatherly, is at the left of the King in the rear row.

SECRET WEAPON—It's the Aachen Express, an abandoned tramcar which U. S. Army engineers loaded with captured explosives and tried to send into Aachen. But it jumped the rails and—like many another "secret weapon"—proved a floperoo.

KULTUR—On this gallows in Corinth the Germans hanged Greek patriots. The ungrammatical but eloquent sign was posted after the British liberated the town.

WAR BABY—Between uncle and cousin is Kenneth Maloney. His father, an American flier, was killed in action; his English mother died at his birth. He was flown from England and now will grow up in Grand Rapids,

DON'T SWOON—Let's hope Frankie the Voice can swing as well as he can sing. He's up against a tough sparring partner in Bob Weitman, manager of New York's Paramount Theater. Weights: Weitman, 185 pounds;

MAN BITES MULE—Sgt. Fred Parker of Ozona, Texas, is not interested in making news. He's biting the mule's ear to distract the critter's attention from the branding operation being performed by Lieut. Carl Schultz and Sgt. R. Sterling at Ramgarh, India.

SAIPAN CATCH—The inmates of a Jap civilian camp on Saipan once again can relish the Nipponese national dish—raw fish—as a fresh-caught batch is brought in to supplement the menu.

AMERICAN ARMY MEN, WHO WAN
A SHOWERBATH, ARE WELCOME
HERE BETWEEN THE HOURS
FROM 10 TO 12 AND FROM 15 TO 18
ON SATURDAY
FROM 10 TO 11 AND FROM 15 TO 17

BUT BRING YOUR OWN SOAP—To the battle-weary G. L the most welcome thing in the world is a bath, and war-pinched Hollanders offer what hospitality they can. This guest bathroom for Yanks is in a mine.

SWITCH STITCH—With her pin-up to inspire him, Cpl. Don MacFarlane reverses things by knitting a sweater for actress Toni Seven, on whom it will undoubtedly look good. By a singular coincidence, a photographer happened in, and Toni picks up a little publicity, too.

Powerful Secret Weapon— Spearhead of Invasion!

THE CHEVROLET-BUILT ARMORED CAR

Called the "Staghound" by the British

THE CHEVROLET-BUILT ARMORED CAR is perhaps one of the best-kept secrets of this war. Ever since the North Africa campaign these unique cars have been in action in Europe, yet only recently have we been permitted to tell you about them.

Thousands in Action

Chevrolet designed and built several thousand of these 14-ton roving fortresses for the British, and, while details of construction are still a secret (because none of them has yet been captured by the enemy), we can tell you that it has *the speed of a passenger car, the firepower of a tank and the armor of a mobile fortress.*

Its hull is so strong that it can "carry on" even if one wheel is blasted off by enemy gunfire. Its tires are exceptionally shell- and bullet-resistant.

RANGE—It can range over 500 miles without refueling, dropping its outside jettison gas tanks when entering combat, and continuing on gasoline from its protected tanks inside the armored hull.

FIREPOWER—It mounts cannon and machine guns, carries grenades and smoke mortars. *It is one of the unique and most deadly mobile weapons of this war.*

Work Began Three Years Ago

Over three years ago Chevrolet, working in close cooperation with the Ordnance Department of the U. S. Army, began designing and building these 14-ton monster cars to help spearhead the Allied invasion.

Chevrolet is proud of the record these armored cars are making in the war—proud of the way Chevrolet's thousands of workers have kept this secret weapon a *secret!*—proud of this outstanding contribution to Chevrolet's all-out program of VOLUME FOR VICTORY.

All four wheels drive the armored car forward at passenger-car speed over *any kind* of ground!

BUY WAR BONDS—AND KEEP THEM

CHEVROLET DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

A Liberty Book Condensation

READING TIME ONE EVENING

THE TIME FOR DECISION

BY SUMNER WELLES

Former Under Secretary of State

In this incisive book—hailed as the most important non-fiction work of the year—Sumner Welles points the way to a future world of peace and decency by highlighting the tragic lessons of the past. The excerpts selected are from the chapters with the most direct bearing on the problems with which America is faced.

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

My Mission to Europe: 1940

IN the first days of January, 1940, the President sent for me to talk with him in his office at the White House. He told me that for some time past—in fact, since soon after the outbreak of the European war—he had been asking himself whether there still remained any step which he, as President of the United States, could take to avert the dangers that would so clearly confront the people of this country, as well as of the civilized world, if the European war continued.

He felt that no possibility, however remote and however improbable, should be overlooked. He said that, consequently, he had decided to send a personal representative to Germany, England, and France, as well as to Italy, since Italy, although not a belligerent, was an Axis partner. His representative would offer no proposals and no suggestions. He would find out only what the views of the four governments might be as to the present possibilities of concluding any just and permanent peace. He himself had no interest in any temporary or tentative armed truce.

For various reasons the President believed that I was the most available person within the government to undertake this mission for him.

I arrived in Rome, the first stage of my journey, on February 25.

My first interview, to which our Ambassador William Phillips accompanied me, was with Count Ciano, on the morning after my arrival.

In accordance with the line which I had decided to follow, I tried to stress in every possible way the advantage to Italy of a policy of real neutrality in the European war. I made it clear that all of us in the United States had the utmost regard for our fellow citizens of Italian origin or birth and that all of us shared their satisfaction in the fact that Italy had not entered the war and had made efforts to avert it.

Count Ciano spoke at considerable length of German-Italian relations. He made no effort to conceal his hearty detestation of Ribbentrop. He said: "If Hitler wants any-

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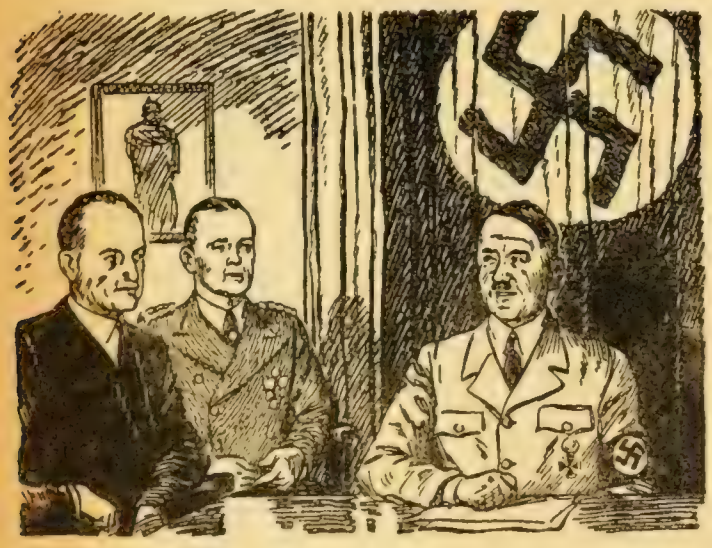
thing—and God knows he always wants enough—Ribbentrop always goes him one better." He made it clear that he bitterly resented not only Hitler's lack of proper consideration for his Axis partner in failing to consult the Italian government with regard to German policy, but also what he claimed was Hitler's disregard for specific terms of the treaty between Italy and Germany.

At the outset of our interview Ciano had told me that I was to be received that same afternoon by Mussolini at the Palazzo Venezia.

I entered the palace by the side entrance used by the Duce and we passed to the Hall of the Grand Fascist Council. Mussolini met me cordially at the door, saying he was very happy to welcome me.

My first impression was one of profound astonishment at Mussolini's appearance. The man I saw before me seemed fifteen years older than his actual age of fifty-six. He was ponderous and static rather than vital. During



our long and rapid interchange of views he kept his eyes shut a considerable part of the time. He opened them with his dynamic and often-described wide stare only when he desired particularly to underline some remark. He impressed me as a man laboring under a tremendous strain. One could almost sense a leaden oppression.

Before my departure from Washington the President had given me letters in his own handwriting addressed to Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Daladier, and Mussolini—none to Hitler. The letter to Mussolini was of outstanding importance. In it the President, emphasizing the satisfaction which the United States government would derive from a continuation of Italian neutrality, had expressed his very emphatic desire to meet personally with the chief of the Italian government. The President believed—and I am as confident today as I was then that he was right—that if he and Mussolini could meet in some relatively remote spot, such as the Azores, he could very probably persuade Mussolini that the best interests of Italy could be served only if he refused to prostitute the Italian people to the greater glory of Hitler.

Mussolini found it difficult to read the President's writing, and Ciano translated it for him. As the reading went on, a smile of gratification came over Mussolini's face, and at the last sentence, in which the President expressed the hope of seeing him soon, he smiled openly.

"I have hoped for a long time," he said, "that this meeting of which I have heard so often would really take place."

Then reaching over and taking the President's letter out of Ciano's hands he said: "I will answer this letter personally."

The letter was never answered, presumably as a result of the conversations which took place on the occasion of Ribbentrop's hurried visit to Rome while I was in London and Paris.

The remaining part of our conversation dealt almost entirely with the problems of economic policy and the armament question.

I then asked him a flat question: "Do you consider it possible at this moment for any successful negotiations to be undertaken between Germany and the Allies for a lasting peace?"

His answer was an emphatic "Yes." He said that of one thing he was profoundly certain: that none of the people at war desired to fight. The situation, in his belief, was utterly different from that which existed in 1914. "But," he continued, "I am equally sure that if a 'real' war breaks out, with its attendant slaughter and devastation, there will be no possibility for a long time to come of any peace negotiation."

At the end of our conversation he told me that he would be glad to talk with me again at any time and that he believed he would probably receive reports from Berlin, Paris, and London after my visits to those capitals which would be of value to the President before I returned to Washington. It was agreed I would see him again on my return to Rome before my return to the United States.

For obvious reasons it had been decided that, after leaving Rome, I should proceed to Berlin before visiting Paris and London so that no false inferences could be drawn from my itinerary.

I ARRIVED in Berlin at the Friedrichstrasse station in the early morning of March 1. Almost the first thing I saw, as I drove down the familiar Unter den Linden to the Hotel Adlon, was a group of Polish prisoners, under armed guards, shoveling snow from the streets.

The German government had permitted no word of my arrival in Berlin to appear in the German press. The public had no knowledge of my mission or its purpose. The Adlon Hotel ostentatiously displayed a flag indicating the presence of some emissaries of the so-called republic of Slovakia, but it was not permitted to put out an American flag.

The time of my reception by Hitler's Minister for Foreign Affairs, Herr von Ribbentrop, had been fixed for noon.

As we passed the two sphinxes at the portal dating from Bismarck's time, we came upon storm troopers in stained uniforms stationed at the top of the stairs. Their faces were subnormal in their startling brutality.

My reception by Ribbentrop was in some ways the most astonishing experience of my entire mission.

Backed by Herr Schmidt, the well-known official interpreter, he received me at the door of his office, without even the semblance of a smile and without even a word of greeting. After a moment's pause, I spoke a few words in English, since I knew that he spoke English fluently.

Ribbentrop looked at me icily and barked at Dr. Schmidt the German word "Interpret." We then sat down.

I set forth the nature of my mission, emphasizing that my government was solely interested in the establishment of permanent peace in Europe and had no interest in any temporary truce. I concluded by making it very clear that I had no proposals to offer and no commitments whatever to put forward on the part of the United States.

Ribbentrop then commenced to speak and never stopped for well over two hours. The Minister sat with his arms extended on the sides of his chair and his eyes continuously closed. The pomposity and absurdity of his manner could not be exaggerated. One could only assume that he envisioned himself as the Delphic oracle. The early part of the discourse had to do with German-American relations, and the entire burden for their deterioration was put on the United States. The remainder of Ribbentrop's outpourings was such an amazing conglomeration of misinformation and deliberate lies that I could not possibly have remained silent if I had not been afraid of jeopardizing the arrangements for the interview which I was scheduled to have with Hitler on the following morning.

I said I would not attempt to reply at any length, but that I could not refrain from making certain comments upon what the Minister had said.

First of all, the Minister had referred to American-German relations. I said I had no doubt that propaganda was active in almost every part of the world, but if the Minister thought that the unsatisfactory state of American-German relations was due to propaganda, he was sadly deceived. The American people, I said, were idealistic people, profoundly moved by humanitarian consid-

erations. They resented in their inmost soul ill-treatment of human beings in any part of the world. The cruel treatment of the Jewish people, and of other minorities in Germany, was one of the two compelling causes of American feeling toward Germany.

The other was the overwhelming feeling in the United States that international controversies can and must be settled by pacific methods, and that the use of force, such as had been exercised by Germany in recent years, destroyed the very foundations of international relations and those bases of international life which alone could give real security to the United States and to other nations. Those, I said, and not propaganda, were the real reasons for the feeling existing in the United States toward Germany.

To these brief remarks, the sole rejoinder made by Ribbentrop was the constant repetition of the words: "We have not attacked England. She has attacked us. I see no way by which we can attain the peace we want and which we seek save through German victory."

At eleven o'clock on the morning of March 2 several Foreign Office officials, dressed in uniform and headed by Herr von Doernberg, came for me at the Adlon Hotel to take me to my interview with Hitler at the new Chancellery.

The façade of the new Chancellery on the Wilhelmstrasse could remind one only of a modern factory building. My car drove into a rectangular court with very high blank walls. At one end was a flight of broad steps leading into the Chancellery. Monumental black nude statues flanked the portico to which the steps led.

We formed a procession of some twenty couples, headed by Reich Minister Meissner and myself, and first traversed a tremendously long red marble hall, of which walls and floor were both of marble; then up a flight of excessively slippery red marble steps into a gallery.

In a very few minutes Meissner came to announce that Hitler was waiting. I was shown into the adjoining room, where Hitler received me near the door. He greeted me pleasantly, but with great formality.

Hitler was taller than I had judged from his photographs. He had in real life none of the ludicrous features so often shown in his photographs. His voice, in conversation, was low and well-modulated. It had only once during our conversation of an hour and a half the raucous stridency always heard in his speeches, and it was only at that moment that his features lost their composure.

After we were seated, Hitler looked at me to indicate that I was to commence the conversation.

IN as eloquent terms as I could command I set forth the President's hope that there might still be a way open for a stable, just, and lasting peace and not a truce or a precarious breathing spell. I said that I would welcome any views which Hitler cared to express to me for the information of the President in that regard.

Hitler then outlined what he claimed had been his foreign policy during the preceding seven years. The outline pursued exactly the lines followed on the previous day by Ribbentrop, and it was noteworthy that every conversation I had with members of the German government was prefaced by exactly the same historical survey. It was obvious that Hitler himself, or Ribbentrop, had dictated the course which members of the German government were to follow in their conversations with me.

Hitler, however, emphasized even more strongly than Ribbentrop his desire to reach an understanding with England. He went on to say: "The present armament burden is crushing the life out of all peoples; it cannot continue much longer. The national economy of every nation will crash before much further time elapses."

Hitler then said that Germany's objectives were simple and that he would outline them to me.

Germany, he alleged, had no aim and no ambition other than the return of the German people to the territorial position which historically was rightly theirs. Germany could not tolerate the existence of a state such as Czechoslovakia, which constituted an enclave created at Versailles solely for strategic reasons and which formed an ever-present menace to the security of the German people; nor could Germany tolerate the separation from Greater Germany of German provinces by corridors under alien control and likewise created solely for strategic reasons. No great power could exist under such conditions.

From the economic standpoint Germany must claim the right to profit to the fullest extent through trade with the nations close to her in central and southeastern Europe. She would no longer permit the western powers of Europe to impair her preferential position in this respect.

Germany, further, would insist that the colonies stolen from her at Versailles be returned to her.

Hitler then passed to the subject of the war aims of the Allies. He said: "I am fully aware that the Allied powers believe a distinction can be made between National Socialism and the German people. There was never a greater mistake. The German people today are united as one man and I have the support of every German. I can see no hope for the establishment of any lasting peace until the will of England and France to destroy Germany is itself destroyed. I feel that there is no way by which the will to destroy Germany can itself be destroyed except through a complete German victory. I believe that German might is such as to make the triumph of Germany inevitable, but, if not, we will all go down together." And here he added the extraordinary phrase: "Whether that be for better or for worse."

He paused a moment and then said textually, rapidly, and in high and raucous pitch: "I did not want this war. It has been forced upon me against my will. It is a waste of my time. My life should have been spent in constructing and not in destroying."

I remember thinking to myself as I got into the car that it was only too tragically plain that all decisions had already been made.

ON the following morning, Sunday, March 3, again accompanied by officials of the German Foreign Office and by the ubiquitous Dr. Schmidt, I called upon Rudolf Hess, then deputy to Hitler in his capacity as head of the Nazi Party.

It was so obvious that Hess was merely repeating what he had been told to say to me and that I had already twice heard, and that he had neither explored the issues at stake nor thought anything out for himself, that I made no attempt to enter into any discussion with him.

Hess was patently of abnormal mentality. His was a personality easily subject to domination by a stronger character. It has always, consequently, been incredible to me that his notorious flight to England could have been undertaken on his own initiative. He went as an emissary.

Immediately after the end of my interview with Hess I was scheduled to leave in the company of Dr. Schmidt for Karinhall, the palace built by Field Marshal Göring at the Schorfheide. At the time of my visit he was adding a new wing which should have made the entire building, when completed, about the size of the National Art Gallery at Washington.

Göring looked exactly like his photographs. His thighs and arms were tremendous, and his girth was monstrous. He wore a white tunic on which were plastered various emblems and insignia in brilliants, and over the Iron Cross which hung from his neck dangled a monocle on a black cord. His hands were shaped like the digging paws of a badger. On his right hand he wore an enormous ring set with six huge diamonds. On his left hand he wore an emerald at least an inch square.

His manner was simple, unaffected, and exceedingly cordial, and he spoke with far greater frankness and clarity than any other German official whom I met.

He told me he had warned Lord Halifax time and again not to encourage Poland and Czechoslovakia to refuse to reach a reasonable and basic understanding with Germany. He had told him that if England persisted in this course, war was inevitable, but that there was no justifiable need of war.

Both the problem of the German minorities in Czechoslovakia and the Czechoslovak military threat to the security of Germany, as well as the problem of Danzig and the Corridor in its relation to Poland, could have been settled readily if England and France had not refused to permit such a settlement.

While the Marshal believed the war would be short and a German victory soon attained, nevertheless, if the war were prolonged five or even ten years, Germany would strengthen and consolidate her position with every month that passed.

Various things had become fully clear. The key to the question whether Hitlerism was going to dominate Europe, and possibly succeed in dominating the rest of the world, was to be found in Berlin and nowhere else. It was far more evident than I had previously realized that Mussolini's influence, if it had ever possessed even some slight weight, had vanished.

There was only one power on earth which could give Hitler and his associates pause. That would be their conviction that, in a war of devastation forced upon Europe by Germany, the United States, in its own interest, would come to the support of the Western democracies. Equally clearly, however, there was at that moment not the remotest chance that our government could tell the Nazi government that this would prove to be the case. The great majority of the American people were altogether confident that they could keep out of the war.

As we drove through the dreary Berlin suburbs, night was just settling down. Long queues were patiently standing in the streets, as they had been when I had earlier passed through, waiting to obtain provisions or to enter a motion-picture theater. It struck me that the temper of the Berlin people had radically changed during the years since I had last been there. Through the miles of Berlin streets that I traversed on this final visit I never saw one smiling face.

That night I left Berlin for Paris.

During the last miles of the journey the railroad line followed the Rhine valley. The women, and even small children, were out in the early-morning sunlight pruning the vines in the hillside vineyards. The scene seemed very peaceful; peaceful, until one saw that in every vineyard, on every slope through the entire countryside, there were continuous fortifications. This farmhouse on closer inspection was surrounded by pillboxes. That grove of trees, which in the distance seemed so harmless, half concealed gun emplacements.

I ARRIVED in Paris in the early morning of March 7. It was a Paris wholly changed. There was a sensation of general waiting; of an expectation of some dire calamity. Among the innumerable persons with whom I talked, only in the rarest instances, outside of a few governmental departments, did I obtain the impression of hope or vigor, or even, tragically enough, of the will to courage.

The first visit I made was to the President of the Republic, Albert Lebrun, at the Elysée Palace.

The President spent much of the time that I was with him in telling me of his own life. He spoke of his having been born in the extreme eastern part of France, in a region adjacent to the German border, and of his earliest recollections being overlaid with the memory of the occupation of that region by German troops after the war of 1870. The point he wished to drive home, and with so much reason, was that the oldest generation of living Frenchmen had seen three wars, in each of which France had been attacked by Germany, and that France could not survive unless at least one generation of Frenchmen could live a normal span of life without having seen their country devastated as the result of German aggression.

As soon as I left the Elysée Palace I was taken in charge by the French secret service and driven at lightning speed to keep my appointment with Prime Minister Daladier.

During the two hours that I talked with Daladier we covered a very wide range indeed. The Prime Minister was lucid, vigorous, and realistic. He was singularly frank in criticizing French foreign policy in the years that had just elapsed.

When I asked for his views on the kind of international machinery that would afford France the actual physical security she craved, the Prime Minister replied that the real problem was that the military forces of the opposing powers were roughly equivalent. Clearly disarmament was the only solution; and yet how could France and England take any actual step toward disarmament unless they were confident that Germany and Italy were in reality disarming at the same time? It seemed that the one solution for ensuring actual disarmament lay in an international assumption of responsibility by the most powerful neutrals—those neutrals being prepared to use force if necessary.

He believed, he said, as President Roosevelt had so often insisted, that a clear distinction could be made between offensive and defensive categories in armaments. Security could be obtained by destroying, except for the use of a police force, all offensive types of armaments and retaining only those which were clearly defensive in nature.

The following day I left for London. During my absence the French press published the fact that I had called upon the former Prime Minister, Léon Blum. When I returned to Paris four days later, my secretaries estimated that while I was in England almost three thousand letters had been received addressed to me by Frenchmen, and in no stereotyped form, protesting against my visit. The vast majority of these letters were written in the most violent and insulting terms. A few of them were couched in moderate words of reproach. They were all written, however, solely because, as a representative of the President of the United States, I had dared to call upon a Jew. I have lived in France, and I have known France since the time of my earliest childhood. In all of those many years, except during the period of the Dreyfus case, I had never found that anti-Semitism existed in France. Now, for the first time, I realized how widely the poison engendered by the Nazis had already seeped into western Europe.

IN all the conversations which I had with Mr. Chamberlain neither courage nor determination was lacking, nor the frankest admission of his own mistakes.

He referred in full detail to his own efforts to maintain peace by making every possible concession to Germany during the preceding two years. He had been deceived, he had been lied to. There was now no question that Hitler did not desire a peaceful Europe founded upon justice, reason, and security, as against a Europe dominated by Hitlerism. England had been forced into war as a last resort in order to preserve liberty and democracy, which were threatened with extinction. So long as the Nazi government existed there could be no hope of any real peace, for no nation of the world could place any faith in the pledges of the Nazi government. Throughout his discussion of Nazi policy, Mr. Chamberlain spoke with white-hot anger.

Another memorable conversation was the talk I had at the Admiralty with Winston Churchill.

Much of what Mr. Churchill said had to do with the technical questions then confronting the Admiralty, the need to find new devices to combat submarines and mines, and the supreme problem of aviation.

But now, after four years have passed, I may be permitted to refer more specifically to one point which Mr. Churchill stressed, because of its value as a convincing indication of the accuracy of his foresight for more than a quarter of a century.

He said to me that he was now sitting in the same office in which he had sat twenty-five years before, confronted by exactly the same situation. This was because British governments during the past twenty years had refused to follow a realistic policy toward Germany. The objectives of the German people had not changed and would not change. These were world supremacy and military conquest; objectives which endangered the security of the United States as much as they imperiled the safety of the British Empire. He had foreseen the present crisis; time and again he had pointed out to previous British governments the dangers they were incurring, but he had not been listened to and now the crisis once more was upon them.

Spring had already commenced when I returned to Rome on March 16. The sun was shining brightly, and the Piazza di Spagna was filled with flowers as I drove to the Chigi Palace to see Ciano the morning of my return.

I reminded the Minister that when I had left Rome Mussolini had told me that I would find far greater intransigence in London and in Paris than I would in Ber-

lin. I said that, on the contrary, I had found no intransigence in either London or Paris. I had, however, found a thorough determination on the part of those two governments to continue the war to its bitter end unless they could obtain practical and complete assurance that they would not again be plunged into a war of this kind.

Ciano broke in to say that he himself knew that that was the case. He said that he would tell me immediately and frankly that Ribbentrop, who had visited Rome during the days I was in London, had told both Mussolini and himself, and he believed the Pope as well, that Germany was determined to undertake an all-out military offensive in the near future; that she was not considering any peace solution short of a military victory, and that after German victory peace would be laid down by German *Diktat*. He said that Ribbentrop seemed to be convinced that the German Army could achieve a military victory within five months, and that the German government believed France would crumble first and England shortly after.

THAT evening at six o'clock Mussolini received me again at the Palazzo Venezia.

Mussolini told me that approximately twelve hours before my return to Rome he had received word from Berlin that Hitler wished to confer with him. The meeting had been arranged for 10 A. M., on Monday, March 18, at the Brenner Pass.

He wished to know whether I would authorize him to communicate to Hitler the impressions I had formed with regard to the possibility of a negotiated solution of territorial and political questions in Europe.

Mussolini then went on to say that, while he felt the question of security was paramount, in his judgment no agreement in regard to security could be settled prior to an agreement on political and territorial readjustments.

He did not believe that Europe could ever go back to the kind of illusory security which had been promised, but never afforded, by the League of Nations. He envisioned a new kind of Europe resulting from a federation of the major powers, guaranteeing the integrity and independent life of those smaller powers which were logically and justly entitled to independent existence as proven nationalities.

As I started to leave, Mussolini made one final remark which appeared to me to be of particular significance. He said: "You may wish to remember that, while the German-Italian Pact exists, *I* nevertheless retain complete liberty of action."

As soon as I left the Palazzo Venezia, I spoke with the President on the long-distance telephone and related to him the chief points of my interview. I expressed the belief that, were the government of the United States to authorize Mussolini to communicate to Hitler any impressions which I had derived during my visits to Paris and London, the conclusion would inevitably be drawn that the President was participating in the determination of such political bases for a negotiated peace as Hitler might be willing to offer.

To this the President, of course, agreed. He desired me further to say, in replying to Mussolini's inquiry, that in his belief the problem of security was the fundamental issue, since security involved real disarmament of the kind which would make it possible for men and women to go back to constructive work, with a consequent increase in living standards and immediate opportunity for all those economic readjustments indispensable to permanent peace. The President further wished me to say that he was confident that neither the government of Great Britain nor the government of France had as an objective the desire to destroy either Germany or the German people, and that he believed their chief desire was to assure themselves that a situation could not again arise where a major war might be forced upon them in every succeeding generation through German aggression.

When I dined informally with Count Ciano that same night I communicated to him the President's instructions. Somewhat to my surprise, Count Ciano expressed emphatic approval of the President's decisions. But he expressed complete pessimism as to the scheduled meeting at the Brenner Pass.

He knew that the all-out offensive was imminent and that Germany would pursue exactly the same policy that she had pursued in Poland, namely, the unrestricted bombardment of cities, including London and Paris, and the creation of the same kind of reign of terror as that which lasted during the eighteen days of the Polish war.

Early in the morning of March 19, Ciano returned to Rome. In order to avoid publicity with regard to our meeting, he asked me to lunch privately with him at the golf club outside of Rome so that he might inform me of the meeting at the Brenner Pass.

He commenced the conversation by stating that he would tell me what had transpired at the meeting, with the exception of such questions as had to do with the Axis relationship. He assured me that no change in Italy's attitude of nonbelligerency had been decided upon as a result of the meeting.

No special proposals had been made by Hitler, nor had he requested Mussolini to present any suggestions for peace proposals to the Allied governments.

At the Brenner Pass meeting, Italy had made it clear that she would not agree to any German penetration of Yugoslavia. Italy intended to do all that she could to maintain the Balkan status quo, leaving the question of territorial revision in abeyance until the time came for a general peace settlement.

No one in the Italian government with whom I spoke wanted Italy to enter the war, and I was told in many quarters that feeling in the Italian Army against Italy's entrance into the war was formidable. The newer and apparently increasingly strong element in the Fascios, led by Ciano, Grandi, and Balbo, was strongly opposed. So was the Royal Family. The Church was openly against it. So were the financial and commercial interests and every man and woman with whom one could talk. Popular feeling was not pro-Ally, but it was anti-German.

If there was ever a case in modern history when a dictator plunged a great nation into a wholly unjustified and wholly unpopular military adventure, it was when Mussolini forced the Italian people into a war against their traditional friends, solely to serve the interests of a country which for generations they had both feared and hated.

From Defensive to Offensive

I came back to a Washington which, except in the White House and in the circles closest to it, and in a few sectors of the Congress and of the press, appeared to be still amused by wisecracks about the "phony war." Then came, on May 10, the attack upon the Low Countries.

Now the democracies could estimate the devastating impact of the "blitzkrieg" which Göring and Ciano had forecast in talking to me. Germany was able to demonstrate for the first time the full measure of her striking power and the hideous effectiveness of the new technique devised by her General Staff. Those weeks of May and June will represent to some of us as long as we live a nightmare of frustration. For the United States government had no means whatever, short of going to war, to which American public opinion was overwhelmingly opposed, of diverting or checking the world cataclysm and the threat to the very survival of this country.

It was the collapse of France that finally shocked American public opinion into the full realization of the danger confronting the United States itself.

No pages in French history can ever be sadder than those that tell of the weeks between the last days of May, when it became plain to all that France would be defeated, and June 22, when French resistance ceased.

From the standpoint of the immediate security of this country, however, there were two points uppermost in our minds: What assurance could we receive that the French fleet would not be surrendered by a defeated France to Germany; and what possibility was there that the French government would continue to fight even if it had to flee from Europe?

The substitution for the Daladier Cabinet in March of 1940 of a Cabinet headed by Paul Reynaud, approved by a precarious majority of only one vote in the Chamber of Deputies, had brought to the head of the French government a man who had not faltered in his bitter opposition to any form of appeasement of Germany. Reynaud was a

man of unusual intellectual capacity and high courage. His fatal weakness, we now know, lay in the influence Madame de Portes had secured over him, and in her subservience, in turn, to many accomplices of Germany.

Reynaud had believed, when in the latter days of May he forced the replacement of General Gamelin as head of the French Armies by General Weygand, that the latter, brilliant and loyal disciple of Marshal Foch, would be able even at that last moment to accomplish the miracle of breathing a new spirit of loyalty and of discipline into the French military forces. General Weygand in 1940, however, was already an old man. At the final moment of crisis, when Reynaud needed the support of Weygand more than that of any other member of the French government for a decision to keep on fighting, he obtained from Weygand only the recommendation for abject surrender.

THERE was only one issue before the French Cabinet for immediate decision: whether to continue to resist or to ask an armistice.

Reynaud demanded the opinion of the members of the Cabinet as to the course to be pursued by the French government. The Cabinet divided into two parts, with a majority in favor of an immediate request for armistice.

Because of French constitutional procedure and because under those chaotic conditions no sessions of the Senate or of the Chamber of Deputies could be held, the Prime Minister was forced to tender his resignation and that of his Cabinet to the President of the Republic.

The partiality of French National Assemblies for electing a nonentity to the Presidency of the Republic has never proved more unfortunate than in the case of Albert Lebrun. He was persuaded to call upon Marshal Pétain to replace Reynaud. As a result of this decision of June 16, which Lebrun, as President of the Republic, alone could make, the die was cast. The Pétain Cabinet sent emissaries to the German High Command. The armistice was signed on June 22.

Disastrous as the armistice proved to the French people, crushing as the collapse of French resistance was to British and American hopes, it at least contained the desired provisions by which control of the major part of the fleet remained in French hands.

The future of these warships was to be the dominating issue in deciding United States policy toward the French people throughout the succeeding three years.

It has been asserted that this government should have refused to recognize the government established by Marshal Pétain at Vichy, and should have awaited the creation outside of France of a French provisional government in exile composed of representatives of the forces of resistance. Although General de Gaulle was in London and had been recognized by the British government, even before the armistice, as a leader of the "Free French," he was almost alone. A policy of nonrecognition would have deprived this government of any official contact with events in France; of any means of obtaining direct information as to the policies and intentions of the new French authorities; and of any method of exercising its influence in its own direct interests.

It was becoming constantly clearer that our vital interests in the Pacific were in grave danger. It was well within the bounds of possibility that the preponderance of the American naval strength might be required at any moment to protect our Pacific possessions, the western coast of the United States, and the strategic approaches to the Panama Canal. Consequently it was essential that the United States government continue its attempts to influence the French authorities to keep the fleet out of German hands. But this it could not do were official relations between the Pétain government and the government of Washington to be severed.

Finally, our policy made it far easier to deal with the questions arising from the continuation of a tenuous French sovereignty in French Guiana and in the French West Indies.

The maintenance of official relations with Vichy was even more justified by the opportunity that it gave the United States to retain American consular officers and their staffs in unoccupied France, in Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco. The importance of the information sent and the contacts established by this corps of additional American representatives cannot be overestimated. It is not too much to say that the subsequent astoundingly successful invasion of North Africa could never have been carried out without a far greater loss of life and without infinitely greater hazards had it not been for the careful, detailed, and efficient preparatory work accomplished by our representatives. That work could not have been done had we broken relations with Vichy. . . .

The Russian problem was causing apprehension to officials of our government when I returned from abroad.

The Soviet-German Agreement of August, 1939, had greatly chilled the friendly interest in the Soviet Union which the American public had gradually been acquiring since the two countries had resumed official relations in 1933. By the spring of 1940 official relations between the two countries were only nominal.

I began to wonder whether some change in this situation could not be brought about. It seemed to me obvious that, granted the essential nature of Hitlerism, any agreement between Germany and the Soviet Union could only be one of sheer expediency and relatively short duration.

I consulted the President and the Secretary of State about this situation, suggesting that an effort be made to ameliorate the de facto embargo then existing upon all exports to Russia, even among materials previously ordered and paid for by Amtorg. With their approval, I began a series of conferences—twenty-seven in all—with the then Soviet Ambassador, Constantin Oumansky. In many cases the restrictions were relaxed. The Soviet government was able at once to obtain some machine tools. When the Soviet Union in the following summer found itself at war with Germany, the fact that these restrictions had been lifted the year before and certain standards and specifications established, made it possible to increase immediately the volume of commercial supplies which could then be sent to Russia.

While there was nothing at all spectacular about these negotiations, they offered the Soviet government concrete evidence of our willingness to give reasonable consideration to their point of view and to bring about an improvement in Soviet-American relations.

The political courage, the vision, and the constructive statesmanship of the President were never more dramatically demonstrated than in the darkening years of 1940-41. When, after the war, an impartial estimate is made of the major factors responsible for the victory of the United Nations, among them I believe will be three great achievements realized in the months before our entrance into the war, each due to the personal initiative of the President. These are the Destroyers-Bases Agreement, the Lend-Lease Act, and the Proclamation of the Atlantic Charter.

Had the Destroyers-Bases Agreement not been concluded in September, 1940, and had the British Navy not been enabled at once to use the fifty American destroyers for escort protection, England might well have been beaten down before the winter months had gone by. At the

same time, owing to an offer unique in British history, this country was given the chance to secure naval bases and airfields within British territory which would vastly assist in the defense of our Atlantic coast line no matter what might happen in Europe.

Nor should the American people ever forget that, by the insistence of Winston Churchill, three of the bases—those in the Avalon Peninsula, in Newfoundland, and in Bermuda—were granted to the United States "freely, and without consideration." The whole transaction was an arrangement between friends, both of them in sore straits. It is due to the wisdom of the President and Mr. Churchill it was concluded in such manner it need not cause friction and misunderstanding when the two peoples may have forgotten the war perils which brought it into being.

The passage of the Lend-Lease Act early in 1941 made it possible for the British government to secure armaments and airplanes at the most critical moment in its war-production effort. It continues today to be one of the methods by which we are making our most effective contributions toward winning the war.

Early in August, during a period when I was again serving as Acting Secretary of State, the President sent for me to come to his study in the White House one afternoon. He told me that he had determined to hold a personal conference with the British Prime Minister. For reasons of security, the meeting was to be kept secret until after it was over. Mr. Churchill and he were to meet on warships of the two navies in the harbor of one of the bases recently secured by the United States in Newfoundland.

Most important among the political problems which he desired to discuss with Mr. Churchill was the need for a general agreement between the two governments, while the United States was still at peace and the European war was still in its earlier stages, covering the major bases upon which a new world structure should be set up when peace finally came.

A great number of his conversations with Mr. Churchill were devoted solely to questions of naval and military strategy. Upon the first morning after Mr. Churchill's arrival, however, at a meeting held in the President's quarters, consisting of the President, the Prime Minister, Sir Alexander Cadogan, Harry Hopkins, and myself, Mr. Churchill told the President that he hoped the President and he might issue, at the conclusion of their meeting, a joint declaration of the aims and desires of the two governments regarding the kind of world that should be constituted after the war. It was to be regarded as a summary of the objectives of those nations opposed to the domination of the world by the Axis powers.

The President expressed his enthusiastic approval of the proposal, since it entirely coincided with his own plans. He therefore asked me to determine upon a draft text at a meeting I was scheduled to have that same afternoon with Sir Alexander Cadogan.

The final version of the Joint Declaration was not in fact agreed upon by President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill until after lunch on the last day of the meeting. By then Lord Beaverbrook had flown from England to join the Prime Minister, and took part in the conference.

The text of the Joint Declaration as finally established was later to be known as the Atlantic Charter.

When the United States was forced into war, less than four months later, the Atlantic Charter became the agreement that was to bind together the United Nations. It linked them as allies during the war, and it pledged them to continue their association after victory had been won. In January, 1942, the United Nations Declaration, adhered to by all the governments at war with the Axis powers, and later signed by additional governments as they also entered the war for liberty, bound them all to support the principles set forth in the Atlantic Charter and committed each of them to make no separate peace with the Axis nations so long as the war continued.

The Japanese Threat and the Problem of Peace in Asia

On that autumn day in 1915 when I first arrived in Japan, where I was to spend more than two years in the American Embassy in Tokyo, I saw a country in many ways far different from the one which has thrust itself upon the attention of an outraged humanity during the past decade.

In 1915 the control of government policy was still largely in the hands of those who had turned Japan to the West. They believed that Japan could best achieve preeminence in the Pacific and in the Far East by utilizing the position as a world power which she had achieved by her alliance with Great Britain and by her defeat of the Russian Empire in 1905.

Japan at that time was intensely proud of its recognition as a world power by the United States and the great European nations, and jealously anxious to prevent any word or act by a Japanese official which could be interpreted as indicating that the standards of culture and of civilization in Japan were in any sense inferior to those in other parts of the civilized world. No one could then have foreseen the extent of Japan's degradation today.

Nevertheless, even at that period, when the Japanese were apparently making rapid and firm strides toward the assimilation of Western civilization, it would have been a very casual observer indeed who did not realize that behind all the veneer lay a primeval military instinct, and that the basic reality of Japan rested in the war machine which had been created. In every part of Japan the Army or the Navy was the dominating factor in daily life. Obligatory military service, the constant encroachment of the Army and Navy leaders upon civil government, and the glorification in the minds of the youth of purely military exploits were already creating the Frankenstein which would soon cause the ruin of the Japanese people, and would crumble into ashes those more worthy ideals of the generation which first made Japan a modern power.

THE agreement of the Japanese government to enter into the Nine-Power Treaty and the other engagements undertaken at the Washington Conference of 1922, which laid equitable foundations for an adjustment of Pacific problems in a manner which should have been satisfactory to Japan, brought about the first open and violent opposition by the Japanese military and naval leaders to the continued control of policy by civilian Cabinets. From that time on, notwithstanding the granting of full manhood suffrage to the people in 1928, plots to assassinate the more liberal and Western-minded members of Japanese governments rapidly increased. As a result of the agreements reached at the London Naval Conference in 1930, Prime Minister Hamaguchi was assassinated. In fact, the growth in influence and number of the reactionary secret societies, of which the Society of the Black Dragon is a familiar example, made it all but impossible for progressive civilians who still held office in Japanese Cabinets to exercise any real influence on Japanese policy. Assassinations became the rule rather than the exception in Japanese public life.

By the autumn of 1931 the purely militaristic elements in Japan had gained control. During the summer of 1931, world-wide economic depression had reached a culminating point, accentuated by the collapse of the Austrian Credit Anstalt. It was under such conditions, and with the full realization of the effect of the growth of isolationism in the United States upon American influence in world councils, that Japan launched her long-planned assault upon Manchuria in September, 1931. The city of Mukden and other populated areas in southern Manchuria were occupied.

China immediately set the machinery of the League of Nations in operation by invoking Article II of the Covenant. For three weary months the optimists still hoped that a miracle would occur: that a League which had no force of its own, whose members—though theoretically obligated to make such force available—were unable or unwilling to take any practical action whatever, would successfully be able to dictate to one of the largest standing armies in the world.

Secretary of State Stimson was the one figure in the Hoover Cabinet who saw clearly what effect the Japanese invasion would inevitably have upon the peace of the rest of the world. In February, 1932, he urged the British government to join with the United States, in view of the failure of the League to cope with the situation, in in-

voking the Nine-Power Treaty of 1922. He felt that concerted pressure upon Japan by all the signatories of that treaty was the one possible means of achieving any practical results. As is well known, the British government, through Sir John Simon, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, tacitly made it clear that it was not disposed to take the action suggested.

The rape of Manchuria marked the failure of the League of Nations as it was conceived and as it was brought into being in 1919. The unwillingness of the great powers to act and the impunity with which Japan was able to proceed upon her course and withdraw from the League were the direct causes for the decision reached two years later by the Italian government to undertake the conquest of Ethiopia. They also contributed to the decision of Adolf Hitler, when he came to power a year later, to embark upon the creation by force and violence of his "greater Germany."

This country, like most of the Western powers, has had many good reasons to suspect Japan's ultimate designs ever since the influence of the last liberal elements in Japanese government was liquidated. For some years Japan was given the benefit of the doubt as to the nature of her activities in the Japanese Mandated Islands, notwithstanding her consistent refusal to permit officials of the League of Nations or officials of other powers to visit those territories.

IT has lately been said that this government should have shown greater vigor when the Japanese sank the United States river gunboat Panay on the Yangtze River in December, 1937. I have always felt that the President, who handled the entire incident personally, could, under the conditions which then existed, have shown neither greater wisdom nor greater determination. His message, sent directly to the Japanese Emperor, was admirably couched. The Japanese disavowal and offer to pay full indemnity was complete and immediate. The prestige and dignity of this country were fully upheld. Short of bellicose action, for which this government was not prepared and to which the American people would not have been receptive, the President could have taken no more positive step.

In the last months prior to Pearl Harbor, when Congress had finally removed many of the obstacles to executive action, the adoption of a more positive policy was made extremely difficult by the increasing probability that the policies of the European Axis would eventually force this country into war. The insistent demands of our highest military and naval authorities that diplomacy prevent any hostilities with Japan until the last possible moment, in order that the United States might not find herself confronted with a war in both oceans, were regarded—and I think rightly—as the paramount consideration. That was the compelling reason why the administration continued to permit until only three months prior to Pearl Harbor the exportation of certain grades of oil and scrap iron to Japan. That is the explanation for the President's subsequent use of the much criticized expression "babying along" in connection with our policy toward Japan in that period.

The entrance of Japan into French Indo-China as a result of pressure brought by Germany upon the Vichy government in July of 1941 was the last overt danger signal. Obviously, the occupation of Indo-China was not really, as the Japanese claimed, for strategic operations against China. It could only be regarded as an immediate threat to the British position in Burma and Malaya, and as a thrust at the highly vulnerable position of the United States in the Philippines. The time which passed between that move and the actual outbreak of war between Japan and the United States was so much time saved for military preparations by this country.

The last stages of the history of the relations between Japan and the United States prior to Pearl Harbor are of fascinating interest. The appointment in January, 1941, of Admiral Nomura as Ambassador to Washington was the first step in this episode.

I have always had reason to believe, and I have not changed my opinion, that the selection of Admiral Nomura as Ambassador to this country was a blind. The blind was made more effective by the fact that for some time Admiral Nomura himself was not aware that he was being used for that purpose. But it is unquestionable that he must have known the true situation in the final days of his mission, whether he was so informed or not by that ill-famed emissary, Mr. Kurusu. Long before the end of the protracted series of conferences which he held during the greater part of the spring and summer months of 1941 with the Secretary of State, Admiral Nomura, being by no means an unintelligent man, must have drawn his own conclusions that an attack by his country upon the United States was inevitable. Granting that the Ambassador tried to be as entirely sincere as the Secretary of State, it must have been obvious that the points of view of the two governments were clearly irreconcilable.

In Tokyo, Ambassador Grew had done his utmost, in conditions of extreme delicacy—and at times, of appalling difficulty—to make clear to the Japanese government and people how grave the situation was becoming. There is no foreign post where it is more difficult for an American Ambassador to learn the truth than Tokyo. The reports of Ambassador Grew from the outset of his mission to the last days—seen in the light of the present—reflected with amazing accuracy the true trend of events.

Upon two occasions during those final months the President received urgent, detailed requests from Prince Konoye, then still Prime Minister, to meet with him at some point in the Pacific in order to try to solve through personal conferences a situation becoming more and more insoluble as the weeks passed. I myself am not certain to this day of the purpose behind those requests: whether he hoped to utilize the solemn significance which would attach to any official agreement into which he entered with the President of the United States as a means of overriding his fanatical military and naval war lords; or whether this again was a deliberate ruse upon the part of the Japanese government to secure for itself a better striking position. It must also be admitted that it is conceivable, in view of the treacherous nature of the attack upon Pearl Harbor, that the Japanese may have had some even more sinister purpose in seeking this conference with the President.

WITH the removal of Prince Konoye as Prime Minister in October, 1941, and the appointment of General Tojo as his successor, any possibility of such negotiations vanished. From that time on the die had been cast.

However completely the physical results of the Japanese attempt to dominate the Pacific and Asia may be obliterated, it must frankly be recognized that one psychological development—the growth of nationalism among the peoples of the Far East—has been greatly accelerated by their triumphs of 1942. It was not only the quick collapse of British resistance in Burma that struck Eastern observers in that year, but also the apparently incredible rapidity of the surrender of the great British naval base at Singapore, and the general elimination of all Western resistance to Japan.

Moreover, during the years between 1920 and 1940 a period in the history of the Asiatic and Pacific peoples was in any event drawing to its close. The startling development of Japan as a world power, and the slower but nevertheless steady emergence of China as a full member of the family of nations, together with the growth of popular institutions among many other peoples of Asia, notably India, all combined to erase very swiftly indeed the fetish of white supremacy cultivated by the big colonial powers during the nineteenth century. The thesis of white supremacy could only exist so long as the white race actually proved supreme. The nature of the defeats suffered by Western nations in 1942 dealt the final blow to any concept of white superiority which still remained.

Upon the conclusion of the present war a radical readjustment of international relationships throughout Asia and the regions of the Pacific is indispensable if there is to be any hope at all of political stability, economic security, and peaceful progress.

I believe that these new forces of nationalism can successfully be canalized into peaceful and constructive channels only if the powers of the world, in a future international organization, are willing to adopt the basic principle that no nation possesses the inherent and unlimited right

to dominate alien peoples. They must recognize that the so-called colonial powers are obligated to prove to world public opinion, as represented by an international organization, that their administration over alien peoples is to the interest of the governed, and has for its chief objective the assumption of self-government by these peoples.

An international trusteeship of the kind suggested must be first of all responsible to the political executive body established by the world organization. For reasons of efficient administration, under the over-all authority of this supreme executive agency, regional authorities should be set up with jurisdiction over certain stated areas of the world within which local administration of subject peoples is exercised by a colonial power.

The problems with which any world organization such as I have outlined would immediately be faced in the Far East fall into four main categories.

First, the problem presented by the people of Korea. In the Declaration issued at Cairo by Roosevelt, Church-

ill, and Chiang Kai-shek, with which the Soviet Union must clearly have been in accord, it was stated that the powers concerned would see to it that, upon the defeat of Japan, Korea would regain its independence "in due course." These words "in due course" have created much disquiet among certain Korean patriots. It must be clear, however, that, after a ruthless domination and exploitation such as the Korean people have suffered at the hands of Japan during the past thirty-seven years, a certain period of time must necessarily elapse before the last vestiges of Japanese rule can be wiped out and the independent economy of the country can once more be set up.

The second category would comprise those peoples of the Far East now under the control of a colonial power but believed to be capable of enjoying autonomy in the immediate future. Within this category would come India.

Equally clearly within this category fall the Netherlands East Indies. But I am inclined to believe that this problem has probably been solved already. In 1942 the Netherlands government in exile announced its decision that upon the liberation of Holland a new federal constitution would be promulgated under which the peoples of the Netherlands East Indies would be guaranteed precisely the same constitutional rights of self-government and individual liberty as the people of the Netherlands themselves. If this pledge can be carried out, the peoples of the Netherlands East Indies will have ample means of determining their own destiny, and any question of international trusteeship in their case should not arise.

The third category would include the problems of Burma, Malaya, and French Indo-China. The peoples of these countries have all passed the first milestone along the road toward self-government; but they have not as yet reached a stage of development where they can successfully undertake the exercise of those rights. In such cases the world organization, operating through the supreme agency of the international trusteeship and the regional authorities to be created, must assert its right to hold the present administering powers responsible for the nature of their administration.

The fourth category would comprise those colonial peoples of the Southwestern Pacific who are still uncivilized and as yet clearly incapable of governing themselves. The aborigines of the islands of the South Pacific, such as the peoples of New Guinea, would be an example. As in the case of the peoples comprised within the third category, the supreme agency of the international trusteeship, through a regional authority, should exercise ultimate control over the local government of the administering power.

IN this brief survey of possible future dispositions in the Pacific, it is of course assumed that the promises made in the Declaration of Cairo will be carried out. There it was announced that the territory seized from China during past generations by Japan would be restored to the sovereign jurisdiction of the Republic of China, and that the Pacific islands over which Japan obtained jurisdiction as a mandatory upon the conclusion of the first World War would be utilized by the international organization primarily for purposes of international security.

The statesmanship of the United States government and the essential wisdom of the American people in the field of foreign affairs will be tested as they have never been before when the time comes to decide on the policy to be followed in regard to a defeated Japan. The future of the American people will in great part depend upon the nature of these decisions. Of one thing they can be everlastingly sure: that upon the United States will be concentrated the lasting resentment of the Japanese people for their defeat.

There can be no question but that Japan must be deprived of her stolen territories. The Japanese criminals, high or low, who have been guilty of the hideous atrocities perpetrated upon our own nationals and upon those of other countries during these war years must be relentlessly punished. Japan must be disarmed and prevented from rearming under a continuing form of international control. But, as Ambassador Grew has wisely said with regard to this very problem, if steam is confined in a vessel from which there is no outlet, there will be an inevitable explosion. Neither sentimentality nor softness, therefore, inspires my considered conviction that one of the factors determining whether the United States will in the future be secure, and whether a lasting world organization can be created, will be the manner in which the Japanese people are handled.

In my opinion there is but one constructive approach to the problem. This involves three major objectives which should be pursued consistently, whether or not the majority of Americans are once more lulled into a false feeling of security. First, an unswerving determination to make every necessary contribution toward the existence of an effective world organization. Second, the continued disarmament of Japan. Third, the establishment by international agreement of liberal economic policies which will afford the Japanese people an outlet for their abilities and for their enterprise. That is the only course by which they can gradually improve their standard of living without at the same time endangering the peace of the rest of the world.

The German Menace Can Be Ended

One conclusion is inescapable. During a period of some two hundred years the Germanic peoples, and specifically the Prussian people, have been a destructive force in the family of nations. Throughout that time they have never made any constructive contribution to regional or world peace.

But it is a singular fact that no people contributed more to the philosophic, scientific, literary, and musical heritage of modern civilization. And in the field of municipal government, the Germans set a high standard of efficiency and of civic responsibility which, as an example, proved of material benefit to many other countries.

For these reasons, and because of the admirable virtues of many individual Germans, the world has been prone to extenuate the measure of the havoc which the German nation has wrought.

So long as Prussia was no more than one member of the German Federation, and so long as the German people were not a homogeneous mass, capable by their dynamic vigor and sheer weight of numbers of disrupting the equilibrium of European stability, the danger, while it existed, was not necessarily fatal. But when Germany became unified, the destructive nature of German tendencies and German policies soon made itself felt.

Throughout the period from 1864 to the present the German people have invariably shown themselves willing, in the words of Bismarck, "to fight, like their forefathers, before they knew what was to be fought for." While Bismarck declared that it was the German Emperor for whom they fought, we now know, as he knew then, that the authority to which the German people have so often and so disastrously responded was not in reality the German Emperor of yesterday, or the Hitler of today, but the German General Staff.

I am not disposed to minimize the importance of other factors in German history. They all have their place. But I am convinced that each of them has played its part only

insofar as it was permitted to do so by the real master of the German race, namely, German militarism, personified in, and channeled through, the German General Staff.

The German General Staff is already well aware of Germany's inevitable defeat. It is playing for time in the hope that the present war, if sufficiently protracted, will stimulate differences between the United Nations in such a way as to benefit Germany and make a compromise peace more likely. It has, however, made detailed plans for a later renewal of its attempt to dominate the world. Measures have already been taken throughout the globe to facilitate the execution of these plans when the favorable moment arrives, whether that moment be ten years or two generations from now.

To do this, the economic and political sections of the German General Staff have perfected the theory of "indirect complicity."

The theory is simple in conception but extremely complicated in detail. According to the bland assertions of German officers captured in the present war, it will prove so incomprehensible to the Anglo-Saxon mind in its entirety that the idea will not be fully grasped.

The German reasoning is as follows: Experience has shown that a purely military occupation by no means results in the complete political and economic domination of a conquered country. Only through actual possession of the key industries and through direct accomplices in the political life of the occupied country can satisfactory control be exercised. If such foreign intervention becomes known to the public, it is bound to provoke a patriotic reaction difficult to overcome. If, however, it is undertaken secretly by indirect accomplices, preferably nationals of the country over whom a sure measure of control can be exercised, there can be constructed without any unfavorable public reaction a system which slowly, little by little, can impose itself upon the life of the entire country.

When, as in the case of occupied France, Germany is able by imperceptible degrees to reach a point where there remains little practical difference between secret domination and open and avowed domination, she can pass from one system to the other without danger of an open revolt.

The theory of "indirect complicity" obviously implies the use by a foreign power, for its own ends, of the nationals of another power without their conscious knowledge. But it would be disastrous to dismiss the danger lightly because of a belief that we can readily construct the necessary legal safeguards, or that we can meet it solely by expanding our existing intelligence agencies.

Agents of the German General Staff have already been naturalized, usually in two successive countries, so that their future activities will be less suspect. The majority of them are being trained to appear as men of large commercial or financial interests who will be able to dispose of considerable amounts of capital derived from the reserves which the German General Staff has already, during the past years, deposited under one guise or another in neutral countries.

The technique that the German General Staff has used in the occupied countries differs only in that it is simpler. Its inner workings are now becoming known. We are ready to recognize that "fifth column" activities contributed greatly to the speed of German military victories in 1940. We are too ready, however, to think of those activities as being carried on only by the Quislings and other direct accomplices.

IN thinking about how to deal with the German menace in the future, it is necessary to take as a starting point the assumption that a practical world organization will be established at the close of the present war, and that it will have the power to enforce decisions believed by us to be expedient and wise.

No world organization, however effective, will be able to combat the danger which will exist if, after the war, a centralized Germany continues to be subject to German militarism. The purely military controls imposed by the world organization will inevitably become weakened as time passes, as the ravages of the present war are partially effaced, and as the instinctive human desire to forget becomes intensified. When that day comes, a centralized Germany will start another war of revenge, waged this time in the light of the experience gained by the German military commanders in the present war.

Many people will agree that German militarism must be crushed and are satisfied that the major military powers should take care of this as soon as Germany is occupied. They say, however, that there is no similar justification for destroying her present unification. Many responsible Americans are already maintaining that any partition of the German peoples is inherently unjust and will prove unworkable.

These are the main arguments against a partition of Germany:

First, the centripetal urge among the German people is so great and so persistent that any attempt on the part of a world organization to prevent German unity would soon result in a new form of eruption.

Second, partition would develop an inferiority complex similar to that which it is claimed the German people contracted as a result of the war-guilt clause in the Versailles Treaty. Any such sense of inferiority, it is said, will prevent their ever becoming co-operative citizens in a new Europe.

Third, partition of Germany would mean the economic ruin of the people, with such unemployment and distress as to give rise to some dangerous form of Communism.

Fourth, any partition of Germany into separate units would be answered by concerted efforts at evasion, and, owing to their great organizing ability, the Germans would soon find satisfactory means to get around it and prepare for a new attempt at unification whenever the moment seems propitious.

I would be the last to underestimate the force of these arguments. My whole individual predisposition is in favor of the unity of the German people. It is only because of my conviction that German unity means a continuing

threat to the peace of the entire world that I have reached the conclusion that partition is the only way of offsetting the German menace in the future.

The so-called centripetal urge on the part of the German people is far from being the powerful force that so many have claimed during the past twenty years. The vociferous demand for the reconstruction of the German Reich and the unification of all the German peoples has been largely stimulated by the German General Staff. It has provided Hitler with some of his most effective propaganda in consolidating his own regime. Certainly the uni-

fication of the German peoples is by no means a prerequisite for the happiness and prosperity of individual Germans. The several German nations were both happy and prosperous during the nineteenth century. Even under changed economic conditions this situation can be brought about in time.

Those who favor the continued unification of Germany are inclined to overlook for how brief a period the German states have been governed by a central authority, and how bitterly many of the German peoples struggled against unification.

The point made with regard to the creation of a national inferiority complex within Germany if partition is undertaken, is undoubtedly true. But that complex, with all its unfortunate psychological effects, will exist in any event as a result of German defeat, whether Germany remains a centralized unit or is separated into several entities.

If the economic prospects of the German people were to be irreparably damaged by partition, the objections raised on this score would be conclusive. But there is no valid reason why they should be. In my opinion no greater safeguard can be devised against future German military aggression than measures that will afford every German equality of economic opportunity with the citizens of other European countries. He should be assured that he need not look ahead to the same dark and uncertain future that he faced in 1919. Such economic security can be obtained only if basic economic arrangements which ensure the eventual prosperity of the German people are taken into full account in any division of the present German Reich. Next to the military considerations, these appear to me to be the determining factors.

As for the final objection, there is of course not the slightest doubt that many Germans for one or two generations to come will make every effort to evade the results of partition and to pave the way for renewed unity. The precise manner in which to deal with these attempts may only be determined in the light of future conditions. For some years they will have to be forcefully repressed by the future world organization. But the surest guaranty of permanence will lie in the kind of partition undertaken. It will be effective only if it proves practicable from the economic and political standpoints and is based upon economic, political, and cultural considerations.

If one proceeds, however, upon the theory that Germany is to be divided solely to prevent her from again becoming a military menace, and that at the same time individual Germans must be given every opportunity to achieve economic security and ultimately to comprehend, and to enjoy, popular government, the following basis for partition is probably the one best calculated to procure these results.

Exclusive of East Prussia, Germany should be divided at the time of the armistice into the following three separate states, the boundaries being determined primarily by cultural, historic, and economic factors:

A new state of Southern Germany, comprising the former sovereign nations of Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden, and Hesse-Darmstadt, together with those regions which may roughly be defined as the Rhineland and the Saar. It will be noted that the populations which would be comprised within this division are predominantly Catholic.

A state consisting of the following old German subdivisions, together with the smaller subdivisions contiguous to them: Upper Hesse, Thuringia, Westphalia, Hanover, Oldenburg, and Hamburg.

A state, omitting the enumeration of small contiguous political subdivisions, composed of Prussia (exclusive of East Prussia), Mecklenburg, and Saxony. It will be noted again that in the second and third states the populations are predominantly Protestant. In each one of these three new states the historical, as well as the religious and cultural, divisions which existed during the centuries prior to the creation of the Third Reich have been maintained.

THE problem of the disposition of East Prussia affects world security not only with regard to Germany but with regard to eastern Europe as well.

First, it is now generally recognized that the Polish Corridor, far from providing a permanent solution of Poland's need for an outlet to the sea, was, on the contrary, a major source of danger to her. Also we must take into account the insistence of the Soviet Union that the eastern frontier of Poland, as it existed in 1939, be rectified to include within Russian territory the regions inhabited by non-Polish populations living to the east of the Curzon Line.

Inasmuch as these boundary changes would deprive Poland of a considerable portion of her eastern territories, some equivalent restoration must be made if she is to become that "strong and independent Poland" which not only the United States and Great Britain are pledged to see reconstituted, but which likewise has been proclaimed officially by the Soviet government as an objective of its own policy.

The only solution of the question is to give Poland the province of East Prussia, at the same time readjusting the frontier between western Prussia and the old Polish Corridor so as to give the new German state, of which western Prussia will form a part, an area of the old Corridor. This will leave the seaports of Danzig and Gdynia in Polish hands. The exact frontier between the new state of eastern Germany and the western flank of Poland can be determined only after an actual survey in which the question of populations and availability of land for agricultural purposes should be deciding factors.

There is no suggestion that peoples be transferred, like cattle, from one sovereignty to another. On the contrary, it is specifically recommended that every individual who desires to retain his former nationality be given full right to do so, and that any individual who, for that reason, is obliged to migrate be compensated in full for the losses he may incur by such removal.

Any transfer of populations results in hardships and in human suffering. But in such a case as that under consideration the eventual benefits to the peace and stability of the whole of Europe would outweigh many thousands of times the temporary distress which might be created.

Partition will do more than anything else to break the hold which German militarism has on the German people. But it is also certain that the plans of the militarists have taken this possibility fully into account, and that the General Staff, as such, will continue its activities for many years to come.

There is only one sure way by which this danger can be blotted out of existence. A wholly new spirit must be brought to life within the German people, and a totally

new concept of what is worth living and striving for. But I fear it would be as soft-headed as it would be soft-hearted for the United Nations to assume that such a change can be brought about during the lifetime of the present generation. For that reason all preventive measures which the victorious powers take to guard against military activities in peacetime must be persistently enforced for many years.

The effective use by the German General Staff of indirect accomplices demands that the precise nature of their operations be kept secret. The best counteractive measure will be full ventilation through the press and radio of the United Nations of every detail of such activities as they are brought to light.

It can readily be seen that all governments must have far more definite knowledge than in the past of the origin of capital investments made from abroad, as well as of the individuals of foreign origin taking part in the industrial and financial life of the nation.

We already hear many Germans, refugees in the United States, insisting that the way to assure Germany's good behavior in the future is to give the German people another opportunity to establish a true democracy within a unified Germany. More and more citizens of the Western democracies, many of them advanced liberals, are publicly professing the same conviction.

ONE chief reason why it is difficult for some close observers of recent German history to accept this view is the fact that when Germany is defeated this time, conditions will be far less propitious for the creation of a real democracy than they were at the end of the first World War. Since Hitler gained control of the German Reich, the youth of Germany has been hopelessly corrupted. It would be an optimist indeed, no matter how deep his sympathy for the German people, who would have any hope that the younger generation will ever be able to understand what democracy is. During their formative years the younger Germans have had no education other than that given them by the Nazi machine. They have been taught to believe in no ideals other than that of the master race and the inherent right of the Germanic peoples to dominate the world. They have watched with enthusiasm the consistent and effective efforts of their leaders to reduce the population and the future population of the peoples of the occupied countries. They have had inbred in them a total contempt for religion and a brutal hatred for other races. These millions of Germans will be at the prime of life during the next two decades. They will be a controlling force within Germany. Theirs will be a force of fanaticism and of revenge.

By the time the war is over, the Nazi regime will have succeeded not only in destroying the value of the savings and property of all classes in the occupied countries, but, through its domestic policies and the war requisitions, in obliterating all but real property within Germany itself. Everyone save the higher authorities in the Nazi machine will be destitute. The misery and starvation will be far greater than it was in 1918.

The United Nations must continue to occupy various regions of Germany for a considerable period after the war, under the supreme authority of the future world organization. The war criminals must first of all be tried and sentenced. The return of self-government must be gradual, commencing with the establishment of municipal administrations, after all Nazi officeholders have been eliminated. Germany must be both socially and economically stable, even under an alien occupation, before the United Nations can safely permit other than local governments to be established.

Even then there will have to be a system of controls, organized and carried out by the world organization, to make sure that German rearmament is impossible and that every store of arms and munitions remaining at the time of the armistice is delivered into the hands of the United Nations. There must this time be no such fatal inefficiency in this matter as existed in 1920.

All the safeguards that have so far been considered are preventive measures. What will in the last analysis be far more important are the constructive measures which may be taken to encourage the German people to become of their own initiative co-operative members of human society.

For as I see it, if the treatment accorded to the German people is to result in the strengthening of the foundations of world peace, such treatment must not be punitive.

The start in this direction must be made from the first moment after Germany's defeat, even though it may be a long period before the German people can again be safely permitted to walk alone. But first it is essential to canvass the salutary forces within Germany which, if encouraged and strengthened, may provide the means of her salvation.

AS I see them, there are, first of all, the forces which will spring from a renewal of religious freedom. The spiritual reformation which can result from freedom of religion in Germany may be very great.

Freedom of information, which is indispensable, also can become one of the great constructive forces in the creation of a new German national conscience. To a people deprived of the means of access to the truth during the past ten years, full freedom to learn the truth will come at first as a bitter shock. It may well become eventually a means of national regeneration.

The freedom from fear which will come through the establishment of an effective world organization and the freedom from want which will be assured by the establishment of a sane economic policy with regard to the German people will have their stabilizing effect upon the German mind.

Many German nationals now in exile because of their hatred of Nazism are disposed to work for the ultimate salvation of their people. The United Nations should give them every encouragement as soon as the time is ripe, in order that their voices may be heard by their fellow countrymen.

Already the organization of "Free Germans" and the groups of well-intentioned, liberal-minded citizens of the United States who support the efforts of these organizations are moving rapidly to create a state of mind on the part of public opinion within this country which will hold that the fourth German Reich can be trusted, provided German "democrats" are aided in seizing and holding the reins of government.

I would count myself a member of this body of opinion if I could believe that democracy could really determine the destinies of the German people within a foreseeable future.

The basic point to remember is that democracy cannot be imposed upon any people. It can only exist in reality when it springs from the consciousness, and from the will, of a people. There is no proof which can be offered, worthy of credence, that the history of the German people during the past twenty-five years holds even a spark of promise that democracy would become a true, or a predominant, force within Germany so long as the tragically poisoned German youth of the Hitler years remain a majority of the German people.

If, after the years of trial have passed, and a new generation of Germans comes of age under conditions which make the new Germans conscious of what the word "liberty" really means, we may all hope democracy—true and not artificial—will prevail in every region of Germany. When such a time comes the German people should once more be afforded by the international organization as full an opportunity to determine freely their political destinies as any other people of the earth. But until that moment comes, even the most idealistic of the liberal groups within the United Nations should pause to remember the bloody pages of the history of the past decade.

The treatment accorded Germany by the United Nations when their victory is won should be neither Draconian nor vengeful. It should be formulated, however, in the light of the stark reality that Germany has twice within a quarter of a century brought war and devastation to mankind. The peoples of the world are obligated, to ensure their own survival and the survival of all those things which they hold most dear, to see to it that the German race cannot again so afflict humanity.

World Organization

What steps are necessary if this government is to make sure that in the years to come the United States will be able to live freely and to prosper in an orderly and peaceful world?

It is essential that, before the war ends, the United Nations agree to a transition period to follow the surrender of their enemies. Its length would be fixed later by common agreement and would depend on their progress in laying the foundations for a world of peace. During this transition period the United Nations would have a chance to complete the first and most urgent military steps required; to correct the cardinal territorial errors of the past; to carry out such transfers of populations as may be necessary; to conclude the more immediate programs for rehabilitation and reconstruction; and to pave the way for their ultimate assumption of international trusteeship over such dependent peoples as are not yet ready to enjoy the rights of self-government. During this period, as the hatreds and bitternesses engendered by the war years gradually burn themselves out, the United Nations can, little by little, determine the specific machinery needed for a permanent and effective international organization.

But long before the conclusion of the war the United Nations must agree upon a provisional organization to knit them firmly together, and to become the embryo of the perfected organization of the future. First of all, before and during the transition period, there must be effectively functioning some executive agency of the United Nations able to make political and military decisions for all of them. At the present moment no such executive agency exists.

Of the United Nations, the four major powers primarily responsible for winning the war and for preventing renewed outbreaks after the armistice must necessarily assume the basic responsibility for making and carrying out all military decisions. In order that the military authorities of the major powers may neither take nor prejudice the taking of purely political decisions, which should be made by all the United Nations, some means must be found of co-ordinating political and military agencies.

As soon as the transition period commences, the United Nations will have to occupy the Axis countries for an indefinite period and, even before that time, they will be obliged temporarily to occupy the countries seized by the Axis until their legitimate governments can resume control of the local administration or until the people can freely elect the governments of their choice. Also all the United Nations will have to decide upon the nature and the duties of the armed force that they will make available to enforce peace until such time as that obligation devolves upon a permanent international organization. Decisions relative to boundaries and the movements of populations will have to be made within the briefest time possible.

The executive council of the United Nations must also create the new agencies, or continue the already existing agencies, necessary to lay the foundations for economic and financial reconstruction.

By giving each region full representation in the Executive Council, and by guaranteeing to the Council supreme authority, any trend toward regional antagonism, and any tendency to use regional systems for the aggrandizement of an individual power should be successfully combated.

By the establishment of regional systems whose members would be charged with the initial responsibility of keeping the peace among themselves, this country would be directly committed to use its armed forces only in co-operation with other American countries to prevent the outbreak of war in this hemisphere. Outside of the New World, it would take concerted action with the other major powers only when regional machinery to enforce peace broke down, or when such action by this government was necessary to prevent the outbreak of major wars which threatened the maintenance of world peace and consequently the security of this country. The issue of the Monroe Doctrine would not then be raised, nor would the United States be required to send its troops to the four quarters of the globe whenever minor trouble arose.

By using the regional system of representation the United States would be given one vote in the Provisional United Nations Executive Council through its individual representative, and the United Kingdom would also be given one individual vote. In addition, the United States would have the right, as one of the sovereign republics of the Western Hemisphere, to participate in the election of the two representatives from this hemisphere, who would sit on the Executive Council together with the individual representative of the United States. In the same manner the United Kingdom, in addition to its individual representative, would have the right to vote for the two regional representatives from Europe. It would also have the right to participate in the selection of a representative of the British Dominions.

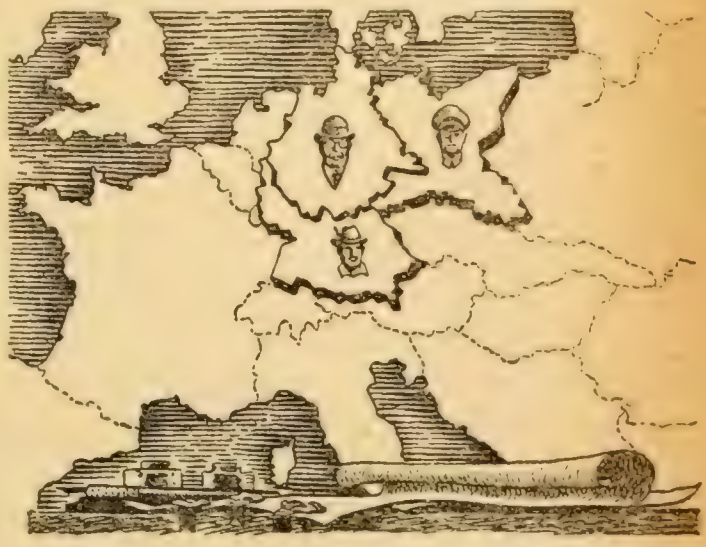
Complaint will be made that the United States would have a voice in only three votes on the Executive Council, while the British government would have a voice in four. This complaint would, in my judgment, be based upon a failure to appraise conditions realistically. In the first place, it should be borne in mind that the Soviet Union as a member of the regional system of Europe would also be entitled to vote for the two European representatives on the Council.

It is inconceivable that the United Kingdom could so influence the selection of the representatives from Europe that these votes would be cast solely to the selfish advantage of Great Britain. Nor does it seem probable, granted the British government would ever be able to use the representative of the Dominions as the individual agent of the highly developed nationalism of the self-governing Dominions of the British Commonwealth of Nations, that Downing Street in the determination of crucial questions.

Finally, and most important of all, it must be remembered that under the proposed terms, which make any action by the Executive Council impossible unless it is voted for by all of the four major powers, the United States retains a veto right.

It is proposed that the Security and Armaments Commission to be designated by the Executive Council, and to function under its control, act as the agent of the Council whenever armed force is necessary to keep the peace or to enforce the Council's decisions.

There are two ways in which these responsibilities can be carried out. The first is through the creation of an international police force under the control of the Executive Council and its agencies. The second is through the



agreement of the major powers that each will contribute its military, naval, or air strength whenever that becomes necessary to check or prevent hostilities, which they have assumed the obligation to repress.

I do not believe that the first of these alternatives—the creation of an international police force—is either feasible or desirable. It is not feasible because, I believe, no one of the great powers will be willing for many years to reduce its own armed strength to a level lower than that of an international police force over which it does not possess full control. And unless an international police force

is superior in strength to the military, naval, or air power of any nation, and even to the combined power of several nations, it will serve no practical purpose.

The second alternative seems to me the only practical solution. It would be both expedient and wise, therefore, for the nations within each region to agree upon the manner in which they will make force available should it be required to prevent the outbreak of war within that area. Take as a concrete example the Western Hemisphere. The twenty-one American republics would appoint by common agreement the nations of the New World which were to make force available and the precise obligations of each in such an event. They would designate air or naval bases within the Americas which would be available to them. If, notwithstanding the use of such regional force, a local war should threaten the peace of the rest of the world, the Executive Council of the international organization and its agencies would employ such additional force as might be required to stamp out the flames.

The major powers, through the Executive Council, would thus be called upon to contribute their armed force only after the regional system had failed to put an end to regional controversies. For this purpose, there would have to be set aside, in addition to regional bases, air and naval bases throughout the world to be used whenever world security is threatened. Every government, before it joins the world organization, should be obligated to demonstrate that its citizens are enabled to enjoy freedom of religion, of information, and of speech, through effective guaranties contained in their national constitution.

THE international organization must consecrate in a practical form the basic principle that no nation has an inherent or unlimited right to govern subject peoples. The colonial powers must recognize that their control is to be exercised first of all to prepare these peoples for self-government as soon as they are capable of exercising this right; and that until they are fitted for autonomy the colonial power will be regarded by the international organization solely as an administering power—as a trustee—and as such must be responsible to world public opinion through the international organization itself. Peoples capable of self-government must be given this right by the international organization whatever their race or color, or whatever the vested interests of any present colonial power may be.

The Provisional Executive Council of the international organization must obtain agreement upon these principles. What is more, it must at once create the machinery necessary to put these principles into practice.

Directly under the Executive Council, and responsible to it, must come the Superior Agency of an International Trusteeship, the members of which would be appointed by the Executive Council. Under the authority of the Superior Agency there should be created in every region where there are dependent peoples a Regional Council of the International Trusteeship, composed of representatives of all powers of the region. It would be responsible for keeping in continuous touch with all developments affecting the dependent peoples within its territory, and would have whatever authority it required to carry out the decisions of the Superior Agency. The Regional Council should sit permanently in some central place in the region where it possesses jurisdiction.

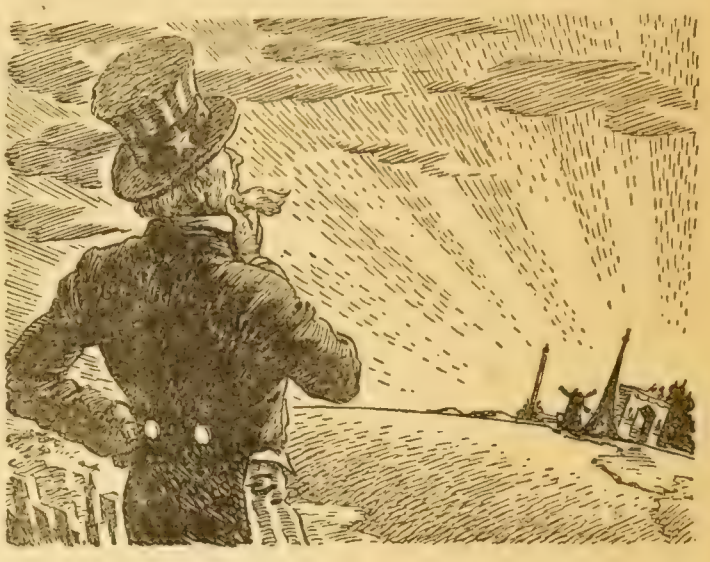
Finally, the Regional Council should have as many agents as it may need, who would remain permanently in each territory as observers and as advisers to the local authorities. Where present colonial powers remain as administering powers in a colony, their administrative staff should continue to act as the local administrators, but with the obligation to facilitate the duties of the representatives of the Regional Council.

The administrative expenses in each region would be the first charge upon the revenues of that territory.

During the transition period the United Nations, through the Provisional Executive Council, should likewise at the earliest moment install a World Court to which justiciable matters could be referred—international controversies or problems whose solution it would be unnecessary to refer to a political body such as the Executive Council itself.

The Executive Council should also prepare the way for the creation of a World Congress in which every sovereign state may be individually represented, and in which even the defeated Axis states may have representation as soon as their period of trial has ended and they have had the opportunity to select popular governments. Such an international forum (whatever its powers) in which every nation can be heard will provide a safety valve for world public opinion, the practical value of which should not be underestimated.

Measures of relief and of rehabilitation for the peoples



of occupied Europe and of occupied Asia will be of prime urgency as soon as the war ends. The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration will be prepared to move as soon as military conditions make it possible.

The first great problem confronting the proposed provisional organization is the stabilization of currencies, for until this is done, international trade cannot be successfully carried on. The agreement of the experts of the thirty-four United Nations in April, 1944, upon the principles through the employment of which world currency stabilization can be secured is a great step forward. It may be hoped that the governments themselves will soon ratify the plan proposed.

As soon as possible the Provisional Executive Council must stimulate the creation of international agencies to recommend to all governments co-operative measures in the realms of agriculture, finance, communications, aviation, shipping, and electric power development. It should immediately provide for the continuation, if possible on an even more extensive basis, of the International Labor Office. And it should prepare for the establishment of agencies to encourage international cultural activities.

Time is passing swiftly. The longer the United Nations fail to agree upon the measures they will jointly take in order to achieve the objectives set forth, the less likely it will be that the tragic sacrifice of life and treasure which this war has imposed upon the free peoples of the earth will ever be compensated for by a sure promise of security and peace—the only kind of compensation which we of today can offer the generations of tomorrow.

The Part We Must Play

If we wish to recapture for our foreign policy that logical consistency which it had in the first decades of our independent life, the people of the United States must determine now what it is that they seek in their relations with other peoples, and must see to it that their elected representatives pursue those basic objectives, no matter to which political party they may belong.

It is axiomatic that the foreign policy of the United States, like that of any other nation, should be based upon enlightened selfishness. It should be determined from the standpoint of what is of most advantage to the long-range interest of its people. It should be shaped so as to save the lives of our sons. It should be molded so as to relieve the burdens of the taxpayers.

There would today be little dispute, I believe, that the

people of this country wish their government's foreign policy to procure for them the following assurances:

The maintenance of the peace of the nation; the preservation of the independence and integrity of the United States; the certainty that our democratic institutions will not be jeopardized; full opportunity for the United States to make its power and influence felt in shaping the future course of world events; untrammeled encouragement for the American people to advance their standard of living and to progress in social development; and the assurance they may trade and utilize the air and high seas on a basis of complete equality with peoples of other nations.

FOR a period after the conclusion of the present war, and this period may be long or short, disordered world conditions will make it imperative for us to keep within our own grasp the military, naval, and air power necessary for our self-defense.

Our foreign policy should therefore be designed to meet two requirements. The first requirement, in the transition period, is to hasten as quickly as possible the establishment of a world order that would give the United States security. The second requirement, to be met after an international organization has been created and the immediate postwar adjustments have been made, is to further the achievement of the long-range objectives of our foreign policy outlined above.

The second requirement—that involving the long-range objectives of the people of the United States—must of course be carried out by policies supplementary to our basic one of active participation in an international organization. It is the supplementary policies, founded always upon a consistent American course of international co-operation, that in their total constitute the completed structure of American foreign policy.

First in the list of these parts of the whole must always come the maintenance of the independence and integrity of the nations of the Western Hemisphere, and the continuous perfection of the existing inter-American system. These are the aims of the Monroe Doctrine.

As a part of its responsibility as a member of both the inter-American system and the world organization, the United States must retain sole authority to maintain and defend the Panama Canal.

If outlying islands of the Western Hemisphere, now under the exclusive sovereignty of one of the American nations, are required for world or regional security, they should be placed, by agreement with the nation possessing sovereignty over them, under such inter-American security control as the American republics may determine.

This government should exercise its rights in the naval and air bases leased to it in British territories in the Atlantic and in the Caribbean in such a way as to make sure that the eastern coast of the United States and the eastern approaches to the Panama Canal will be safe against an attack for many generations to come. The United States should obtain such additional air and naval bases in the Pacific Ocean as may be required to assure the safety of its outlying Pacific possessions, of the west coast of the continental United States, and of the western approaches to the Panama Canal.

The continued existence of the British Commonwealth of Nations (as distinct from the British Empire) should be one of the objectives of United States policy. Their economic prosperity is a bulwark to our prosperity. It is therefore highly desirable that this government and the governments of the British Commonwealth of Nations reach an early understanding which will remove deep-rooted causes for antagonism in their respective commercial policies.

The United States must play its full part in coming to a close understanding with the Soviet Union. As rapidly as possible it must try to expand its volume of trade and other economic relations with Russia. From the standpoint of size, the Russia of the future will become the greatest of the world powers, greatest because of its vast and rapidly increasing population, greatest because of its territorial extent, and greatest because of its as yet largely undeveloped material resources.

The policy of the United States toward China should be similar. The Chinese have an immense population, extraordinary fortitude, and an ability to live on an infinitesimal fraction of what is needed by other peoples. They can become a disruptive force of incalculable danger in the future world unless their almost unlimited potential power is directed to building a new and peaceful Asia, a task for which they are supremely qualified.

The policy of this government should be directed toward helping the French people resume as rapidly as possible the position which for centuries they have occupied as one of the great powers of the world. We should make it unmistakably plain that in our own interest we want to see France become again the great constructive force in the world that she was prior to her defeat of 1940; and that no aspect of American policy will cause the French people to be deprived of one iota of what is rightly theirs.

United States policy in the economic field cannot be defined except in very general terms. It should be sufficiently elastic to be adaptable to precise conditions which cannot now be foreseen. However, there are certain observations to be made. If, at the conclusion of the second World War, we again raise our tariffs as we did in the 1920s and refuse to admit that our prosperity depends upon that of the rest of the world, if we decline to buy as well as to sell, none of the basic objectives of our foreign policy can be achieved.

Like any other sovereign great power, we must preserve free from foreign entry by air such regions under our own flag as we may consider necessary to our military, air, or naval defense. Apart from this, we must be prepared to grant to other powers possessing civilian aviation interests, on a basis of reciprocity, the same rights for their commercial aviation as we desire to obtain in their territory or in the regions where they may today possess exclusive air rights.

United States policy must likewise make sure that in future the strategic raw materials not produced within our own borders will be always available to us. This country should never again be confronted with a situation similar to that in 1939 and 1940, when it was largely cut off from normal sources of supply of such materials as rubber and tin.

The government of the United States should participate in the proposed International Bank of Stabilization so that international currencies can be kept steady. Without it international trade in postwar years cannot be revived.

I BELIEVE that the overwhelming majority of American people today see clearly that the only way to make sure that these aims are maintained is by the creation of an international organization through which the peoples of the earth can co-operate for their security and prosperity, and to which the United States should pledge its wholehearted collaboration.

Finally, the United States must dedicate itself to the task of creating such world conditions as will foster the growth of democratic government throughout the earth. For the progressive growth of democracy in other parts of the world means increasing safety for the United States.

The forces of reaction are again stirring. The people of this country should learn that the world revolution is not something they need dread, but rather something that can be made to redound to their own benefit. The world revolution is already here. For that reason it is desperately necessary that the policy of this country should not be directed toward the vain and fatal effort to put back the pieces as best we can, but rather toward seeing that our safety requires that something new can and must be built. More than at any other time in the past hundred years of our history, the American people need to have sufficient imagination and initiative to avail themselves of the opportunity that has been granted them. If they do, they can shape the kind of world in which they are to live in the future. For they have the power and the influence necessary, if they will but use them.

The people of the United States are once more afforded the chance to offer their co-operation and their leadership to other nations. They are granted another opportunity to help to make a world in which they, and all peoples, can safely live. The decision they now make will determine their destiny.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

FOUR Army chaplains—two of the Protestant faith, one Catholic, and one Jewish—went down with the transport Dorchester when it was torpedoed in the North Atlantic in February, 1943. Survivors tell that they gave their life jackets to men who lacked them. One of the four was Chaplain Clark Poling. His last fine gesture, and the life that led up to it, are commemorated in a book by his father, **Chaplain Daniel A. Poling.** Written for Clark's little son, it's called **Your Daddy Did Not Die.**

Chaplain Clark Poling

The title suggests an unrestrained sentimentality that isn't characteristic of the text; the book itself is written with a quiet simplicity and candor that are completely winning. It's an American idyl, told with a refreshing lack of self-consciousness. Not the least of its surprises is its vein of humor.

Once the Poling car developed a faulty steering gear and crashed into a telephone pole, with Clark's father at the wheel. Clark suffered a broken leg.

"If your dad had swerved that car eighteen inches, you would have landed in a tobacco field as flat as a floor," commented his Uncle Albert.

Clark's reply, the biographer tells, was, "Yes, Uncle, but you know Dad—how he does hate tobacco!"

Published by Greenberg: Publisher, N. Y. Price $2.

IN We Ride a White Donkey, George Panetta pictures the uproarious lives of an Italian immigrant family of New York's Mulberry Street with affectionate humor.

George Panetta

Papa Panarutta, the central character of the story, became the proprietor of a dress factory shortly after his arrival in America, although he had never bothered to learn to read and write. Then:

"Papa couldn't get over all the money he was making, and for years he had Mama write letters to everybody in Italy, telling them to come quick because the gold was in the streets. And in 1926, when Papa was ruined, he was glad he had Mama write the letters, because from 1927 to 1931 he was able to live on what he borrowed from 50 or 60 of his friends that came over."

You'll enjoy meeting Papa Panarutta, the hot-blooded, tyrannical, poker-playing swashbuckler of Mulberry Street.

Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., N. Y. Price $2.

PARIS, like Hollywood, is a state of mind as well as a city. Elliot Paul's picture of its seamy side in The Last Time I Saw Paris was a valid one. **Harold Ettlinger's Fair Fantastic Paris** is an equally sound book, although in this case the accent is on gaiety.

Typical of Mr. Ettlinger's anecdotes is the one about the reporter on an American newspaper in Paris who grew bored with his job of covering stuffed-shirt receptions for the Prince of Wales. His rebellious spirit lost him his job but won him a place in the newspaper hall of fame. This is what he wrote:

"The Prince of Wales visited the children's section of the British hospital yesterday. The Prince went up to a little boy, and said, 'Little boy, what is your name?'

"The little boy said, 'What business is it of yours?'

"That was not very polite and it made the Prince very angry. It made him so angry that he took his cane and bashed the little boy's brains out."

Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. Price $3.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 On Thanksgiving Day, it has little to be thankful for
7 Turbaned tycoons
13 Gal the author made a play for
14 Stuff noodles
16 Appease Roughnecks
17 This queen had Essex appeal
18 Dame (anagram)
19 Turkey's great fear
20 The Williamses got all jammed up here
22 Aches mark the spot where it struck
24 Sneer! Sneer!
25 Speeds on Devil's Highway
27 Kind of talk you hear on a ghost-to-ghost hookup
28 Secret musical writing
29 Russian clink
31 Ann, mixed up
32 Yawning creature, with one eye on book, one on outdoors
33 Dish it out like a king
35 Shimmy dessert
37 People who don't vote your way
39 What gangsters love to play with (sing.)
40 Awful things men get when their wives aren't looking
44 Commonest squash in the garden
48 A little donkey, according to Dumb Dora
49 Three British broads
51 What the Booze Who were in B. R. (Before Roosevelt)
52 How motorists get around on wet nights
53 Successful man hunter
55 Very last word in dates
56 Pays big income taxes
57 Escalators leading from headquarters to the downstairs cafeteria
59 Hero hardware (Br.) (abbr.)
60 Printer's pippit
61 Future home of the Nazi
62 Phancy London pea soup
64 Abbreviated home rule
65 Brain warrens
67 Mexican fireballs
69 Super-sparrows
70 Hists the upper lip and hisses

VERTICAL

1 Great enemy of the wooden leg
2 Abe's birthplace
3 Helpy selfy when no one looky
4 Kaput Kanal
5 Follow after something else
6 These chaps just can't say no!
7 What the tail-enders did after the other guests departed
8 Toothless old saw; not-so-wisecrack
9 Method of grasping ringtails and tossing them to the crocodiles
10 Zero eraser
11 Here's a laugh!
12 She's the spittin' image of Hedy Lamarr
13 Marine lasso
15 Cigarettes are precious; why do this?
21 Hunk o' trouble in the highway of progress
23 Manufacture bull-oney
24 Snake kisser
26 Had a date with a lady coast guard
28 Vitamin grappling tools
30 Waft the least windy into office
32 Blanched beneath the paint job (fem.)
34 Elephants Drink Unything
36 Highball, non-alcoholic
38 Kind of night that's sheer black velvet
40 Terrible mix-ups
41 Look cockeyed
42 Double-talk goddess from Egypt
43 Life's a breeze to this, when it's got a full belly
45 Bonded
46 Pooch hawsers
47 Flaws on diamonds
50 Quick pickups
53 Military snore buster
54 One Allen that wouldn't have stood for Benny's nonsense
57 Limey clink
58 Mose in anagrammatical pants
61 Mechanical tooth
63 Git goin', Jock!
66 11 Vertical's double
68 Leadfooted Rumbafiends

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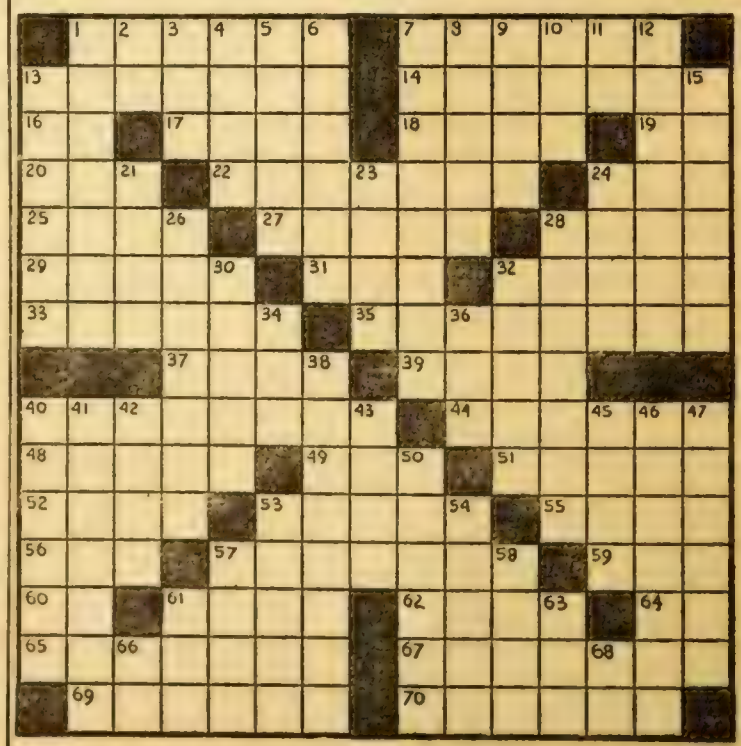
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Anyone who knows can tell the REAL THING!

ONE of the most welcome of all gifts this Christmas is a bottle of that noble whiskey which is *unmistakably* "the real thing."

That, as students of fine whiskey know, describes Calvert. One taste tells that this superb blend is at the peak of pre-war excellence...a whiskey that can't be imitated!

That's why the *preference* for Calvert never changes, no matter how many other whiskies may come along.

In fact, people who sell and serve Calvert tell us: "Before the war, during the shortage, and now...Calvert *was*, and *is*, the whiskey most often asked for by name."

Fortunately, a greater supply of this superlative whiskey is now available. So this holiday season, *you'll* be able to give—and yourself enjoy—this gloriously smooth and mellow blend.

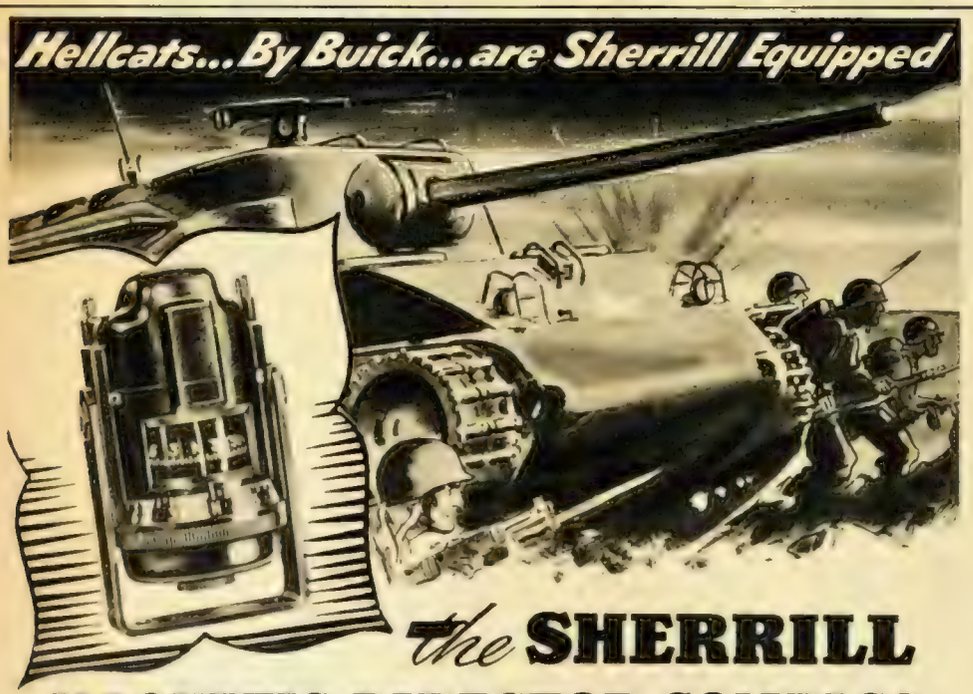
AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKIES— FROM THE HOUSE OF BLENDS!

Today, more than ever...

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve:" 65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special:" 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

ONE OF THE
BEST JUMPS I EVER MADE
I jumped to smoother shaves—even with cold water or a used blade!
AM I GLAD I GOT ON TO LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM! ITS SOOTHING "STAY-MOIST" LATHER IS KIND TO TENDER SKIN — SOFTENS TOUGH WHISKERS FAST...
...AND EVEN WITH COLD WATER OR A USED BLADE LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM GIVES CLEANER, EASIER SHAVES THAN LIGHT, QUICK-DRYING LATHERS!
TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S HEAVY, "STAY-MOIST" LATHER
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
DOESN'T DRY OUT —HOLDS MOISTURE LIKE A CAMEL
120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE
GIVE YOUR DAD A BREAK — SLIP A TUBE IN HIS CHRISTMAS SOCK



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MAGNETIC DIRECTOR COMPASS

This big brother of the famous pre-war Sherrill auto compass has established records in gruelling combat that assure greater Sherrill compass efficiency at war's end. The new, battle-tested principles of compass design built into this fine, precision instrument will be available in the entire peacetime line of Sherrill Magnetic Director Compasses for boat, auto and plane...and they'll sell at popular prices!

BATTLE COMPASSES TODAY!
AUTO AVIATION AND BOAT
COMPASSES TOMORROW!

SHERRILL RESEARCH CORP., PERU, IND.

NO JOB FOR A GIRL

Continued from Page 23

"Good night," she said breathlessly, and fled.

Walter stared at the closed door. "It's a nice place, the U. S. A.," he said. "I like it."

Three mornings later, after what Walter considered the decent interval, he called again at Jarrett's. Five minutes after he gave his name to the receptionist he was admitted.

He went in jauntily. Miss Wright wore a smartly-tailored blue suit and a becoming pink blush. She had on a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. They made her look a trifle more like a purchasing agent but not much.

"You look cute even behind those," said Walter.

Miss Wright seemed to struggle with herself a minute. "Mr. Trask," she said, "I didn't want to keep you waiting. I just want to inform you that we're simply not interested in your finishes. Our present suppliers take care of all our needs. I'm afraid you're wasting your time."

RECOVERING from the shock of this, Walter became the silver-tongued orator to no avail. He wondered if his technique was slipping. He felt a trifle diffident discussing business with a purchasing agent he had mildly billed and cooed with not so long before.

"Well, good-by," said Walter. He hesitated, then bent and kissed her for the second time. Straightening, he hurriedly marched out while the receptionist in the outer office looked at the lipstick on his chin and thought her private thoughts.

Back at the office Jorgenson said, "Get anything?"

"I got a kiss," said Walter. "Before you say anything, remember I'm your boss. I have been making a mistake. I have not been Walter the technical service manager, I have been Walter the wolf. Jorgenson, we've tackled this problem the wrong way."

"I've seen Miss Wright," said Jorgenson. "You haven't done badly."

"Our finishing business," said Walter, "does not include lipstick. The crucial point is this: Miss Wright is only a temporary purchasing agent. A girl as good-looking as Miss Wright is bound sooner or later to go into the baby-raising line. Raines will be back in the saddle at Jarrett eventually. He's our man."

Later that week Walter went to Washington to discuss the critical situation in finishes with the Chemical Division of the WPB. When his work was over he sought out Mr. Raines, late of Jarrett, Inc., and now a much bedeviled, harassed business man in Washington.

They spent the evening together and at its conclusion Mr. Raines was in a mellow mood. Walter stopped short of an actual sales talk but he had turned the ground over thoroughly. The spadework was done, there would be harrowing anon.

Returning, Walter plunged into other work and temporarily shelved the Jarrett case. He was hard at it one morning when the telephone rang. Miss Wright of Jarrett was on the wire.

"Good morning," caroled Walter in his best technical-service voice.

Miss Wright had no time for the amenities. "We're in a jam," she said. It appeared they were completely out of paint. There was a faint touch of panic in Miss Wright's voice. Their vendor was having difficulty. Jarrett was using a wrinkle-

(Continued on page 58)

Over Highways of Tomorrow

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PRIZES AWARDED FORBIDDEN FRUIT

(Continued from page 56)

finish paint and Walter suspected his competitors were running into structure trouble.

"Hang on a minute," said Walter.

He telephoned production and luck was with him. A five-hundred-gallon batch of the material Jarrett needed was being made up for a Bessemer & Sons' customer, and had just been tested and approved. They could borrow twenty-five gallons.

"Miss Wright," said Walter, "if we're able to do you a favor now, does that lead me to hope we may expect some future business?"

"It means no such thing," Miss Wright said bluntly. "You know we're working on Navy contracts with an AA-1 priority and we can't afford a production tie-up. Can you help us out or can't you?"

"The ever reliable Bessemer & Sons," said Walter, "will deliver twenty-five gallons of material practically immediately."

Their own truck for local delivery had already left. Later that day Walter delivered the paint in person.

Miss Wright sighed with relief. "Thank you very much."

"Typical Bessemer service," said Walter. "If we were regular suppliers, you wouldn't have these troubles. May I suggest we make up a five-hundred-gallon batch for you?"

Miss Wright hesitated, then said, "I don't think they'll disappoint us again."

She was struggling with herself, he knew. He had a thought that if he hadn't kissed her, he would have got business. Walter the wolf had done no good to Walter the technical service manager.

He went down the corridor to confer with the plant engineers and met there a Navy Procurement officer. With his salesman's instinct clicking in high gear, Walter pointed out to him that Jarrett had narrowly avoided a complete stoppage of production, and why.

Walter left him with hopes rising. He had an idea pressure might be applied. The Navy might suggest that Miss Wright find another supplier, and if and when that occurred Walter would be Mr. Johnny on the Spot. His foot would be in the door by the time Mr. Raines returned from Washington to take over his old job. Walter felt so good about the prospect that, just as a precautionary measure, when he went back to his office he turned and looked at the warning sign: REMEMBER JARRETT. It didn't disturb him.

TWO mornings later just as Walter began going through the mail his telephone rang. Mr. Raines was the caller.

"How are things in Washington?" said Walter cordially.

"Don't know," cackled Raines. "Don't give a hoot. I'd just about cleaned up my particular job down there and I heard things weren't so hot back here. I resigned and I'm back at the old stand beginning today. Look here, Trask, I want to place an order with you for two hundred and fifty gallons of that wrinkle-finish you sent us."

Walter assured him how happy they would be. "By the way," he said, "what's happened to Miss Wright?"

"Oh, we let her go," Raines said. "A Navy man came in here and raised hell about her depending on one supplier for finishes. I came back and I prefer a male assistant. After all, we didn't have any place for her unless she was willing to drop back to a small job, and you can't do that to someone who's been as far up as purchasing agent. Nice girl, but she's out."

"I see," said Walter thoughtfully.

He hung up the telephone and automatically entered the order, but without jubilance. Mr. Bessemer and Mr. Carraway heard the news and came into his office to pump his hand.

"We're proud of you," Mr. Bessemer said.

"Thanks," said Walter, looking pale but not proud. He felt like Walter the worm.

Jorgenson congratulated him and said, "What happened to Miss Wright?"

"Kicked out," said Walter. "I'm the guy what done it. I'm the kind of guy who pushes old ladies downstairs and takes the bread out of the mouths of innocent young girls."

Jorgenson said, "You didn't fall for her, did you?"

Walter stared at him in surprise, and then said softly, "Leave me, chum, I have work to do."

THAT evening he telephoned Miss Wright, and after giving his name was informed she was not home. He wrote a letter and it was probably delivered, but was like dropping something into a vacuum.

Meanwhile two more orders came in from Jarrett. Walter was a local hero at Bessemer & Sons. Everybody cheered but Walter. He called at Miss Wright's home and was not admitted. He took to loitering along her block.

He thought over Miss Wright's sterling qualities and then ran an ad in the weekly paper in Miss Wright's suburban home town. The prominently displayed advertisement requested the services of a girl between twenty and thirty with executive experience in purchasing. She was to appear at a New York address two mornings later.

On the day in question Walter sat in the office of Bessemer & Sons' New York representative. He poked his head out of a side door and saw a dozen girls in line. Miss Wright was fifth.

"Get rid of the first four," Walter told the secretary. "Send the fifth one in and tell the others the job is filled."

Miss Wright came in, saw Walter, stopped, then started out again.

Walter hurriedly led her back to a chair. He sat across the desk from her. "I don't blame you for being mad," he said.

"I'm not angry," said Miss Wright. "But I don't want any sympathy. I tried my best to be a hard-boiled executive. If I could dish it out, I should be able to take it." She smiled briefly at him. "And you taught me a valuable lesson. But I do think I was quite capable. And if you have an opening in your purchasing department, I'd like to apply for it."

"Well," said Walter, slightly flushed, "this job would involve a certain amount of purchasing. But there would be other duties."

"Particulars, please?" asked Miss Wright. all business.

Walter braced himself. My boy, he thought, you'll never give another sales talk like this one. Make it good.

He took a deep breath. "You'd have to do a bit of cooking. A dab of dusting now and then would not be out of order." Miss Wright's eyes widened with surprise, and then were hastily averted. It was a lousy sales talk, Walter thought. He said hoarsely, "If you'd come over to my side of the desk, I could explain much better."

"One purchasing agent, one supplier?" Miss Wright murmured, a twinkle in her eyes. "Is that smart business?"

"It's done that way in marriage," Walter said. "An old tradition that I personally approve of."

"Am I," asked Miss Wright a moment later, shifting her weight in his lap, "hurting your bad knee?"

Walter assured her he was feeling no pain whatsoever.

THE END

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BATTLING WATER BOY

Continued from Page 33

up. He kept looking up all the time, his spidery arms and legs moving carefully and rhythmically. He climbed into the darkness and pretty soon he looked no bigger than a doll on a string. And then he was just a spider clinging to the side of the wall. I could make out his shadowy, foreshortened figure, and above him the stars.

I grabbed hold of a rung and lifted one foot. I kept thinking: If the neighborhood water boy can do it, so can Centerfielder Eddie Tansey. Middleweight Tansey. Marine Corporal Tansey.

BUT, just the same, there was a difference. Not my lost strength. Something worse. A mental block. A mental block that made Eddie Tansey the bum here, and the water boy the champ.

It didn't help any to remember all the times that I had gone up that ladder when I was a kid—before that Saturday afternoon when Little Artie and I were fourteen. Like a monkey, skipping up and down, and, like a monkey, not having the sense to know that it was dangerous.

But if there was something interesting to be seen at the top, if Slats had some proof that Little Artie hadn't fallen off this ladder by accident—

I began to climb. I kept my head pointed up, like Slats. I didn't look down. Except for that, except for remembering to keep looking up, I didn't think at all. I grabbed each cold steel rung as it showed up. I looked only at the stars, and they kept coming closer. And the wind got brisker and my coat tails flapped and even up here the tang of the dirty water in the ferry slip smelled lousy in my stinging nostrils.

Scared as I was, I wanted to know when I reached the halfway point. But I didn't dare look down. Then I knew I had to look down. I had to know how it had seemed to Little Artie when he let go. I had to know how far Little Artie's wiry young body had plunged. To smash on soggy cinderish soil that was hard as cement when you hit it from such a height.

I made myself stop. I made myself look down. I wouldn't let myself wrap an arm over the rung, to anchor me. I just hung on until my wrists ached, looking down. I made myself stand there while the wind swayed me. And look down.

Slats' coupé was just a kid's wagon. I made myself count a hundred, slow, while I looked down. Then I counted another fifty, in case I had skipped any numbers. After that, I loosened one hand from the icy rung and pulled my cap down firmer. Then I began to climb again.

The stars got bigger and the wind watered my eyes, but there was nothing to it. It was a pipe. I reached the top and stepped over the ledge and looked at Slats.

"Eddie," he said, "now you can do it any time."

I was glad I hadn't lied to him that the dengue had left me too weak. For ten years he must have known how afraid I was of that ladder.

"All right, I'm here," I said. "What about Little Artie?"

Slats turned and moved like a spook across the roof of the elevator, toward the ferry-slip side. From that height I could see the entire perimeter of the town, even the lights up in Diggsville. I tried to spot our house, but I couldn't be sure.

"Eddie," Slats said, "I was up here last Halloween. I remember the date good. It was the day that two guys robbed the war bond office in the Busch plant, like what happened to Belle today. And Halloween was the last time I stopped in at the draft board office. So I remember the date good."

"Little Artie has been dead for ten years," I said.

Slats held up a hand.

"Don't rush me. The draft board told me for the last time to beat it, I still got spots on my lungs. I got kind of peeved and hollered at them somewhat. They didn't get sore, they just advised me to go get a beer and report back to Krannold's bright and early so I could turn out some more tank parts."

"So you remember the date. It was Halloween."

"Yeah, Halloween. I hoisted a few beers at Emil's and I thought, What the hell, let's celebrate Halloween. A couple guys helped me steal one of Emil's big outdoor signs and I drove down here and dragged the sign up the ladder and lashed it to the top of the elevator. The sign said, 'Emil's Pub Is the Tops.' Emil said it was good advertising, but the elevator men took it down next day."

"I came up here to find out about Little Artie," I said.

"Eddie, while I was up here Halloween I happened to look down, across the ferry slip. And I seen something interesting."

Slats pulled me up closer to the low railing. "It's there again tonight," he said. "Just like I thought it might be."

I looked down, across the ferry slip, to the desolate spit of land that separated the slip from the lake. In a diminutive shack, which was the only building on the sandy spit, I saw a light.

"Isn't that the Jeweler's old house?" I said. "That shack has been deserted for years."

"Just the same, you're seeing a light," Slats grunted. "It's coming through a crack in the roof. You can't see it from the ground."

I peered at the light. It burned constant; it didn't flicker, like a fire. It didn't gleam dully, like a reflection.

"Somebody's in the Jeweler's old cabin," Slats said. "Somebody's there again. Just like Halloween, when Busch's war bond office got stuck up."

WHEN we were kids an old squatter had lived alone out on the spit. He must have been a hundred years old; he didn't have any name. But one night Jerry Hogan and Mike Charbat and I rowed over there and spied on his shack. We'd seen twenty or thirty clocks in it; I guess he must have been a collector of them. So we called him the Jeweler after that. I don't say the Jeweler was crazy, but every spring he would paint his shack a flaming red, using a dull kitchen broom for a brush. Finally the state put him away, and his shack mellowed to an old-rose color. After that, it stood empty. Until now.

"Slats," I said, "what did you do when you saw the light on Halloween night?"

Slats smiled. "You know me. A small-town snooper. See a light and I got to go find out what it is."

"And what did you find?"

Slats shrugged. "It would be only my word against his again. Unless somebody was with me."

He moved back across the roof and began to descend in the windy darkness. Slats' word against whose? What did a light in the Jeweler's shack have to do with Little Artie's plummeting from the ladder when we were fourteen years old?

I went to the ladder and called down, "Slats! Your word against whose?"

The wind whipped his voice up to me: "Mike Charbat's."

I swung over the railing and began to drop down the rungs. Every detail of that Saturday afternoon ten years ago was as sharp in my mind as this morning's break-

(Continued on page 62)

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AND REMEMBER—NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF WAR BONDS! . . . Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York, RUM—89 PROOF. Copyright 1944

(Continued from page 60)

fast. We had been washing Little Artie's collie out in the back yard, Artie and Mike Charbat and I.

Artie and Mike got to arguing about who could skin up the grain elevator faster and they asked me to referee. I borrowed Mr. Callahan's stop watch, letting him think that we were just going to time ourselves around the park lagoon. Then we walked over to the elevator. I climbed to the top and gave them the go.

Mike came up first while I clocked him. Then Little Artie, who was nimble as mice, sailed up, and he beat Mike by three seconds. They jawed about it, and we started down again, me first, then Artie, and Mike last. I was almost to the bottom when Artie screamed and a shadow flicked past my eye. I thought it was a gull from the ferry slip. Until it plopped on the ground. I almost fell the rest of the way myself. I scrambled down and looked at Artie all smashed to pieces. Mike Charbat took a look, too, and then he ran . . .

Slats had the coupé engine running. We bumped back over the railroad ties and pulled alongside the slip. He pried a loose board off the railroad fence and walked over to the pilings and dropped into a dinghy that was riding on a tether in the scummy water. The pilings were slimy, but I got down without falling into the drink. In the bottom of the dinghy the cold bilge water came up to my ankles.

Using the fence board as a scull, Slats headed the dinghy across the slip toward the spit and the Jeweler's cabin.

"I was out paddling on the slip that day," he said. "I saw you guys coming down the ladder. Eddie, Mike Charbat kicked Little Artie in the face."

I crouched up forward, shivering from the lake breeze. I said, "Ten years have gone by, Slats."

"I said *put out that cigarette!*"

"Yeah, ten years, Eddie. I went over to Mike's house that night and told him what I'd seen. He said if I mentioned it to you or Mr. Callahan or anybody, he'd deny it. And who would take my word against his? Me just a water boy."

"You did wrong, Slats."

"I know it. But who would have believed me? I'm making it right tonight."

The dinghy eased into the mossy pilings on the spit side of the slip and Slats said, "Here's the beachhead, champ."

Something in the water bobbed against the boat and he fished it out and passed it over to me. It was a hunk of driftwood about three feet long and thick as a wagon tongue, worn smooth by water.

"Last Halloween when I came over here," Slats said, "Mike Charbat and two strange guys were sitting in the Jeweler's shack. I'll bet my last red they were the two guys who heisted the Busch plant."

"You figure the same guys are hiding out here tonight?"

"Mr. Callahan says the Krannold hold-up was an inside job. I figure Mike Charbat doped it out. I figure the other two guys are the loogans that clubbed your sister Belle."

We walked across the spit toward the dark shack. We might as well have been on a desert island, it was so sandy and still and black.

This was a job for Mr. Callahan and his cops, not a wounded marine and the neighborhood water boy. Except that it looked like Mike Charbat had his knife out for my family, counting Little Artie and Belle, and that made it personal, so to hell with Mr. Callahan's cops.

"The windows are boarded up," Slats said. "The door is around there, facing the lake. There's a shed first, and then the cabin door. Sort of a blackout door, so no light gets out. I snuck in the shed on Halloween and watched them."

In the faint starlight you couldn't tell if the Jeweler's shack was still a mellow old-rose color or not. Certainly it looked empty. Except for the light we had seen gleaming out of the roof.

"I ought to get me a club, too," Slats whispered. He found a battered bucket half buried in the sand. He scooped some more sand into it and hefted it. With a bucket in his hand he looked more familiar.

"I don't know about you," he said, "but I'm going in. I hope the guy I pick out is the one that slugged Belle."

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His spidery figure turned the corner of the shack. The heavy bucket sagged his thin shoulder. I moved up with him. We pulled open the shed door and stepped inside, into some more soft sand. Slats eased back the cabin door a crack, so we could line up the room in our sights.

There was a gallon-size electric lantern hanging from a rafter. Under it a guy was cleaning a pistol.

Another guy was leaning against the wall, watching the first guy and smoking a cigarette. His hands were stuck in his overcoat pockets. He was a sandy sort of horse-faced guy.

Slats put his lips up to my ear and whispered, "I told you. There's Mike."

Mike Charbat was sitting on a beer keg, reading the newspaper extra he had brought into Emil's joint. "It don't say anything here about an inside job," he was muttering. "Maybe Callahan ain't putting out all he knows. You guys better lay around here a couple days."

The horse-faced hood cussed. "Then bring a deck of cards your next trip."

"I ain't coming again," Mike grumbled. "I just come tonight for my split. It's risky borrowing that fisherman's dory."

Mike Charbat went back to reading the extra. I watched him through the slitted door until Slats nudged me, whispering, "O. K., champ. Keep your left out and don't cross your ankles."

Slats was going to rush them. Swinging up my driftwood club, I elbowed him aside. I knew what order to take those loogans in, I knew just the operation. I was going to be first man in.

WHAT I didn't count on was Slats' having the same pigheaded idea. He wanted first in, too. I suppose he had to prove something. I suppose he had to prove he wasn't the water boy any longer.

But he made a knothead play of it. Without warning, Slats gave me the shoulder. He yanked the door open and drove into the shack, yelling and swinging the leaking sand bucket in his hand.

Mike Charbat fell off the beer keg. The two strangers snapped their heads up, gaping, as if they were seeing a spook.

Slats leaped for the wrong guy. Maybe he figured that the guy cleaning the pistol was the danger point. Like a hammer weight, Slats slung his sand bucket, slamming the petrified hood alongside the ear. The guy dropped, the pistol flew against the wall.

The other hood, the horse-faced one, ducked, too, rolling away. And when his hand leaped from his pocket it came out firing. He poured two rounds into Slats' chest at close range. Slats went over backward. He was so close to the pistol and he went over with such force, that his heels flew up and almost caught the horse-faced hood under the chin.

My driftwood club was swinging by then. I broke the guy's wrist with one crack and his pistol stopped chattering and I smashed the club on his head. It was a water-logged hunk of wood but it snapped off on his head. He died standing.

I went for Mike Charbat. He was crouched on all fours, like a toad, watching me over the top of the beer keg. Either he didn't have an iron or he was too paralyzed to draw it. Because suddenly he reared like an ungainly bear, seized the empty beer keg and lifted it above his head. The weight of it staggered him some, his face as pink as his shirt. Then he heaved it—not at me; at the lantern hanging from the rafter.

The keg fell short. I dived for Mike, and Mike for the door. He hit the door as if it was cardboard. He stumbled on through the shed and dug his heels into the sand

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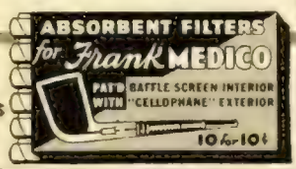

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outside, cutting sharply around the Jeweler's shack. He streaked across the spit for the ferry slip.

I've been on three beachheads. I've run on sand before. I had reason to fight those other times, too. But nothing like this. This was personal. This was for some folks I knew. This was for Little Artie and Belle, and a gawky shy water boy who couldn't get up off the floor. This was between Mike Charbat and me.

It was thirty yards to the ferry slip. I didn't know I could run like that. Maybe Slats knew, he remembered such things, but I never knew my legs could drive that way. I cut Mike's lead to dead heat as he reached the slip.

We ran right off the pilings. We ran right out into space as if there had been solid land beneath our shoes instead of air.

When we hit the water I had a hand twisted in Mike Charbat's hair. Clawing and ripping and gouging, we went under. Two overcoated porpoises, heavy with our own clothes. The black night closed over the blacker water and we went down.

Mike might have tasted it, the slip water foul with the expelled bilge of freighters and car ferries. I don't recollect tasting it. It could have been mud. Maybe we did touch bottom. I only knew that I was coming up with what was left of Mike Charbat, or stay down there forever.

I choked and pinioned and squashed him. I didn't need air and I didn't want air. And Mike Charbat couldn't have any.

WHEN he gave up, it maddened me. I raged at him when he quit struggling. I clipped him with my fist, but he was dead weight. I yanked his collar and kicked my feet.

Black as the night was, it looked bright when I popped my head out of the filthy water. We broke surface close to the railroad side of the slip; we had threshed and battled all that way—all the way from the spit.

A flashlight was shining from the railroad pilings and I towed Mike Charbat toward it.

Three men were standing on the pier, one of them wearing an engineer's high cap. He yelled angrily:

"You young fools! Swimming in that slime!"

"Get a priest," I said. "Get a priest over to the spit, to the Jeweler's shack. Quick." I pushed Mike's limp body at them. "Pump him out."

Two of the men stretched on their bellies and gaffed Mike's coat. I began stroking back toward the spit and one of the men swore. "He's drunk."

I swam to Slats' dinghy and pulled myself up the pilings. As I ran across the spit I tore off my soggy coat. I could only pray that the railroad guys would believe me, that they'd send a priest. But I knew the priest would be too late even if he flew. Some chest wounds can be patched with a can of magic powder; some call for the padre.

The horse-faced hood was still lying on Slats' legs. His buddy was breathing but out cold.

SLATS himself was barely conscious. "Eddie," he said, "did I do all right?" He knew. He could hardly whisper, but he knew where he stood.

"You're a battling fool," I said. I wiped a red bubble off his mouth and he shut his eyes, almost smiling.

"Did I come through, Eddie? Did I do as good as your other pals?"

I knew what pals he meant. "I've seen brave guys operating. Plenty of them. But they were wading in with more than just a sand bucket in their hands."

"I got spots on both lungs, Eddie," Slats whispered.

"Slats," I said, "I ain't even good enough to carry the water bucket for you."

The red bubbles started forming faster. "I handled the bucket," Slats said, "when you flattened Jerry Hogan. Remember? The old neighborhood teams? The time Little Artie tossed that pass . . . Eddie, I'll remember that stuff all my life."

His bony hands were two chunks of ice. I said a few words, knowing that the padre would never be able to make it in time.

"That's me, Eddie," Slats whispered. "A small-town snooper. See a light and I got to go find out what it is. . . . Well, I been owing Little Artie something for ten years. And Belle, she thought I hung around her office just for the bonds. She never knew. She's beautiful, Eddie. I can see her right here, plain as you. Maybe you can tell her."

"I'll tell her, Slats," I said.

The pallid chunk of ice I was holding slipped from my hand.

"Sure, go on, tell her, Eddie," Slats whispered. He closed his eyes. "Maybe it'll give her a laugh."

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

BOUDWAR: Bedlam in a bedroom.

SPECKTATOR: Guy who looks at atoms (an atom-eyes-sir).

UKULATELY: Just learned to strum one.

PANAMARORAMA: A picture that would make a nice Chr-isthmus present.

MATHEMATTICS: Arithmetic in the garret.

OARPHAN: A paddle without a dad-dle.

WISDUMB: Great knowledge about nothing. (Much too pidity.)

SPUDDLE: Water in a potato patch.

EMBUZZLEMENT: Thieving mis-bee-hivelior.

CROWQUETTE: The toughest you can get.

PIN-UPS BY THE MILLION

Continued from Page 21

"with soldier appeal." Only one G. I. said he wanted a sexy picture.

The G. I.s realize that the studios get thousands of letters daily, and they'll frequently send money to pay for pictures. One officer in the Pacific sent a twenty-dollar money order to cover costs of pictures for all of his men. He got pictures of every star in Hollywood.

It's a custom among civilian fans to send all kinds of gifts to their favorite stars. The G. I.s don't go in much for this. Some artists draw pictures on their letters, and a few men send souvenirs: a piece of Jap flag, coins and paper money, a fragment of a Messerschmitt or Zero. Betty Grable's baby—Victoria James—got her first fan letter and a white fur coat from a G. I. in Iceland.

Just after a picture was published of a starlet wearing various army insignia, she got a flood of insignia from outfits which wanted her to wear theirs, too.

Lots of women in this country are making scrapbooks and collections of pin-ups to send to the boys. Sometimes a wife will even request pictures to send to her husband! But, as some G. I.s in North Africa wrote, "Some of us are single and some married, but we all appreciate beautiful women."

In their spare time the armed services think up titles to confer on stars: The Girl We'd Most Like to Find in a Foxhole, The Girl We'd Most Like to Stand a Mid-Watch With, The Girl We'd Most Like to Abandon Ship With. A Gale Robbins fan in the Pacific elects her "The Only Reason I'd Ever Leave Home Again."

Our men in prison camps in Germany often write for pictures on the form post cards allowed by the German authorities. And there have been numerous requests for pin-ups from the German prisoner-of-war camps in this country. When Italy became a cobelligerent, Italian prisoners loosed a flock of flowery letters to the stars. The M. P. guards like their pin-ups, too.

AND our allies are fast getting the habit. A gunner of the Fleet Air Arm at Halifax laments that British magazines don't carry pin-ups and writes for some of his own. Servicemen send airgraphs (British for V mail) from all over the globe—the Royal Navy in Ceylon and Bermuda, R. A. F. cadets in southern Rhodesia and South Africa; Afrikanders in Egypt, the Royal Artillery in Italy, Australian searchlight and AA crews in Queensland, fliers in Bengal.

In general, the British are inclined to be more reserved in their requests for pictures than their American counterparts. But an aviation cadet in Basra, Iran, is in the G. I. groove when he asks for a pin-up—"any kind, so long as she is not in the arms of a leading man." One of the few letters from Russia comes from a very cold U. S. armed guard in Murmansk who says he likes Marjorie Reynolds because she warms him up.

But the punch line is reserved for the sailor aboard one of our battle wagons in the Pacific.

"I don't go in for that sort of thing myself," he writes, asking for as many photographs as the studio can send, "but the fellows on the ship do, particularly the one in charge of the soda fountain. Please send me a stack of those pictures, and I'll be assured of getting ice cream as long as I'm in the Navy."

Yes, when it comes to pin-up girls, tastes do vary.

THE END

Lt. James N. Alsop

THE soldier-author of Roadblock was born in Owensboro, Ky., only twenty-seven years ago. Therefore his career has been short but lively. As Lieutenant Alsop grew up, he developed a taste and a talent for golf and writing. He got his first taste of military life, however, at Chamberlain Hunt Military Academy. After attending college, he joined the Greenwood National Guard and became managing editor of the official 31st Division paper. When war came, Alsop was graduated from Fort Benning and finally sent to the Pacific, where he was a platoon leader until injured recently in combat. At present he is with the PRO in the Pacific.

ROADBLOCK

Continued from Page 25

around noon one day. The Japs had a complete camp built, were living in apparent security. The small patrol wondered what action to take, but just then a heavy rainstorm settled the question. The entire Nip garrison took cover in huts. Bringing up his supporting group, a platoon of antitank men who had become temporary riflemen, Lieutenant Ross surrounded the spot. On signal, the entire force opened fire.

The trapped Japs dived through windows, crashed through flimsy walls, and stampeded wildly in the face of the murderous fire. Everywhere they turned, new ambush waited. Groans came from the huts and wounded Nips dragged themselves into the underbrush.

Only bodies lying in the open were credited for the record by Lieutenant Ross.

The American casualties? The antitank platoon leader was slightly wounded. It isn't always this way, but these were men who had seen action back in the desperate days of Guadalcanal. They were infantrymen who had lived in the jungle for months—knew it better than they remembered Main Street at home.

They don't take the trails; they pick the toughest routes. When a path leads up a mountain, they climb the steepest brush-hidden slope. That's why they come back.

A few days after Lieutenant Ross' return, the Japs hit in the action described at the beginning of this article. They were repulsed and the route was still closed to their supplies and forces. It will be held as long as higher commanders consider it necessary. Patrols will go out; the Japs will try again.

Well, that's a roadblock action. It's not a major battle—just a bitter private war fought for a highway or a trail. But the fortunes of armies sometimes depend on the troops holding such a position.

A roadblock can be an obstacle with a few riflemen covering it. It can be an armored force striking again and again at a vital artery. But to the men involved it's always an important battle. It's a fight for ground they're told to hold. It's sleepless nights, waiting for the sound of approaching enemy. It's the agony of waiting for something to happen, or the tiresome patrolling that takes so much out of a man in the tropics.

It's a war within a war. It's a sentence in the day's communiqué: "Our troops have established roadblocks along important trails."

THE END

Advertisement

"Okay—it's a deal! You bring all the stuff I put the bite on you for and I'll leave a big bowl of Wheaties on the kitchen table for you!"

Santa's due to put the bite on some mighty swell eating—milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." What a deal! Big flakes of rich whole wheat. Roasted and toasted. And flavored to a king's taste with sweet malt syrup. Ask your grocer to bring you two or three boxes of Wheaties.

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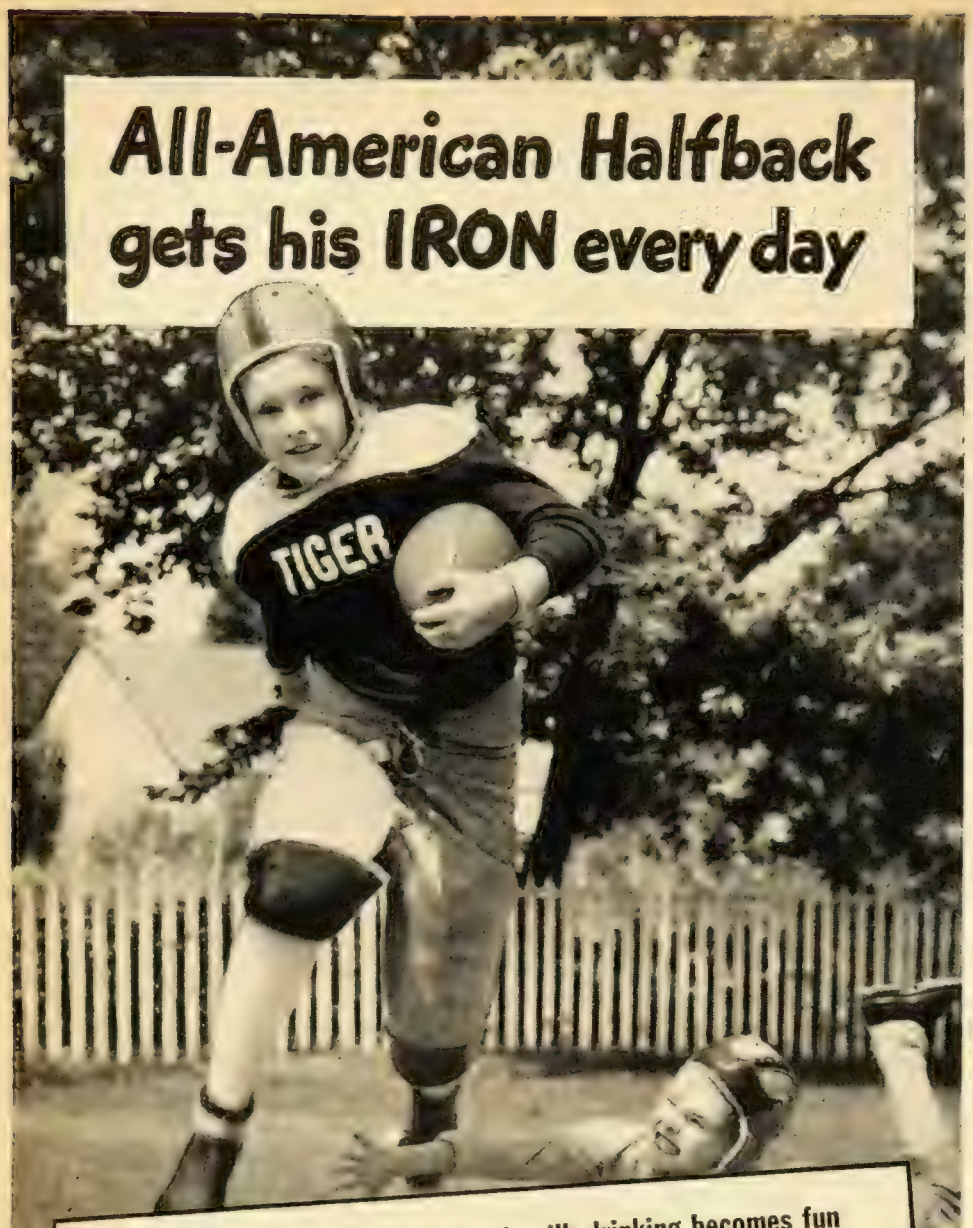

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"YOU DON'T HAVE TO COAX ME TO DRINK MILK WITH CHOCOLATE FLAVORED BOSCO!"

MEN NEEDED TO DEVELOP AMERICA

Continued from Page 17

85,000 farm families, and 50,000 additional families could find room for profitable farming on the semi-arid lands to be furnished with supplemental water. For every additional farm family settling on a fully irrigated farm, another family could find a good living in new or enlarged villages and cities, servicing the farmers who would be pioneering on this land.

The program should also go a long way toward solving the postwar problems of the throngs of workers who have migrated to the West to build ships and airplanes and to make other supplies for our war machine. Hydroelectric power, developed long before the war by the Bureau at Grand Coulee, Bonneville, and elsewhere, played a large part in attracting these thousands of workers, and cheap hydroelectric power can now play a large part in keeping them there.

To this end, the Bonneville Power Administration plans to co-operate with the five Pacific Northwest states in transforming that rich region from a wartime industrial mushroom to a hardy perennial. It is getting ready to help to utilize the rich assets of the Columbia River basin in a variety of peacetime projects. One of the principal tasks will be to integrate the power system of the region. Plans call for an expenditure of about $100,000,000, principally for the construction of transmission lines and power substations. Also planned are surveys of power utilization possibilities by private manufacturers, the development of power for irrigation pumping stations, municipalities, etc. Within the foreseeable future this program is expected to provide 35,000 man-years of employment on construction at the site and in the fabrication of materials.

If a great variety of industries with major dependence upon cheap electricity could be induced to settle in the region, many experts believe that the Pacific Northwest could comfortably support at least 2,000,000 more people within the next twenty years.

In the Mississippi delta, at least 5,000,000 acres could be reclaimed through adequate drainage and flood control. This potential agricultural empire could create thousands

"I've reached that awkward age—too old to play with dolls and too young to kiss boys!"

"What a movie! Did you ever see anything as funny as that Laurel and Hardy?"

of rich farms all the way from southern Missouri to the Gulf, thus providing livelihoods for more millions.

These reclamation and power plans are only two of many which are being designed by the government to assure postwar employment. An enormous amount of work needs to be done in reforestation and soil conservation, in improving rivers, harbors, and highways, and in creating national parks and recreational facilities.

The Geological Survey is planning a complete inventory of the country's natural assets as a preliminary to their more intelligent exploitation. When the shooting stops, the Survey will be ready to present to Congress a fact-finding program calling for 27,000 man-years of employment designed to be spread over a three-year period at an estimated cost of $80,000,000 dollars.

Adequate topographical maps, for instance, are available for only approximately 47 per cent of the land area of the country. Geological maps are as essential to a construction engineer as X-ray pictures are to the clinician. Those who plan new highways, lay out cross-country power lines, determine new factory sites, or plan for dams or bridges or viaducts, must have more than just a smattering of knowledge of the surface terrain.

Decades could be cut off the Survey's long-range mapping program if it could make immediate postwar use of the materials, techniques, and personnel that have been developed by the Army during the war. The Survey, in co-operation with the Army Air Forces, has provided the armed services with maps covering more than 5,000,000 square miles of territory in various parts of the world. These have been developed from aerial photographs made with especially equipped planes. The planes, along with the trained personnel, could be used to great advantage in the aerial charting of the unmapped portions of the United States and its territorial possessions.

Water, in the eastern half of these United States, is perhaps the least mentioned and most valuable of our natural resources. The underground water level in many of our eastern states has fallen for years and is continuing to fall because of the tremendous increase in the use of water for industrial purposes. And our demands will continue to multiply. After the war, for example, the extension of air conditioning will draw deeply upon the available supply.

Just stand there . . . and look Beautiful!

Sixteen months in the South Pacific is a long time.

The weather is none too pleasant, and neither are the Japs. Worse than that, it's lonesome.

So a marine headed for home for a well-earned rest feasts eager eyes first on the things that mean *home*... home and America. For instance . . . the "Harvey Girl."

G. I.'s are well acquainted with Harvey hospitality. Fred Harvey hotels, restaurants, dining cars, located as they are along America's most travelled routes, play host to tens of thousands of men and women in uniform every day as they travel across the country.

During four generations of Harveys, "feeding the trains" has been a family tradition, but never have there been such trainloads of hearty appetites! To meet this vital need, far more Fred Harvey meals are being served than ever before . . . despite food rationing and personnel shortages.

This has meant a policy of "servicemen first." And sometimes our regular guests must forego the Fred Harvey service they have come to expect of us. So until victory ends our wartime role, we appreciate your understanding that Harvey hospitality . . . and the smiling service of the Harvey Girl . . . must go first to our fighting men as they move to and from the battlefronts.

★ ★ ★

SEND YOUR LETTERS V-MAIL—He's waiting for that letter from you. Send it V-MAIL so he'll get it sooner. V-MAIL is the only mail that always flies . . . and it can't get lost. Send your letters V-MAIL and be sure!

Fred Harvey

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3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

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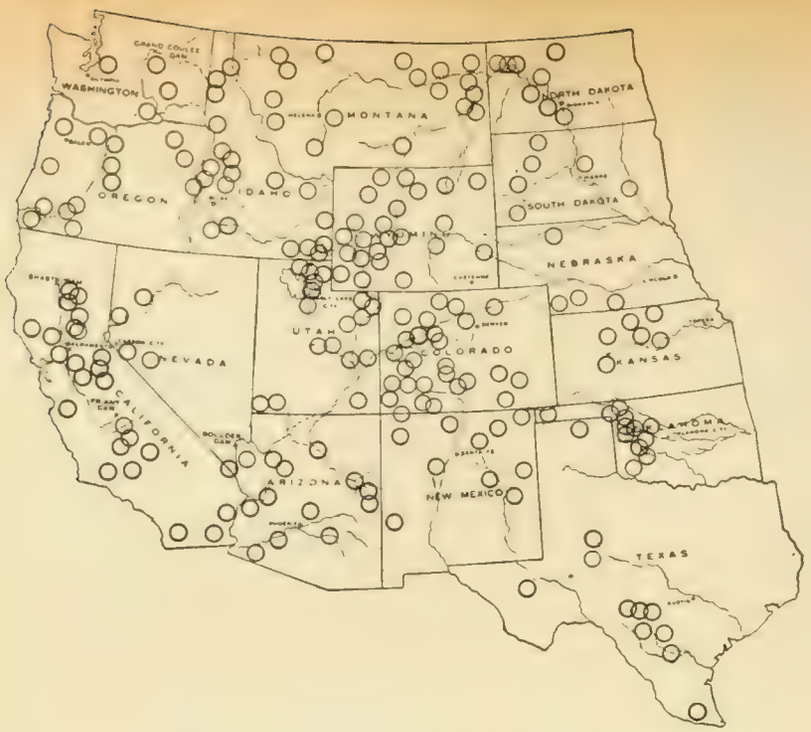

Each of the rings on this map represents one of the 236 reclamation projects that will employ millions of men at the war's end.

Without conservation or further development of the East's water resources, it may well be that we will soon reach a point beyond which we can support no more people.

The Geological Survey proposes to determine the depth, thickness, and extent of all water-bearing formations, and to establish a network of observation wells through which to measure the fluctuations of underground water and so anticipate possible shortages. The Survey's program also includes increased activity in stream-gauging and the development of other measures designed to keep the pulse count of surface water sources.

This war has already taught us how much we didn't, and still don't, know about our country's mineral resources. Our assumptions of "inexhaustible resources" failed to take into account the appetite of the modern war machine. We have been feeding it such vast quantities of the country's riches that the dwindling visible supplies are causing concern. The Geological Survey proposes to re-examine our national patrimony with respect to petroleum, copper, zinc, and iron, as well as many rarer metals for which we had become accustomed to depend upon foreign sources. It may be that new sources of these essentials exist in Alaska and other unexplored regions.

One of the great unexplored areas upon which the Survey has its eyes is the continental shelf, that submerged region which extends in some cases for 100 miles out from our shores and all the way from Maine to Texas, and from California to Alaska. It may be that this shelf contains more riches than this country has ever dreamed of. It has already been demonstrated that there are rich oil deposits beneath the water off the coast of California and in the Gulf of Mexico. If we are given the "go" sign by Congress, we propose to explore these water regions for oil and for other minerals.

The shelf always has been the habitat of tremendous fishery resources. Practically all of the commercial ocean fishing is done in the waters which lie above it. A part of the shelf is the great Bristol Bay region in Alaska from which comes a large proportion of our yearly salmon pack, and from which the Japanese used to take millions of dollars' worth of crabs and fish without so much as a "thank you." The continued exclusion of the Japanese from waters over the shelf—which geologically belongs to the continent itself—will mean thousands of jobs for Americans.

The Bristol Bay area also contains millions of cod, yet no one has begun to exploit these Alaskan cod resources seriously.

For whom the "belle" falls...

NOT for tousled Tim—
who uses water to keep his hair down. After water dries—his hair stands on end, so wild and unkept looking. Kreml keeps rebellious hair *neatly* in place all day long—so handsome looking.

NOT for slickum Sid—
who plasters his hair down with grease. Girls laugh at Sid and call him "gigolo" behind his back. Kreml used daily keeps hair naturally lustrous without ever appearing greasy or "plastered down."

NOT for dandruffy Dan—
whose shoulders are covered with untidy dandruff flakes. Too bad Dan doesn't know how effective Kreml is to relieve itching of dry scalp and remove untidy dandruff flakes.

Handsome Herbert rings 'belle'
Girls certainly "go" for fellows with better-groomed handsome looking hair. Kreml Hair Tonic makes stubborn hair behave and stay neatly in place — so attractive — yet so *masculine* looking.

Thousands upon thousands of America's best groomed men use Kreml Hair Tonic. Notice how Kreml makes hair so much easier to comb — how hair stays *so neatly* in place all day long. Yet Kreml never gives hair that greasy or ridiculous "pasted down" look. Also very effective to relieve itching of dry scalp and remove dandruff flakes. Use Kreml daily — for a *cleaner scalp* — for *better-groomed hair.* Ask for Kreml at your barber shop. Buy it at your drugstore.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

KREML HAIR TONIC

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

The Fish and Wildlife Service proposes to chart and survey such areas after the war as the first step in a national fishery conservation program and as a preliminary to the development of these resources by private enterprise.

The Fish and Wildlife Service also has postwar plans to protect the nation's billion-dollar game and fur assets. Its program would cost about $115,000,000 and would provide 55,000 man-years of employment spread over three years. High on the list of "musts" also is the control of predatory animals. The war has seriously disrupted this work.

The Bureau of Mines, recognizing that the war has taken the cream off much of America's mineral wealth, expects to send its research workers, engineers, and chemists into every nook and cranny of the nation to chart the untouched reserves of coal, oil shale, oil-bearing sands, zinc, lead, iron, chromium, tungsten, magnesium, and many other metals.

The Bureau's program calls for an outlay of more than $11,000,000 in planning costs, and, if the Congress provides the funds, would involve expenditures of nearly $157,000,000 for laboratories and other research projects. It is estimated that it would result in a billion-dollar outlay in increased capital investments by industry. This would mean new industries, new jobs, and new techniques. In terms of returning service men and women, and war workers, the program should spell ultimately nearly 600,000 man-years of employment.

The Grazing Service proposes to improve 142,000,000 acres of federal range lands in ten western states to provide a more stable source of livestock products. It is ready with plans for the construction of thousands of small-range improvement projects, such as water development, fencing, revegetation, erosion control, stock trails, bridges, truck trails, fire protection, and the control of rodents and predatory animals.

The lack of such facilities has resulted every year in losses estimated in the millions of dollars. Thousands of head of livestock, for instance, die of hunger and thirst in this vast expanse of semi-arid territory, equivalent in size to all of New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia.

THE General Land Office could provide nearly 18,000 man-years of employment over a period of several years at an estimated cost of approximately $47,000,000 on a program that includes such projects as the development of public lands in Alaska, cadastral surveys, range improvements, and the development and protection of the 2,500,000 acres of revested railroad-grant lands in Oregon and California.

The Office of Indian Affairs has postwar plans involving the expenditure of, roughly, $150,000,000 in the United States and about $10,000,000 to help the natives of Alaska. These plans are based upon the nation's continuing legal responsibility for the economic development of the Indians. They include water and power development; the conservation and development of Indian lands, forests, and mineral resources; fish and wild-life protection, and the construction, maintenance, and operation of schools, roads, hospitals, and other utilities. They call for approximately 45,000 man-years of labor, spread over the immediate postwar years. Materials with which to construct these projects will mean employment for thousands in the East and in the Middle West. More than two thirds of the cost will be self-liquidating through the collection of normal taxes.

The National Park Service is getting ready to play host to millions of vacationists again. Normal expenditures will re-

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"I never *could* understand what he sees in her."

quire an outlay of about $11,000,000 immediately following the war, providing approximately 4,300 man-years of part-time labor. The long-range program—for parkways, secondary roads and trails, administrative, utility, and residential buildings and other tourist-attracting and -serving facilities—calls for an annual expenditure of $21,500,000 over a decade. It would require annually 8,600 man-years of labor, mostly of a seasonal and intermittent nature. Since the parks are scattered throughout the country, such an expenditure would benefit all sections.

To translate the Department's whole program into reality will cost money, perhaps as much as three and three quarters billions of dollars. This seemingly vast sum, however, is only about as much as it costs to carry on the war for a fortnight.

Moreover, it is not generally realized that the Department of the Interior is self-supporting to a greater extent than most other departments of the federal government. For instance, for the fiscal year of 1945 the Department's receipts will represent approximately 62 per cent of its cash requirements. The revenues come from such sources as the sale of power, the operation of the Alaska Railroad, royalties on oil and gas wells, hunting and grazing fees, and admission fees.

As I have said before, the plans of the Department of the Interior and the programs of the other government departments and agencies depend upon the action of Congress. If the Congress is willing, the executive departments and agencies are prepared to play a major role in offering postwar job opportunities to the returning veterans.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

At the Teheran Conference, Premier Stalin told a story that still has diplomats laughing.

"The neighbor of an Arab sheik asked for the loan of a rope.

"'I cannot lend it,' replied the sheik, 'for I need it to tie up my milk with.'

"'But surely,' said the other, 'you do not tie up your milk with a rope.'

"'Brother,' said the sheik, 'when you don't want to do something, one reason is as good as another.'"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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IMPROVING YOUR AIR DIET

Continued from Page 31

tention in the future. Dust and dirt, even in relatively clean areas, plague the housewife, make housekeeping drudgery, and can even make life itself unpleasant, as hay-fever sufferers know. But dust is not inescapable. Mechanical filters or sieves of many types have been in use for some time.

Usually they are pads or mats of oiled fibers, and do a fair job of extracting the larger particles of dust, although they require rather frequent washing or replacement to assure unrestricted air flow.

Such filters, however, are ineffective in trapping the really fine particles. Cigarette smoke, for example, is actually a cloud of solid particles so small as to be almost uninfluenced by gravity. Even in perfectly still air they settle only about one thirty-second of an inch an hour. The particles are pushed about by air currents until they are caught by draperies, curtains, and upholstering, leaving an ever-present cleaning problem.

There is a type of filter that will trap them. It is an electrostatic air cleaner. The air, with its dust, is blown past an electric ionizer, where all solid particles receive an electrical charge. They are then drawn out of the air by oppositely charged plates. This device captures all dust particles impartially, little as well as big.

THE electric dust catcher has been used extensively for a number of years in industrial plants—lens-grinding rooms, for example—and in connection with the air-conditioning systems of large buildings. Experimental home-size units were placed on trial service before the war. In an average house, the unit occupies a cabinet about the size of a small refrigerator and uses about as much electricity as a radio set.

But this air cleaner is not very effective unless it is connected to the recirculated air system of the house. Thus, with steam or hot-water systems, a separate air-circulation system is required.

The first house models sold for about $225. Improved, redesigned, high-production models undoubtedly will sell for considerably less. Whatever the cost is, it will be a small price to pay for being rid of the dust-and-dirt nuisance. And electric air cleaning will recommend itself to many a hay-fever sufferer. It is perfectly feasible, for example, to install one of these units in a bedroom window to filter out dust and pollen, assuring freedom from these nasal irritants at night.

More serious than dust are bacteria. Most of them, fortunately, are harmless to humans, but many of our more common diseases, including flu and the common cold, are transmitted by air-borne bacteria. If we could maintain even partially sterile air in our homes, schools, and other public buildings, the spread of air-borne diseases would undoubtedly be greatly checked.

One tool is already available, and there may be others on the way. Engineers have developed special lamps to produce bacteria-killing ultraviolet rays. The lamps are slender glass tubes about a half inch in diameter, filled with mercury vapor, plus a bit of rare gas. When electric current is passed through the tube it emits ultraviolet light of just the right wave length to kill bacteria. Only about a penny's worth of electricity is consumed in a day.

Bactericidal lamps of this sort are already being used by the thousands in meat-curing plants, food-packaging rooms, blood banks, and the like. Some are in service as part of the air-conditioning systems of office buildings. They are also available for installation as individual units in rooms. A single lamp costs about five dollars, and with starting device and holding fixture, should come to less than ten dollars. A lamp burns continuously for about a year.

"Got licked, eh? Now maybe you'll drink your milk and eat your cereal!"

Other approaches are being made to the killing of bacteria in the home. Sprays of certain fluids have been suggested.

This method of bactericidal air conditioning is very new, however, and much more experimentation is required before it can be pronounced a success. Yet the day may come when the housewife will simply spray each room to clear it of bacteria.

Odors may be the next component of air to come under the scrutiny of air-conditioning engineers. Various methods of absorbing odors, as of tobacco smoke and cooking, are being studied in research laboratories.

It may be found possible to inject a chemical into the air stream that will neutralize all offensive odors, or to pass the air over an active substance that absorbs them.

THE most elusive of all qualities of air is freshness. Everyone has experienced the feeling that the air in a room is stuffy, even though it may not lack for oxygen. There is some evidence that the number and kind of ions—electrified particles in the air's composition—are related to the feeling of freshness. It is known also that ozone seems to make air fresher. Ozone itself, if present in more than a few parts in a million, may be harmful, so it is not yet considered safe to resort to ozone generators for freshness control in air-conditioning systems.

However, this newest aspect of air conditioning may be reduced to practicality soon.

Man's daily diet of air is at last getting the attention it deserves. We can visualize the not-distant day when the air-conditioning "chefs" will serve up to us in our homes, the year around, air maintained at a comfortable, healthful temperature and humidity, free of dust, dirt, and harmful bacteria, purified of odors, and kept perpetually fresh.

THE END

THE SENSE IN CENSORSHIP

Continued from Page 29

transactions and proper action taken to shorten the war," says Price.

"Of course, this form of censorship reporting constitutes an intrusion on privacy. But we cannot win a total war without sacrifice, and I venture to guess none of the millions who have been drafted and sent to the battle fronts, at the sacrifice of every personal consideration, if not of life itself, will be much disturbed about government examination of business papers.

"The fact is that we have found few business men who are themselves disturbed so long as their transactions are innocent and aboveboard. There are only a few black sheep, and they are the ones we're interested in. Business men know that the more thorough our job of keeping goods and dollar exchange from the enemy, the sooner the war will be over and normal trade restored."

FROM the time we entered the war our censorship has meshed with British censorship, backing up the Allied blockade in all-out economic warfare. Read business letters? Naturally, that's "the business." Each country gives the other a constantly changing list of the commercial items it needs to know about to wage war. The ten thousand readers employed by Censorship check on these items. They include obvious things like chrome, tungsten, and manganese, and things you'd never think about, like wine lees, a source of tartaric acid for plastics and synthetic rubber.

"Naturally, there is a certain exchange of information between United States and British Censorship," says the director of Censorship. "It is a fair exchange, from which both sides benefit, and it is inevitable if we are to go all out to win the war.

"This censorship relationship runs to the very root of our whole wartime attitude toward our British ally. To take one example out of many, consider the blockade of Germany, which now is showing definite results on the battlefields of Europe. The blockade is enforced by the joint action of the American and British Navies. It is administered by a joint board sitting in London. Unless that board knows how trade is moving, or is likely to move, among the neutrals, it cannot do its job."

The two censorship systems co-operated to circumvent the worst example of the transfer of American funds through in-

(Continued on page 75)

Bess Furman

THE woman who wrote The Sense in Censorship has a background of news reporting that would put many newsmen to shame. In the late '20s Bess Furman joined the AP Washington Bureau. During the next election years she wrote copy on Mrs. Hoover, Mrs. Roosevelt, covered four national conventions and two sessions of Congress. Even after she married a newspaperman and had twins she continued writing. When war came she turned her talents over to the OWI, but at present Miss Furman is on the New York Times' Washington staff. By a happy coincidence, she and her husband have adjoining offices even though they work for different newspapers.

Dear Sir Sportsman Shaving Lotion derives its name from its nature... Brings outdoors indoors... Glows and tingles with the weatherbeaten welcome of the open spaces... Cooling, comforting and, above all, unimpeachably masculine... At better stores.

Sportsman

TOILETRIES FOR MEN

Distinctly Masculine • Decidedly Correct

In handsome wood-capped bottles with full-color reproductions of sports paintings by famous American artists. Shaving Lotion, Cologne, Hair Dressing, 4 oz., $1.50; 8 oz., $2.50 • Sportsman Talc 75¢, $1.00 • Shaving Bowls $1.50 and $2.50 • Sportsman Gift Packages $1.50 to $10.00. Plus tax

JOHN HUDSON MOORE, INC. • 663 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

These people buy a battleship —every week!

Meet John S——— and Mary D———

John works at an electronics plant on Long Island, and makes $85 a week. Almost 16% of it goes into War Bonds.

Mary has been driving rivets into the hide of one bomber after another out at an airplane plant on the West Coast. She makes $55 a week, and puts 14% of it into War Bonds.

John and Mary are typical of more than 27 million Americans on the Payroll Savings Plan who, every single month, put a half a BILLION dollars into War Bonds. That's enough to buy one of those hundred-million-dollar battleships every week, with enough money for an aircraft carrier and three or four cruisers left over.

In addition, John and Mary and the other people on the Payroll Plan have been among the biggest buyers of *extra* Bonds in every War Loan Drive.

When you come to figure out the total job that John and Mary have done, it's a little staggering.

They've made the Payroll Savings Plan the backbone of the whole War Bond-selling program.

They've helped keep prices down and lick inflation.

They've financed a good share of our war effort all by themselves, and they've tucked away billions of dollars in savings that are going to come in mighty handy for both them and their country later on.

When this war is finally won, and we start giving credit where credit is due, don't forget John and Mary. After the fighting men, they deserve a place right at the top of the list. They've earned it.

6th WAR LOAN

You've backed the attack—now speed the Victory!

LIBERTY MAGAZINE

This is an official U.S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

(Continued from page 73)
termediaries in neutral countries to the Axis. This was the German ransom racket in the early days of the war. Relatives in this country of Jewish people held in German concentration camps would be given the opportunity to ransom them for large sums, to be paid to some agent in Switzerland. The ransomed person would be given a Swiss visa. The Allies took the firm stand that Germany was not to be supplied with foreign exchange through the sale of human beings, and since their racket depended on use of the mails, it was summarily stopped.

It would be impossible to estimate how much commercial censorship has helped our own government in its conduct of the war. Censorship intercepts have given the Maritime Commission warnings that merchant ships were about to pass into alien hands in time to stop the transactions. In one month this year, intercepts furnished the basis of thirty-eight cases brought by the Immigration and Naturalization Service, which is charged with alien control.

EXECUTIVES in the Office of the Alien Property Custodian have said that intercepts have been especially valuable in locating enemy-owned and -controlled patents and patent applications, about 45,000 of which have now been taken over. They have also been helpful in securing control of other types of enemy property. About $180,000,000 worth of actual enemy equity is now in the hands of the government.

A graphic chart made by the WPB last year showed that censorship intercepts had been put to 535 different uses. In one war year, one branch of FEA located through such information 123 critical items with a value of $2,798,314.

An FEA official says that 60 per cent of the cases of violations of export licenses are discovered through censorship. Notable among these is the case against Anton Smit & Co., big industrial diamond exporters who transferred their business from Belgium to this country because of the war. An intercepted letter from Anton Smit & Co. to a Swedish firm first tipped off FEA that this company had smuggled out large amounts of industrial diamond bort in the shanks of oversized drills fitted with industrial diamonds. The letter said that if the drills *were dipped in an acid bath it would obtain the desired result.* Expert opinion was that the acid

"And thank *you* for a marvelous temperature!"

Ambassador WINES
are the *Better* wines

In 1791 America sent her first Ambassador to Portugal

IMAGINE . . . over 600 different varieties of grapes . . . then only the very finest are selected for Ambassador Wines . . . the Better Wines.

These choice grapes, the finest selections of each variety from EVERY traditionally famous California Wine district, are then carefully and skillfully made into fine wines by the "Old Masters" of California vintners. Then, after years of slowly developing, the Old Masters select only the top bracket wines to send you as Ambassador Wines . . . the Better Wines for your enjoyment.

Buy War Bonds now to enjoy fine things in future

Wines of FRUIT INDUSTRIES LTD.
San Francisco

BEST GIFT BUY – WAR BONDS • NEXT BEST – KREISLER JEWELRY

KREISLER
JEWELRY *Creations*
FOR LADIES AND MEN—$3 TO $20
Made by master craftsmen and stylists long identified with the manufacture of the finest in platinum and diamond jewelry

Styled by JACQUES KREISLER

Do *You* . . .
LONG WISTFULLY
for
REVEALING GOWNS
—DENIED YOU BECAUSE OF

PSORIASIS

It is a tragedy indeed when really glamorous women are unable to wear revealing gowns because of psoriasis lesions. If you have been facing this situation try *SIROIL*. Results may amaze you. *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linens, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. L-53, Detroit 26, Mich.
Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

"Well, what is it you're after this time?"

mentioned would ruin the drills. It was eventually learned that its purpose was to melt the bronze plug that sealed the industrial diamonds in their hiding places. This became an important court case. Leonard J. A. Smit, president of the American firm, was fined $20,000 and has started to serve a year's jail sentence. His firm was fined $102,000.

CENSORSHIP has given the Federal Bureau of Investigation invaluable aid in its fight against espionage and sabotage. In August, 1942, for instance, the Office of Censorship was asked to watch for cables, letters, and phone calls about *dolls*. Who would ever have suspected that dolls could have anything to do with the security of the country? But references to dolls were indeed found in the business mails. Some months later, the F. B. I. arrested Velvalee Dickinson, importer of expensive antique dolls, with a shop on New York's Madison Avenue, on a charge of violating the censorship laws by using unauthorized code in her communications. In code letters discussing dolls, she allegedly had sent details of the damage to U. S. warships at Pearl Harbor to South America —information which from there could easily have been relayed to a Japanese agent.

At the trial it was revealed that this middle-aged American woman, graduate of a California college, who in earlier years had close business connections with West Coast Japanese produce growers, had received a tremendous amount of money from the Japanese government as an informant. Some of this money was paid to her ten days before Pearl Harbor, indicating that she had information that the Japanese intended to go to war with this country at least ten days before they struck at Pearl Harbor. Although she tried to convince the judge and jury that her dead husband had been the informant, she received the maximum sentence of a $10,000 fine and ten years in prison.

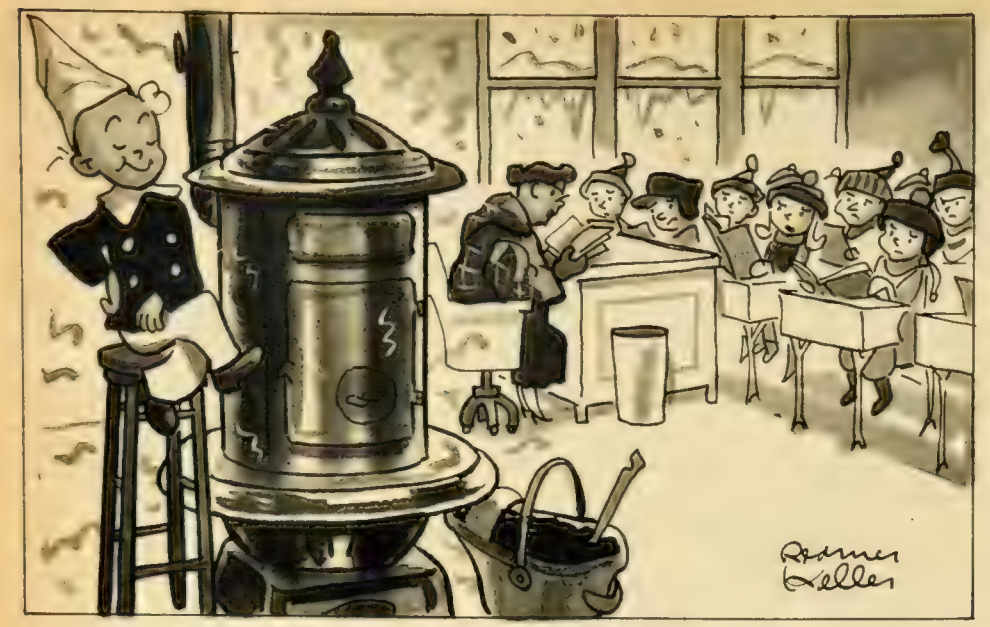
The office of Censorship has a motto on all its instruction books. It is: "What Does Not Concern War Does Not Concern Censorship." Only about one in a thousand of the messages that it reads concerns censorship. But that one may be important indeed. So whether it's dollars or dolls, it would seem wise to let Censorship go on with its business, thus hastening the end of the war—and of censorship.

THE END

Make that precious shut-eye count! Most of us carry extra loads these days. We contribute after-hours to some war effort. (Or certainly, we should!) So every minute spent in rest must be one of *complete relaxation*... the kind you get on a Beautyrest mattress. If you own a Beautyrest, you're lucky. Those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those inside ventilators will see that *you* relax completely, sleep soundly. Take good care of your Beautyrest, because we don't know when you can buy another. Simmons' prewar Beautyrest facilities are deep in war production now! If you need a *new* mattress, we recommend WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress—plump, durable, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! It's $39.50. NEWS!—the government has permitted us to make a limited quantity of Beautyrest Box Springs at $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P.S. DID YOU BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS THIS WEEK?



TROUBLE FOR THE CHAMP

Continued from Page 19

another suffered losses from clotheslines, hen houses, and pigpens. Six Shirt sensed their hostility.

They've come to see me lose, he thought, and the agony of his soul cried out within him. Why, I can't lose! If I ain't the checker champeen, I'm nothing—nothing but a dirty bum. So he tightened his sash-cord belt, walked around his nail keg three times, and sat down again determined to do his best.

Five minutes later he lost his fourth game. Charley beat him by a new blocking game he'd never seen before, but he heard that Doc Moore had learned when he went down to see the state title match.

"I'm going to take the next game with the same system and in twenty-six moves," said the Indian. He didn't have to say, "Then I'll be the new champion."

A small murmur of excitement passed through the hitherto silent crowd. Everyone there knew the Sonora County rule that if the champion lost "five games at a sitting" his title was forfeited. Six Shirt sighed and sat inert, his great hands hanging down to the floor, his gray face beaded with sweat like raindrops on a lump of fresh putty.

Charley's swift purposeful fingers set the board and the play began. This time he talked as he played, not to Six Shirt, but to the assembled spectators.

"Boys," he said, "they'll try me next court day. They'll send me to the gas chamber at San Quentin. That's all right by me, but I want my rights afterward."

The crowd stirred.

"I want to be buried where I want to be," Charley declared aggressively. "And I got a right to have as big a gravestone as I got money to buy."

"Sure," said Lem. "That's customary."

"Do you promise to see I get it?"

"Sure," said Lem.

"All right. I got twelve hundred dollars in the bank. I want to be buried right here on Graveyard Hill, and I want a pink granite tombstone two feet higher than anybody else has got."

Six Shirt paid little attention to Charley's talk, fascinated as he was in the way the Indian was again marshaling his men to form the block. Too late he saw how he could have broken it. Now he did not have the men to sacrifice. Charley went right on talking.

"Now, here's what I want carved on my pink tombstone, and I want it in big letters, six inches high, cut deep and painted black so they'll show up real good.

"On the first line tell 'em to put 'Executed,' and then the date. On the line below that put 'Checker Champeen of Sonora County,' just like Six Shirt has got on his sign, bad spelling and all. After that put 'Pitchers Free for Nothing.'"

A wild cry from Six Shirt cut through the awed silence. "Why, that'll ruin my tourist business!"

(*Continued on page 80*)

"I know a smoother number!"—says HI to HATT

SMOOTH AS SILK but not "HIGH HAT"

KESSLER'S BLENDED WHISKEY

True Pre-War Quality

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 75% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

. . . With His Aeronca Program For A Small Airport!

"Anyone can *build* an airport", Joe told the City Fathers, "but here in Centerville we want our airport to be a *paying proposition!* I've given a lot of thought and study to this problem, and I'm convinced that *Aeronca* has the answers. The Aeronca program is based on 16 years of leadership in the personal plane business, and includes lessons learned by scores of successful Aeronca airplane dealers operating from small airports."

No wonder the Council unanimously agreed when Joe concluded, "I think we ought to get *all the facts* from Aeronca right now!"

Plan—today—to make the small airport in *your* community a profit-maker. Find out about Aeronca's *complete program.* Fill out and mail the coupon without delay, and lay the foundation for *your* success in post-war aviation!

Small Airports Can Pay! Get These Important Books Now!

AMERICA'S PERSONAL PLANE

AERONCA

AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

Al Bennett, Director of Sales,
Aeronca Aircraft Corporation, Middletown, O.

Please send me the illustrated booklets checked below. I enclose 10c for each booklet.

☐ "HOW TO MAKE SMALL AIRPORTS PAY WITH AERONCA"
☐ "WHY YOU SHOULD BE AN AERONCA DEALER"

Name.....

Address.....

City and State..... 11216

"If you were the least bit patriotic we'd go south this winter and save fuel."

(*Continued from page 78*)

"You catch on quick," said Charley, and with contemptuous finality he moved the last man to complete the block.

The spectators went whooping out through the corridor to broadcast the story of his defeat and humiliation. Six Shirt sat perfectly still. Charley picked up the checkerboard and shoved it under the bunk. Then he threw a blanket over his head and sat cross-legged, swaying slightly as he sang to himself in Piute, or Digger, or Washoe, or whatever half-remembered tongue he'd learned from his grandparents. Six Shirt didn't know what language it was, but the cadence he recognized. It was a scalp song.

The pink tombstone would be a camera attraction against which he could never compete, and an everlasting cloud on any future claim he might make to the title. "Ruined, completely ruined," he whispered, but his voice carried the vibrant ring of self-challenge.

Suddenly he was free from panic. He looked at Charley's shrouded figure no longer with consternation, not even with hate, but with admiration at the diabolical cleverness of his adversary.

It would take intricate contriving to get himself out of this situation, and intricate contriving was the breath of life to the ex-champion.

Daylight faded and the pack rats squeaked for Six Shirt to let them out on their night's hunting expedition, but Six Shirt did not hear them. His mind was grinding like a ball mill.

By-and-by he said, "Charley, I never saw a color of your gold."

The blanket dropped to Charley's chin. "You lie. You told Ben how to take a flashlight and pick the nuggets and big flakes out of the riffles in my sluice on Friday night, because you knew I cleaned up on Saturday."

"Ben knew that."

"Sure, but Ben was too dumb to sell stolen gold without getting caught. You ain't. So you took half, or better."

"Look, would I be laying out a forty-dollar fine in this dump if I had that—"

"Sure you would! You're smart! Laying in jail makes a swell alibi."

Six Shirt shook his head, but he knew the Indian's reasoning was perfect. He could only insist, "Ben must have cached the gold on his goat ranch."

Charley looked disgusted. "Ben wasn't that dumb. Annie might have found it and give it back to me. Annie's honest."

"Must have cached it some place else, then," said Six Shirt. The ball mill in his mind ground on.

Out in the foyer beyond the bars Lem lit the hanging lamp. "You boys want any supper?"

Both of them said, "No!"—the first time in their lives they had turned down food.

"Say!" said Six Shirt. "They can't send a man to the gashouse for killing a sluice robber, even if he did use an axe!"

"Maybe not," said Lem, "if he makes a defense, but Charley says he won't make any defense at all." Lem picked up his

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is worth a pound of cure!

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

—*from the findings of a group of distinguished doctors.*

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

coat and went out through the corridor.

Six Shirt glared at the Indian. "Dang you, are you trying to get executed?"

Charley grinned and closed his eyes.

Some time later Six Shirt asked quite casually, "When was it you caught Ben working your sluice?"

"Not till two weeks ago Friday. But the buzzard had been at it all summer. Annie as good as told me so herself, because when I lost him in the dark I run down to the goat ranch and Annie said he'd been sneaking out every Friday night and she was satisfied he was messing around with you some place."

"I wasn't out of town all summer, and I can prove it," said Six Shirt.

Charley paid no heed to him, but went on talking. "So I was thinking about you as I walked back up the canyon to my place. Then I got to the Thunder Mountain cliffs. I was across the creek from the foot of it when the earthquake came and shook the world like a dog shakes a rat."

"Yeh," said Six Shirt. "I remember. It was bad down here."

"All at once I felt different. Before, I was a halfway white, like my father. Suddenly I was a real hundred-per-cent Indian—like my grandfather. I was running up the road trying to get away from that earthquake devil that lives in Thunder Mountain. Long time ago my grandfather told me and my father if we didn't quit tearing into the mountain that devil would get us. We didn't have no sense. My father, he fell and broke his neck. Still I didn't have no sense. But when I heard that devil roar and start throwing big rocks around I got sense quick.

"I ran so fast the devil couldn't catch me then. Of course I knew he'd get me pretty quick, but I wanted to get even with you first for getting Ben to rob me. So I went to Doc Moore and spent ten days following him around, and while he waited for a baby to be born or something he'd teach me to play checkers real good.

"Then," Charley continued, "this afternoon, I heard Annie come into town yelling for my hide, so I knew how the devil had fixed it to get me. I ran right to the jail and give myself up."

"While all this was going on, when did you have time to kill Ben?"

Charley's eyes glittered vividly, but his mouth shut like a bear trap.

Six Shirt sighed. "O. K. So you want to get gassed because the devil's going to get you anyway, and you've fixed it so that pink tombstone will ruin me permanent."

CHARLEY'S face showed the quiet calm of a man who has accomplished his purpose in life. Six Shirt sat very still, too, but his little pig eyes batted vigorously as the ball mill in his mind finished grinding out his scheme.

Then he said, "Charley, Lem Helker is going to fetch all them nuggets Ben stole and pour 'em right into your hand."

Charley's eyes opened and his hand was thrust out in a swift, involuntary gesture for he loved his gold. Then he came to himself. "Oh, so you're trying to buy me off!"

"Won't you feel silly when Lem tells you he found the nuggets on Ben, and you've been wasting that high-powered Injun hate on the wrong man?"

The glitter in Charley's eyes dimmed for a second. Muddy-brown confusion took its place. He hastily pulled the blanket over his head and began singing again.

Six Shirt got to his feet.

The next fifteen minutes he moved his great bulk with the silent, purposeful speed of a stalking bear. At the back of the cell he pried one of the flagstones out of the floor and carefully lowered the old cage containing the two pack rats into the hole. He got in himself and, standing shoulder deep, pulled the flagstone into place.

He had one or two bad moments getting through the short tunnel, for he'd put on considerable weight since he'd used it last, but once out in the manzanita thicket back of the courthouse he ran like an athlete toward Lem's bachelor quarters a half mile out on the Sonora road.

Not long afterward Six Shirt was driving Lem's topless touring car up a narrow shelf of mountain road, when Lem woke up on the seat beside him.

"Sorry I had to sock you from behind," said Six Shirt. "But I got to have a reliable witness, or Charley will think I got the gold from a cache of my own."

"I'll witness you right into San Quentin," Lem growled. "Git these handcuffs off me!"

"Not till you're reasonable, and I think you will be when I also prove I'm going to save an innocent man from the gashouse."

"Charley wouldn't go to the gashouse anyway, you dumb ox!"

"Oh, yes he would. With Annie crying on the witness stand and Charley doing everything he can to make it look bad for himself it would be first degree murder with no recommendation, and you know it."

Lem grunted, "Charley never killed Ben, and I was going to get you and your rats right after supper so's we could find the body and prove it. But you had to go off half-cocked and kidnap me."

"Well, I ain't no mind reader," Six Shirt protested.

THE car rolled into a deep canyon to the bank of a small stream. Six Shirt pulled the hand brake. Ahead the black bulk of Thunder Mountain towered two thousand feet above the radiator cap. Six Shirt leaned over and fumbled around until he had the sheriff's handcuffs unlocked.

A thicket of young firs filled the two hundred feet of broken ground between the stream and the sheer face of the cliff. "There," said Six Shirt, pointing, "is where a dumbell like Ben would cache something. A place that looks just like a hiding place, and it's the only one down here." He reached behind for the rat cage and handed it to Lem.

Lem got out of the car and hopped across the stream and set the cage down on a strip of grass. "And right here," Lem said, "is where Annie said she found that arm this morning. Coyote must have fetched it from some place."

"No," said Six Shirt. "Must have been a skunk or a coon." He jumped the stream himself and began gathering dry wood. Then he touched a match to a bunch of dead fir needles and the fire blazed up through the wood. "A coyote won't go near a body unless he's starving."

Six Shirt got down on his knees, opened the door of the cage, and watched the rats disappear among the firs. They were cunning little creatures, very unlike the long-tailed gangster house rats of the cities. Somehow they and their kind had acquired an instinct to pick up any object that smelt of man to carry back to their nest. Six Shirt learned that by making use of this instinct his rats could find bodies in difficult country where they might have remained hidden forever. Prospectors and trappers, usually, who had met death in thick cover. Six Shirt and his rats went out on such a job every year or two.

Lem said, "I still can't understand that severed arm, but the rats ought to find Ben in a hurry and then we'll know."

Six Shirt said dolefully, "Finding Ben will be all right for you, but it won't do me a bit of good unless we find them nuggets. I got to change Charley's mind for

Below is shown an airliner of the future designed by The Glenn L. Martin Co.

CROWN LUGGAGE

Will Fly the Airways of Tomorrow

While airlines have been drawing post-war plans, we've been making ours. When peace comes and you can buy tickets for all over the globe, you'll need appropriate luggage. CROWN will have it—a handsome selection of streamlined aeroplane type luggage.

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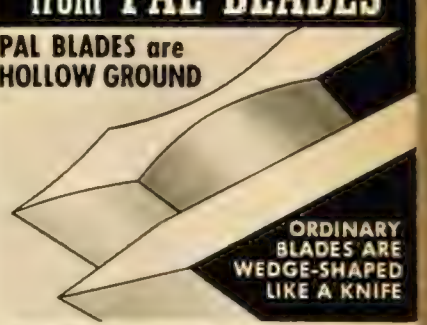
BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE

HERE'S WHY you get better shaves—more shaves from PAL BLADES



You'll feel the difference with your first Pal Shave!

Pal's patented Hollow-Grinding makes it keener, more flexible. So you shave without bearing down — you get a *Feathertouch* shave and the blade lasts longer. For the quickest, coolest, shave you've ever had—try Pal tomorrow.

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10 for 25¢

PAL DOUBLE EDGE SINGLE EDGE

HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR BLADES

NOW . . . try shampooing with Natural Oils

Contains no harsh chemicals . . . Not a synthetic product

A shampoo for the whole family

NOW AVAILABLE for you . . . Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo combines mild Cocoanut Oil and vegetable oils into a perfectly blended shampoo.

NO DULL FILM hides hair beauty after shampooing with this Saponified Cocoanut Oil Formula because it's *double-filtered.*

NOT DRYING . . . helps make your hair surprisingly softer . . . silkier.

"MOUNTAINS OF LATHER" in hard or soft water with only a small amount of the shampoo.

PATENTED RINSING AGENT . . . Goes into action when rinse water is applied. Helps damp hair comb out easily without snarling.

DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT . . . Leaves hair sweetly scented. Antiseptic, yet has no "antiseptic" odor.

FOR DANDRUFF . . . ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo, the only Shampoo made whose *guarantee* to remove dandruff with the *first* application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms.

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Midwest Radio Corporation—since 1920, famous for fine radios, and their factory-to-you selling plan with savings up to 50%—looks to the post-war future. To build the kind of radio you want, they ask you now to submit a letter on the subject: "What I Want In My Post-War Radio." For the 11 best letters, Midwest will give $1,000.00 in War Bonds. Letters must not exceed 200 words and you may send as many entries as you wish. Letters will be judged on the practical value of the ideas contained therein and the decision of the judges will be final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight December 31, 1944. Contest is open to all except employees of Midwest Radio Corporation, their advertising agency, and members of their families. Winners will be notified on January 31, 1945. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First Prize . . . . . $500 in War Bonds
Second Prize . . . . $200 in War Bonds
Third Prize . . . . . $100 in War Bonds
and eight prizes of a $25 War Bond each.

Send your entry to Contest Editor at the address shown below.

MIDWEST RADIO

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
Dept. 23-C Cincinnati 2, O.

him, or he'll think up some other way of getting himself bumped off before I can get back my champeenship."

He closed his eyes and concentrated on listening for the rats.

It was minutes or hours before one of them came out of the brush, dropped a small object just inside the door of the cage, and ran back into the thicket.

"Quick! Get the flashlight and line out the direction he takes," Six Shirt ordered.

"O. K. I got it."

"Hold it there." Six S[illegible]t shoved a hand through the door of the cage. Hope died down when he touched the thing. It was no nugget, but a finger ring made from a horseshoe nail such as Ben Grubbs always wore.

Six Shirt got up and walked straight down the light beam and crashed into the firs like a tank. The branches closed around him, shutting out the light and leaving him with a sensation of smothering.

"Always nothing happens like it ought," he mumbled. "Ben must've put the nuggets in a bottle. The rats can't fetch 'em."

He plowed doggedly on for a few feet and suddenly came onto a man-made trail, leading straight to the cliff. Soon he was stumbling over broken trees and fragments of fallen rock. At the foot of the cliff was a rock as big as a piano half buried in torn soil and splintered trees.

Six Shirt took a deep breath, gagged, and started coughing. Lem went poking around with his flashlight, holding his left hand over his nose, grumbling, "Well, I ain't going to dig up no evidence from under that. Doc can come up here and hold his inquest if he won't take my word for it."

"Yeh, but the gold!" wailed Six Shirt. "If we don't find the gold, I'm sunk, I tell you! I'll be playing second fiddle to a pink tombstone for the rest of my life."

He clambered over the top of the rock and peered down into a two-foot gap between the rock and the face of the cliff. Long breathless moments of stretching, fumbling, and grunting, and his groping fingers closed on a battered tobacco can thrust into a crack right at the foot of the cliff. It was heavy—like solid lead.

Six Shirt slid off the rock and fought his way through the blinding fir branches, screeching, "I got it! I got it!"

ON the way home Six Shirt was sadly philosophical, which meant he was happy. He was saying, "Greed is the curse of us humans. Old Ben, he was just reaching for his ill-gotten gains when *wham!*—the rock came down and cut him loose from his greedy clutching hand!"

Then he said softly, "Lem, you'll explain to Charley, won't you, that seeing as the earthquake devil got Ben, he'll probably be satisfied?"

By and by Lem said, "All right, Six Shirt. I'll convince him he ain't in no immediate danger of extermination."

Still Six Shirt wasn't easy in his mind until, when Lem was pouring the nuggets out into Charley's hand, the glitter in the Indian's eyes flickered out and they became the usual adobe brown. The fire of hate and the urge of fear had died. Charley said, "Heck, I'm sleepy!"

"Look," said Six Shirt. "You don't sleep till I win back my champeenship." He reached under the bunk for the checkerboard. "Maybe you ain't grateful for having your life saved, but you got to remember I also saved you from wasting ten or twelve hundred dollars on that damn pink tombstone."

"That's right," Charley admitted. "So if you want to, I'll play."

And as Six Shirt surmised, Charley once again was only class-B competition.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WAR is not waged on the scale of our current great battles without grievous cost. I'm not referring to the death toll, alone. There are also the legless, the blind, the maimed, the disfigured, and those who come home nervous invalids.

Virtually every American community, presently, may have some returned members who have served their country at a cost far beyond that of their comrades—and every one of us at home bears a heavy responsibility in assisting their recovery and readjustment to normalcy.

His choice

"But what has this to do with me?" I hear some readers ask.

Brother, and sister, it has *everything* to do with you. *You're* the one they meet when, moving unsurely on a newly acquired artificial leg, or wearing a patch over a missing eye, or with a battle scar across their faces, these disabled veterans venture out on the street for the first time after months of treatment.

If you meet these convalescents, don't stare. Don't ask questions. Don't offer unneeded assistance in crossing the street or boarding a trolley.

For these men are fighting the battle of their lives in many instances. They wish to be regarded neither as heroes nor as helpless beings. They're fighting to recover self-confidence and to live normal human lives again. Morbid curiosity and thoughtlessness on the part of civilians may pierce or even destroy the psychological armor they've slowly and painfully built up to shield themselves.

That's the emphatic warning given us by Major General Norman T. Kirk, Surgeon General of the Army. His department is doing all it can for the disabled. They receive the best medical and surgical attention this nation can provide, until finally they are ready to go home.

"The most important thing which friends and relatives of the disabled can do is to treat them naturally—as normal men," General Kirk stressed recently. "Attention should not be forced upon them. People should not shudder at their afflictions and they should not be gushed over. These men are hypersensitive.

"Give some sympathy, sure. The injured man needs to know that his family and friends care for him. That is very important. But they must also know this soldier is no longer a 'boy,' except to his mother, who will always think he is, and he should not be so treated.

"The wounded soldier must be allowed to do things for himself. If he finds he can tie his own tie or lace his own shoes, it is much better that he do it than it be done for him. He must discover that he can do these and other things to give himself confidence.

"Parents, relatives, and friends should not attempt to minimize the result of his injury. They must be realistic and honest. They should not tell him he looks fine when he doesn't. But they can tell him he will soon be as good as new."

Plenty of men and women have overcome grave disabilities and lived happy and useful lives. Let's all do our part to speed the rehabilitation of these men to whom we owe so much.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Sarge, I see by an old newspaper that there's been considerable debate in Washington over disposal of surplus military property after this war. A lot of the boys in my platoon have been talking over what sort of left-over equipment they'd choose to take home. Me, I don't want a jeep, a peep, a tank, or even a WAC in good condition. I just want one of those cute little Waves whose pictures I have long admired. Can you arrange it?

Sgt. H. W., Somewhere in France.

As one sarge to another, I'd like to oblige. But—did you say a Wave? Neither the Navy Department nor the Redistribution Division of the War Production Board has influence enough to swing one of those choice items your way. You'll have to wait until you get home and then negotiate direct. Here's luck!

* * *

Can you clear up several problems about National Service Life Insurance? How are the payments made to a beneficiary under thirty years of age, and how to one over thirty? What happens if the beneficiary dies before all payments have been made?

S 2/c H. G., Chicago, Ill.

A beneficiary under thirty receives 240 equal monthly installments of $5.51 for each $1,000 of insurance carried by the serviceman. A beneficiary over thirty receives payments in equal monthly installments at a rate calculated to pay off the policy's total guarantee in 120 months, and if he survives beyond that 120-month period, payments nevertheless will be continued during his remaining lifetime. If a beneficiary should pre-decease the insured, or should not live to receive all the guaranteed payments, the law provides for payment of the balance to next of kin within a specified group.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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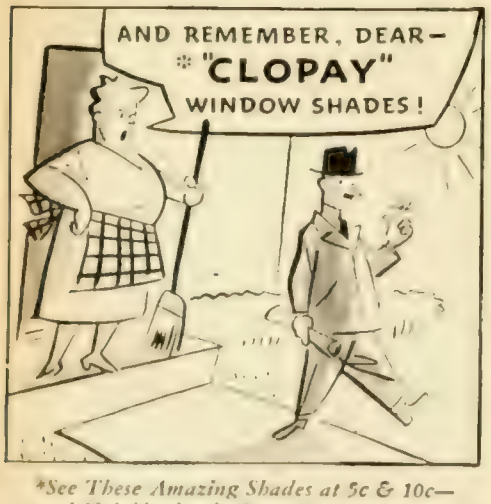

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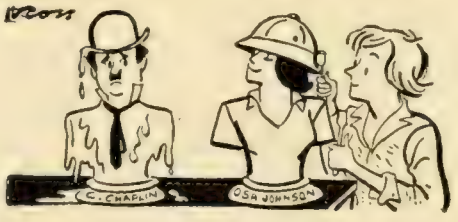
Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

CHAPLIN MELTED: When Sally Clark, African explorer and sculptor, was unable to get new bronze for a bust of Osa Johnson, because it is needed for war equipment, she melted down an old Charlie Chaplin and with the government's permission, turned Charlie into Osa. She had twenty-seven pounds in Charlie, but Osa required only twenty-four.

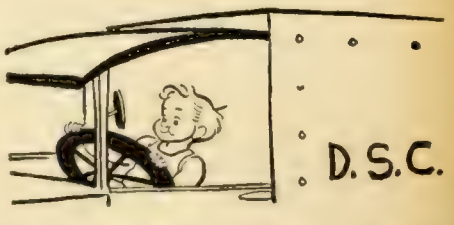
BLESSED ASSURANCE: Pediatricians and child psychologists these days are giving mothers and their young a wonderful, warm, free-for-all, live-and-let-live



green light on eating, sleeping, hugging and kissing. It may be that the doctors see so many families broken up by the war that they acknowledge the hunger of children and their mothers for extra helpings of love and flexibility. With mother working at volunteer or paid work outside the home, it is only natural that she should want Little Willie to stay up till eight o'clock even though he isn't yet three. He needs her affection, and, boy! does she need his! There's a great crop of recent books, too, that give comfort to the baffled mother who is often bowed down by a sense of responsibility in these days when she must be both father and mother. Says Louise P. Woodcock in Life and Ways of the Two-Year-Old, "In some cases, attacking has been the first general method of advance on the part of children who seemed later to be especially sociably constituted. Three small boys in different groups, each of whom came later to be more than usually graceful in his social contacts, showed at first a persistent impulse to bite or to push over some of the children to whom they seemed most drawn." This is music in the ears of the mother whose carnivorous pride and joy not only bites and shoves, but tries his savage best to poke his best friend's eyes out. Another book full of sympathetic understanding of the child and his bewildered parent is Ruth Wendell Washburn's Children Have Their Reasons—the title itself speaks volumes! In discussing the overworked word "no," she observes that it is "one of the first words that a young child learns, and is likely to be the immediate response to every proposition made to him. . . . Everybody hates to be bossed, and since a child more frequently finds himself in situations in which he must be bossed, he, more often than others, tries to shake off authority. . . . With all his energy and desire to find out seething within him, it must be deeply disappointing to a child to find some one standing between him and many of the apparently available things. 'No, you can't have that. It's your father's. . . . No, you mustn't go near the stove, it will burn you. No, the cook doesn't want you in the kitchen while she is busy.' Does a child really use 'No' more often than his parents?" The answer is *NO!*

IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT: Ellis E. Lipsitz of Buffalo, New York, entered the Army a year ago, and left his wife in charge of his motor-sales business. She has done so well by him and it, that the concern has had to move to larger quarters. . . . While Robert Hesson of Somerset Corners, New York, was racing his car to the hospital, his over-impulsive wife gave birth to their daughter en route. This so unnerved the new father that he swooned, and the automobile crashed into an electric-light pole. A passing Samaritan picked up the trio and finished the trip to the hospital, where all three are doing nicely.

COMMERCIAL CANDOR: Said Milliner Sally Victor, interviewed by Lois Long on her radio program, "Of course women like this season's emphasis on *more hat.* They certainly don't pay *my* prices just to keep their heads warm!" Her restrained comment on the casual fashion of wearing a ribbon or a flower instead of a hat was, "A gardenia won't do for a woman what a hat will." She likes faces to show, and feels a hat should cling to its occupant's



head. I wish she'd go a step outside her field and use her influence to curb the tiresome fad of wearing a coat flung over the shoulders, sleeves flapping in the winter breezes.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

My bid for immortality
Presents me with a chance to be
A great composer, heaven-sent,
Or maybe even President.
How fine to serve the human race
And leave the world a better place!
But from my urchin's predilections
Today, I fear that such directions
Of thought and hope are wasted dreams
And life is truly what it seems.
So I'm prepared to live again
And be among my fellow men
That paragon of brawn and pluck,
The driver of our garbage truck.
And come to think of it, I guess
He *really* makes for happiness.

G. I. SANTA AND THE HEAD-HUNTERS

Continued from Page 35

had to go by the board. The results were sometimes ludicrous. Majestic brown butlers from the homes of high administration officials found themselves on the end of a shovel with a harried sergeant behind them who didn't give a damn for their dignity. Humble stump grubbers and field laborers found themselves assigned as personal servants to full colonels. Colonel Douglas Pitt, G1 of the New Guinea force, first drew as batman a Koiari native who polished his knee boots with his silver-mounted hairbrushes!

In time the tragicomic confusion straightened itself out, but then a second cataclysm engulfed the native way of life—inflation!

Most natives, even those who had not actually served terms of indenture, accumulated small hoards of New Guinea shillings—silver coins slightly smaller than a quarter, with a hole in the center, and worth about seventeen cents. This currency seeped into even the most remote, uncivilized districts. Whenever a native craved tobacco or calico for a loincloth, or a village needed an ax or bush knife or new supply of fishhooks or iron spearheads, a few of these shillings would trickle out to the nearest trade store.

When war came, the trade stores either closed or gradually exhausted their stocks. Suddenly the simple savage found what many more sophisticated white tribes have found to their sorrow in times of stress—that money has value only when it can buy something at a reasonable price. The word ran like wildfire into the darkest corners of the jungle: Money, shillings, "marks," were no good any more.

THE first effect of this was to quadruple the value of stick tobacco, which had always been a sort of secondary currency. The second was a growth of restlessness and an increase in the number of desertions from labor battalions. True, the administration units persuaded the high-ups to bring in enough trade goods to smother an outright strike among Army laborers, but the villages out in the bush received little benefit and no "trade," except on a "black market" at extortionate prices.

Devaluation of currency had all sorts of extraordinary repercussions. Sophisticated villages like Pari and Hanuabada, near Port Moresby, made patriotic gestures—brought out their hoards of shillings and gave them to the resident magistrate to buy Australian war bonds. They calculated that since they couldn't spend their money in the ordinary way, they might as well buy a little approbation with it. Probably, too, they understood that it would earn interest and one day regain its normal value. Village contributions to Australian bond drives ran as high as $1,000 and made heartthrob headlines in the Australian newspapers.

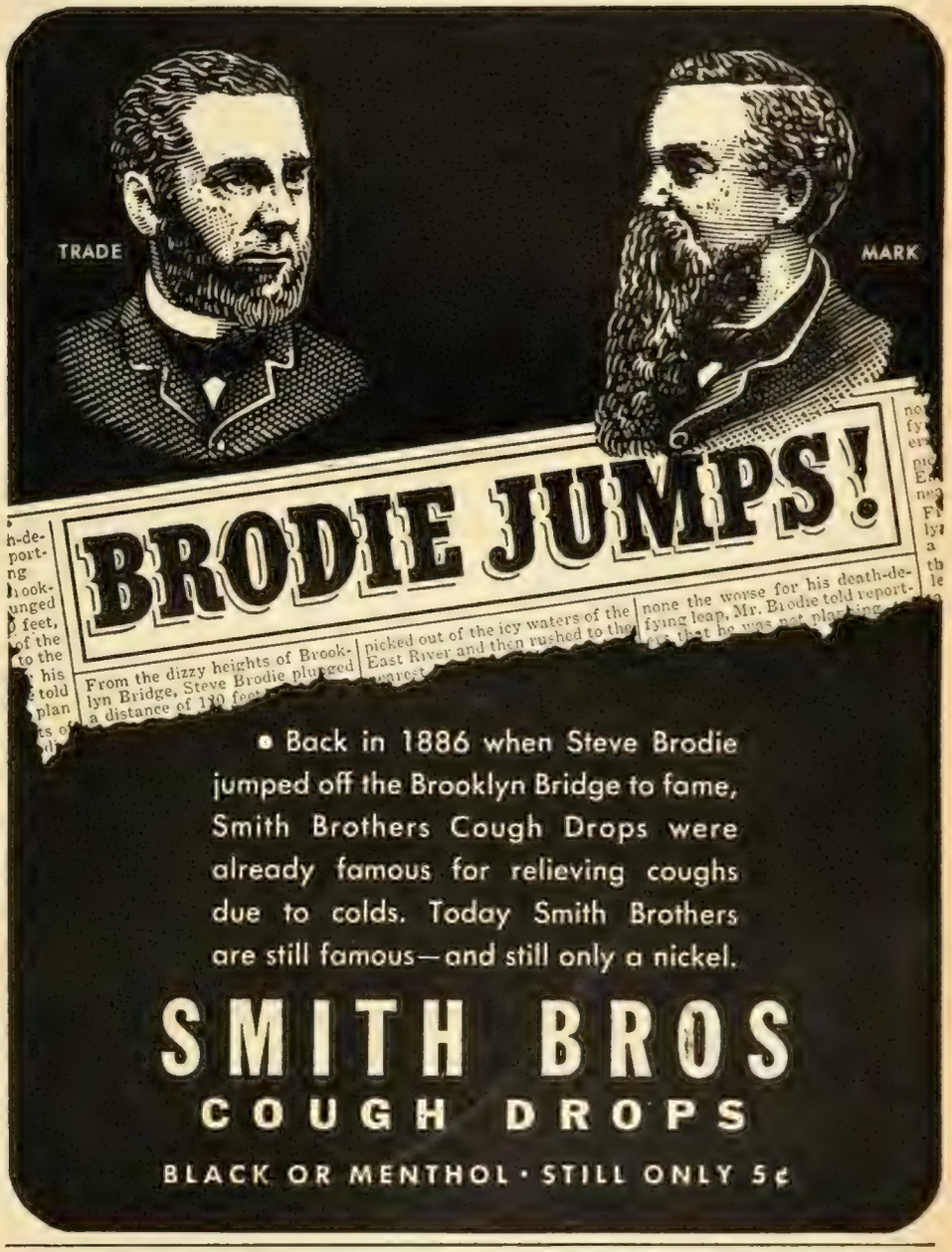
When Allied planes first began to raid Japanese island bases, the crews were advised always to carry a few shillings and a package of razor blades and fishhooks in case they were forced down and had to seek native help.

As it happened, scores of fliers had to seek—and usually got—native help after forced landings or bail-outs over the jungle or sea. After a time, returning survivors began to report that the natives looked on coinage very indifferently. One Texan crew of the Fifth Air Force, forced down to the east of New Guinea, reported that they had bought a canoe from a native chief and given him a paper promising to pay either 300 Australian pounds (about $1,000) or six cans of sardines!

Shillings were then omitted from the list of "portable trade," and airplane rivets substituted. An Australian crew which came down in the jungle behind Wewak said the natives had gone wild with delight over a handful of duralumin rivets which the engineer happened to have in a pocket of his overalls. They thrust them through the pierced septa of their noses and into their ear lobes and thought them magnificent adornment.

Even at comparatively well-supplied bases like Milne Bay or Port Moresby, it was difficult to know how to reward a native for favors or faithful service. When I paid off the Samarai boy, Gibson Duluvina, I offered him a bonus of two pounds

(Continued on page 88)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HESSON GUARD
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You Can Buy

THE THINGS YOU WANT WHEN THE WAR IS WON....

IF YOU SAVE NOW IN

WAR BONDS

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Spencer Tracy as Jimmy Doolittle leads off in the famous bombing raid over Japan.

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO

(M-G-M)
Spencer Tracy, Van Johnson, Phyllis Thaxter

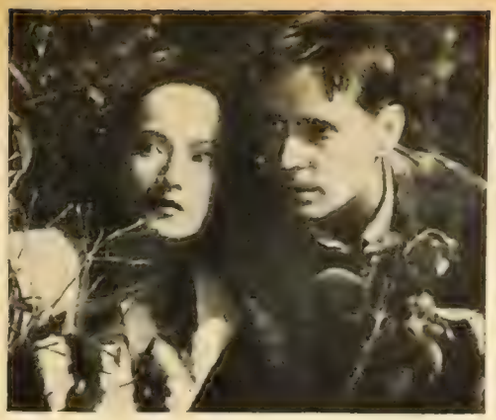
THE precedent-smashing Doolittle bombing raid over Japan which startled the world in 1942, and took on widespread human interest through the firsthand account of hero Ted Lawson, now comes to the screen—and if you want to know something of how it feels to bomb Tokyo, here's your chance.

The picture, which follows the fortunes of pilot Lawson's ship, includes in its two hours and eighteen minutes several thrilling dramas in one: the secret preparations and training under Doolittle; the embarkation and life on the carrier Hornet; the sudden, premature take-off and hair-raising flight over enemy territory; the crack-up and agonizing suspense on the stormy China coast; the rescue of the wounded men by Chinese guerrillas, and the slow pain-wrenched trek inland one step ahead of the avenging Japs; and Lawson's ordeal when he loses his leg, followed by the welcome journey home.

Throughout this gripping story, which in its flight sequences has an almost documentary power and authenticity, there run flashbacks of the personal life of Ted and his young wife (Phyllis Thaxter)—their intimate hopes and heartaches, their coming baby, their youthful sentiment and courage.

In a setting of such wide-ranged emotion, the fine dramatic impact of the raid itself is nearly swallowed up in a tearful blur. The close-packed climaxes keep your feelings at top pitch, but it's hard to resist the boyish appeal of Van Johnson or Phyllis Thaxter's elfin charm, and there's a whole panorama of excellent fleeting characterizations. Spencer Tracy's portrayal of Doolittle, though brief, is marked with strong, terse restraint. For all its superabundance, this picture is a splendid, unforgettable slice of modern history.

Forced down over China, Lt. Ted Lawson (Van Johnson) pluckily faces the loss of a leg.



DARK WATERS

(United Artists)
Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone, Thomas Mitchell

THE dim turgid realm of the Louisiana bayous is a natural for a mystery yarn —and here it is. When Leslie (Merle Oberon), weak and unstrung from a submarine torpedoing at sea, finds herself alone in the world, a strange uncle and aunt invite her down to their plantation. But the family mansion turns out to be no place for a rest.

First of all, Uncle and Auntie (John Qualen and Fay Bainter) are oddly secretive and ill at ease; then there's an ominous character called Mr. Sidney (Thomas Mitchell) who lords it over the whole household, not to mention an unsavory young fellow (Elisha Cook, Jr.) whose overtures make Leslie's flesh creep. The only person who acts normally is a nice susceptible young doctor (Franchot Tone) whom Leslie meets by accident. But in between his welcome visits there's plenty of time for the heebie-jeebies. Lights go off and on by themselves; strange voices call her name across the bayou. Leslie is sure she's losing her mind—till the whole grisly plot comes out, and ends in a nightmarish trip through the dark swamps, complete with a slow blood-curdling death.

The horror here, though somewhat artificial, is bolstered up by the competent cast, and finally turns into real spine-chilling suspense at the end.

THREE IS A FAMILY

(United Artists)
Marjorie Reynolds, Charlie Ruggles, Fay Bainter

THIS gay harmless little farce (from the New York stage play) deals blithely with the obstetrical aspects of wartime overcrowding; and if you enjoy seeing lots of babies, brides, and befuddlement, there are plenty of chuckles here.

When Kitty (Marjorie Reynolds) brings the twins home for the duration, the trouble begins. A disgruntled maiden aunt (Helen Broderick) is transplanted to the living-room couch to make way for the babies, the hallways become cluttered with perambulators, the bathroom becomes pandemonium, and the landlord threatens to put the whole family out. Meanwhile a new maid walks out every day, a daughter-in-law who's momentarily expecting the stork is evicted from the apartment below, house guests arrive, and the twins disappear. By the time things reach the call-the-doctor stage, the only medico to be had is a purblind old relic (John Philliber) who counts the wrong pulse and makes a dignified exit into the hall closet. But just as a *fourth* baby seems to be imminent amid the chaos, the landlord gets into the predicament himself, the rapidly rising population is temporarily distributed, and the hubbub subsides as wackily and hilariously as it began.

SPECIAL MENTION

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE (M-G-M). Brian Donlevy, Ann Richards, Walter Abel.
The romance of American industry and one man's family, finely documented in Technicolor.

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK (Paramount). Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova, Basil Rathbone.
A super-sumptuous, swashbuckling Technicolor romance. Fills the eye rather than the heart.

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART (RKO). Cary Grant, Ethel Barrymore, Barry Fitzgerald.
Fine acting and gloom in Clifford Odets' version of the novel set in the London slums.

THE PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE (RKO). Bob Hope, Virginia Mayo, Walter Brennan.
Bob Hope in a rollicking piratical burlesque full of color, gags, and slapstick.

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (Warner Bros.). Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Walter Brennan.
Hemingway's novel gone Bogart: tough, exciting melodrama laid in sultry Martinique.

Quickly Relieves Distress of

Sneezy, Stuffy Head Colds

You will like the way a few drops of Va-tro-nol up each nostril promptly, effectively relieve distress of head colds. It soothes irritation, reduces swelling, helps clear cold-clogged nose and makes breathing easier. (NOTE: Also helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time!) Try it! Follow directions in folder.

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(Continued from page 85)

Australian. He was embarrassed, but asked me to buy him, instead, a ukulele and send it to him from Australia.

Gibson got his ukulele, but it created such jealousy in the native batman camp down behind Correspondent House that within a month or two the nights were hideous with the wail of harmonicas, concertinas, jew's-harps and tin whistles blackmailed out of visiting newspapermen by grinning man-Fridays.

Then, upon this already sadly confused world, entered smiling G. I. Joe, his Post Exchange, and a mountain of expendable equipment. The coming of the Jap had demolished the structure of Melanesian economy—but the coming of G. I. Joe set about annihilating the ruins!

Joe was good-humored, high-spirited, and a democrat. He knew nothing about the distant dignity with which the British planter or administrator had treated the native people, and he cared less. He set about being a good fellow and making friends. He wasn't going to be tight-fisted about a package or two of cigarettes, a can of Spam, or a four-bit pocket knife. He was blissfully unaware that the payment he made for some trivial service by a native was creating about as much economic disturbance in the community as a Martian would create if he came to a New England town and started giving away automobiles, radio sets, and hundred-dollar bills to waiters and bell hops.

Even the children caught on. One favorite gyp worked by the Junior Chamber of Commerce in the village of Tupuselei, near Moresby, was to agree to get an American soldier a drinking coconut for a shilling. (A few months before, you could have got a truck load of coconuts for a shilling.) The miniature racketeer would climb the tree, pick the coconut, and climb down again. Then he would demand *two* shillings—pointing out that the first shilling was for *getting* the coconut, as contracted, but the second was for bringing it down in good order and condition.

This never failed. Joe laughed and paid up. Seventeen cents for a long, cool drink and seventeen cents for a good gag seemed reasonable enough to him.

THE men in charge of native administration looked on this new complication with growing horror and despair. They were striving hard to regain some sort of stability and order based on the old way of life. They knew that a settled and disciplined native population could make a very considerable contribution to winning the war. But how on earth could settlement and discipline be achieved under these conditions? What would happen when the war was over and normal peacetime industries were resumed?

Mustachioed Major General Moorehouse Morris, military administrator of Australian New Guinea, and other officers doing a similar job in the Solomons, held many a sober conference with American commanders to talk out the problem. Directives went forth in clouds—but achieved very little. In time the situation was brought under partial control by segregating native working parties from white troops, forbidding natives to visit Army or Navy camps except on strictly legitimate business, and putting native villages strictly out of bounds to Santa Joe.

But personal contact turned out to constitute only the smallest factor in the problem. Modern war, modern armies consume immense quantities of trivia. Wherever Army detachments went, wherever they were quartered, they left lying around, discarded, gear that was treasure-trove for any Melanesian village—axes, knives, and tools worn out or broken by a white man's

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Osmar White

THE genial-looking chap on the left, author of G. I. Santa and the Head-Hunters, has more than a casual wartime knowledge of these same natives. Born in New Zealand, Osmar White spent several years in the Far East and Indies writing newspaper articles to keep the wolf away from his thatched hut. In 1942, he covered the Owen-Stanley campaign in New Guinea for several Australian papers. In '43, he was accredited first to the U. S. Pacific Fleet and then the U. S. Army where he "Ernie-Pyled" the New Georgia invasion and was wounded. At present White is overseas as a war correspondent. His wife and baby daughter are home in New Zealand.

standard but eminently serviceable by a native's; metal food containers, cartridge cases, nails, worn-out clothing, shrapnel-shredded tents and tarpaulins, rope, spoiled stores, brushes, haversacks, shoes.

Every abandoned camp site, every battlefield was a bonanza for the scavenging native. Nothing could stop that scavenging. Every grass village for hundreds of miles round a base established its treasure house of scrap. C-ration cans made elegant cups, Spam containers luxurious cooking pots. Wire from crashed aircraft bound together the scantlings of many a native house. Parachute nylon girdled the hips of many a cannibal belle.

Only a comparatively small area was directly affected by the war, and only a small proportion of the total native population came into contact with white troops. But by the tortuous alleys of intertribal trade, Spam cans, bent nails, commando knives, torn shirts, and cartons of moldy cigarettes traveled up rivers never traversed by white men and through the passes of "impenetrable" mountain ranges. The scrap of war was, and is, traded in jungle meeting-places for sago or salt or fish or fruit or arrows or pigs. Maybe there are places where it is traded for dried human heads.

Be that as it may, war has busted wide open the old island economy of scarcity. Supply has created a demand. Today's head-hunters are learning to consume the products of today's technology. There can never be a full returning.

THE traders of this new "civilization" are learning to be selective, even finicky. Last year I visited a native village on the little island of Pavuvu in the Russell Group, where the Marine fighter squadrons were based for the attack on New Georgia. Buru, the headman, showed me round. When the time came to go, I tipped him a package of Australian cigarettes. Buru looked at the packet with pained surprise, then took it and handed it to one of his wives giggling behind him. Then he abstracted from his string dilly bag an uncreased package of American cigarettes, flipped one out expertly and offered it.

If I had had the interests of the administration really at heart I would have kicked the seat of Buru's pants where the seat of his pants would have been had he worn any. I didn't. I took the cigarette and we lit up with his American lighter.

Maybe these United States are going to have plenty of trouble getting back to "normalcy" when the war-industry boom is over—but it will be a picnic compared with what's going to happen out there in those storybook Cannibal Islands.

THE END

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DEC. 16, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

POST-MORTEM ON THE ELECTION

A MONTH ago the American people went to the polls and voted to entrust their fate to Franklin D. Roosevelt and his administration for the next four years.

The "reason why" of F. D. R.'s re-election has been analyzed and reanalyzed in the interim. Various conflicting interpretations have been placed upon the decision of the electorate. But one thing is certain: the re-election of Roosevelt is not a carte-blanche endorsement of everything his administration does.

The Democratic Party would be wise to realize it isn't. There are many things the people don't like about the way our affairs are conducted. There is much room for improvement. It is no time for the President to rest on his laurels. Some of the Republican campaign arguments were based on fact. Wise statesmanship will take note of these arguments and change the facts.

There are far too many people on the government payroll to do the work there is to be done. A favorite retort whenever the word economy is mentioned is to ask what bureaus or functions of the government should be discontinued. This answer begs the question. Economies can be effected without eliminating any government bureau or curtailing its functions. Too many employees make for inefficiency. Eliminating some would increase efficiency, save a good deal of money, and release employees who can be put to better use elsewhere.

Progressive efforts must be made to eliminate slipshod methods and to tighten up the functioning of governmental machinery. Keeping up with the requirements of the various boards and bureaus now takes too much of the time of every citizen, business man or housewife. Efforts must be made to get the government out of the citizens' hair. The controls needed during the war must be removed at the earliest possible moment. No board or bureau should be kept functioning beyond the time when it is essential to the proper conduct of the war.

We hope the President will not forget his campaign promises to foster the stimulation of enterprise and help the American business system function. An awareness of the problems which stand in the way of establishing and conducting a business enterprise is long overdue.

We need an end to misunderstanding and bickering between the men who run the government and the men who run our economic life. Twelve years of mutual disesteem and mistrust are too many already. We want a new era to dawn in which business and government will work hand in glove for the good of the country and the world.

We hope the President realizes that though he has been elected to a fourth term, there is not the slightest possible chance of a fifth. There must be allowed to develop in both parties men of fine enough caliber to aspire to the Presidency in 1948. People grow uneasy when capable leaders do not constantly come to the fore among us.

No, his re-election does not give the President a carte-blanche mandate to do as he pleases. It does not indicate universal approval of all his acts and ideas. The weak spots in his administration are still there and need fixing.

Paul Hunter

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Washington's Headquarters, Valley Forge, December, 1777 . . . Based on Early Records.*

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